THE

PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

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CONTAINING

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M DCC XC.

KING HENRY VI.

PART I.

Perſons Repreſented.

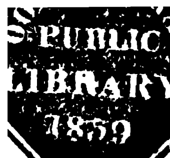
King Henry *the Sixth.*
Duke of Gloſter, *uncle to the king, and Protector.*
Duke of Bedford, *uncle to the king, and Regent of* France.
Thomas Beaufort, *Duke of* Exeter, *great uncle to the king.*
Henry Beaufort, *great uncle to the king, Biſhop of* Wincheſter, *and afterwards Cardinal.*
John Beaufort, *Earl of* Somerſet; *afterwards, Duke.*
Richard Plantagenet, *eldeſt ſon of* Richard *late Earl of* Cambridge; *afterwards Duke of* York.
Earl of Warwick. *Earl of* Saliſbury. *Earl of* Suffolk.
Lord Talbot, *afterwards Earl of* Shrewſbury:
John Talbot, *his ſon.*
Edmund Mortimer, *Earl of* March.
Mortimer's *Keeper, and a Lawyer.*
Sir John Faſtolfe. Sir William Lucy.
Sir William Glanſdale. Sir Thomas Gargrave.
Mayor of London. Woodville, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*
Vernon, *of the White Roſe, or* York *faction.*
Baſſet, *of the Red Roſe, or* Lancaſter *faction.*

Charles, *Dauphin, and afterwards king of* France.
Reignier, *Duke of* Anjou, *and titular king of* Naples.
Duke of Burgundy. *Duke of* Alençon.
Governor of Paris. Baſtard *of* Orleans.
Maſter-Gunner of Orleans, *and his ſon.*
General of the French *forces in* Bourdeaux.
A French *Serjeant. A Porter.*
An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.

Margaret, *daughter to* Reignier; *afterwards married to* King Henry.
Counteſs of Auvergne.
Joan la Pucelle, *commonly called,* Joan *of* Arc.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, *Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and ſeveral Attendants both on the* Engliſh *and* French.

SCENE, partly in England, *and partly in* France.



FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Westminster-Abbey.

Dead march. The corpse of King Henry *the Fifth discovered, lying in state; attended on by the dukes of* Bedford, Gloster, *and* Exeter; *the earl of* Warwick; *the Bishop of* Winchester, *heralds,* &c.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish

[1] The historical transactions contained in this play, take in the compass of above thirty years. I must observe, however, that our author, in the three parts of *K. Henry VI.* has not been very precise to the date and disposition of his facts; but shuffled them, backwards and forwards, out of time. For instance; the lord Talbot is killed at the end of the fourth act of this play, who in reality did not fall till the 13th of July 1453: and *The Second Part of Henry VI.* opens with the marriage of the king, which was solemnized eight years before Talbot's death, in the year 1445. Again, in the second part, dame Eleanor Cobham is introduced to insult queen Margaret; though her penance and banishment for sorcery happened three years before that princess came over to England. I could point out many other transgressions against history, as far as the order of time is concerned. Indeed, though there are several master-strokes in these three plays, which incontestably betray the workmanship of Shakspeare; yet I am almost doubtful, whether they were entirely of his writing. And unless they were wrote by him very early, I should rather imagine them to have been brought to him as a director of the stage; and so have received some finishing beauties at his hand. An accurate observer will easily see, the diction of them is more obsolete, and the numbers more mean and prosaical, than in the generality of his genuine compositions. Theobald.

Having given my opinion very fully relative to these plays at the end of the third part of *King Henry VI.*, it is *here* only necessary to apprize the reader what my hypothesis is, that he may be the better enabled, as he proceeds, to judge concerning its probability. Like many others, I was long struck with the many evident *Shakspearianisms* in these plays, which appeared to me to carry such decisive weight, that I could scarcely bring myself to examine with attention any of the arguments that have been urged against his being the author of them. I am now surprised, (and my readers perhaps may say the same thing of themselves,)

that

Brandiſh your cryſtal treſſes[2] in the ſky;
And with them ſcourge the bad revolting ſtars,

that I ſhould never have adverted to a very ſtriking circumſtance which diſtinguiſhes this *firſt* part from the other parts of *King Henry VI.* This circumſtance is, that none of theſe Shakſpearian paſſages are to be found here, though ſeveral are ſcattered through the two other parts. I am therefore deciſively of opinion that *this* play was not written by Shakſpeare. The reaſons on which that opinion is founded, are ſtated at large in the Diſſertation above referred to. But I would here requeſt the reader to attend particularly to the verſification of this piece, (of which almoſt every line has a pauſe at the end,) which is ſo different from that of Shakſpeare's undoubted plays, and of the greater part of the two ſucceeding pieces as *altered* by him, and ſo exactly correſponds with that of the tragedies written by others before and about the time of his firſt commencing author, that this alone might decide the queſtion, without taking into the account the numerous claſſical alluſions which are found in this firſt part. The reader will be enabled to judge how far this argument deſerves attention, from the ſeveral extracts from thoſe ancient pieces which he will find in the Eſſay on this ſubject.

With reſpect to the *ſecond* and *third* parts of *K. Henry VI.* or, as they were originally called, *The Contention of the two famous houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*, they ſtand, in my apprehenſion, on a very different ground from that of this firſt part, or, as I believe it was anciently called, *The Play of K. Henry VI.*—*The Contention*, &c. printed in two parts, in quarto, 1600, was, I conceive, the production of ſome playwright who preceded, or was contemporary with Shakſpeare; and out of that piece he formed the two plays which are now denominated the *Second* and *Third* Parts of *King Henry VI.*; as, out of the old plays of *King John* and *the Taming of a Shrew*, he formed two other plays with the ſame titles. For the reaſons on which this opinion is formed, I muſt again refer to my Eſſay on this ſubject.

This old play of *King Henry VI.* now before us, or as our author's editors have called it, the *firſt* part of *King Henry VI.* I ſuppoſe, to have been written in 1589, or before. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, Vol. I. The diſpoſition of facts in theſe three plays, not always correſponding with the dates, which Mr. Theobald mentions, and the want of uniformity and conſiſtency in the ſeries of events exhibited, may perhaps be in ſome meaſure accounted for by the hypotheſis now ſtated. As to our author's having accepted theſe pieces as a *Director* of the ſtage, he had, I fear, no pretenſion to ſuch a ſituation at ſo early a period. MALONE.

[2] *Brandiſh your cryſtal treſſes*—] *Chryſtal* is an epithet repeatedly beſtowed on comets by our ancient writers. So, in a *Sonnet* by Lord Sterline, 1604:

"When as thoſe *chryſtal* comets whiles appear."

"There is alſo a *white comet* with ſilver haires," ſays *Pliny*, as tranſlated by P. Holland, 1601. STEEVENS.

That

That have consented [3] unto Henry's death!
King Henry the fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.
Glo. England ne'er had a king, until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.
Exe. We mourn in black; Why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;

3 *That have* consented—] If this expression means no more than that the stars gave a bare *consent*, or *agreed* to let king Henry die, it does no great honour to its author. I believe to *consent*, in this instance, means to act in concert. *Concentus*, Lat. Thus *Erato* the muse applauding the song of Apollo, in Lylly's *Midas*, 1592, cries out, "O sweet *consent!*" i. e. sweet union of sounds. Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. ii:

"Such musick his wise words with time *consented*."

Again, in his translation of Virgil's *Culex:*

"Chaunted their sundry notes with sweet *concent*."

and in many other places. *Consented*, or as it should be spelt, *concented*, means, *have thrown themselves into a malignant configuration, to promote the death of Henry*. Spenser, in more than one instance, spells this word as it appears in the text of Shakspeare; as does Ben Jonson, in his *Epithalamion on Mr. Weston*. The following lines,

"——— shall we curse the planets of mishap,
"That *plotted* thus, &c."

seem to countenance my explanation; and Falstaff says of Shallow's servants, that—"they flock together in *consent*, like so many wild geese." STEEVENS.

Consent, in all the books of the age of Elizabeth, and long afterwards, is the usual spelling of the word *concent*. See Vol. IV. p. 319, n. 4; and Vol. V. p. 413, n. *. In other places I have adopted the modern and more proper spelling; but, in the present instance, I apprehend, the word was used in its ordinary sense. In the second act, p. 28, Talbot, reproaching the soldiery, uses the same expression, certainly without any idea of a *malignant configuration:*

"You all *consented unto* Salisbury's *death*." MALONE.

And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What? shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French [4]
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magick verses have contriv'd his end?

Win. He was a king blest of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

Win. Glofter, whate'er we like, thou art protector;
And lookest to command the prince, and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious church-men, may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace!
Let's to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us:—
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.—
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moisten'd eyes babes shall suck;
Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears [5],

And

[4] —*the subtle-witted French*, &c.] There was a notion prevalent a long time, that life might be taken away by metrical charms. As superstition grew weaker, these charms were imagined only to have power on irrational animals. In our author's time it was supposed that the Irish could kill rats by a song. JOHNSON.

So, in Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584: "The Irishmen addict themselves, &c. yea they will not sticke to affirme that they can *rime* either man or beast to death." STEEVENS.

[5] *Our isle be made a* nourish *of salt tears*,] It seems very probable that our author wrote, a *nourice*; i. e. that the whole isle should be

 one

And none but women left to wail the dead.—
Henry the fifth! thy ghoſt I invocate;
Proſper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverſe planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious ſtar thy ſoul will make,
Than Julius Cæſar, or bright [6]—

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loſs, of ſlaughter, and diſcomfiture:
Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans [7],
Paris, Guyſors, Poictiers, are all quite loſt.

Bed. What ſay'ſt thou, man, before dead Henry's corſe?
Speak ſoftly; or the loſs of thoſe great towns
Will make him burſt his lead, and riſe from death.

Glo. Is Paris loſt? is Roüen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
Theſe news would cauſe him once more yield the ghoſt.

Exe. How were they loſt? what treachery was uſ'd?

one common *nurſe*, or *nouriſher*, of tears: and thoſe be the nouriſhment of its miſerable iſſue. THEOBALD.

I have been informed, that what we call at preſent a *ſtew*, in which fiſh are preſerved alive, was anciently called a *nouriſh*. *Nourice*, however, Fr. a nurſe, was anciently ſpelt many different ways, among which *noriſh* was one. So, in *Syr Eglamour of Artois*, bl. l. no date:

"Of that chylde ſhe was blyth,
"After *noryſhes* ſhe ſent believe."

A *nouriſh* therefore in this paſſage of our author ſignifies a *nurſe*, as it apparently does in the *Tragedies of John Bochas*, by Lydgate, B. I. c. 12:

"Athenes whan it was in his floures
"Was called *nouriſh* of philoſophers wiſe."
"——Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
"Arida *nutrix*." STEEVENS.

6 *Than Julius Cæſar, or bright*—] It might have been written,—*or bright Berenice.* JOHNSON.

This blank undoubtedly aroſe from the tranſcriber's or compoſitor's not being able to make out the name. So, in a ſubſequent paſſage the word *Nero* was omitted for the ſame reaſon. See the Diſſertation at the end of the third part of *King Henry VI.* MALONE.

7 *Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans,*] This verſe might be completed by the inſertion of *Roüen* among the places loſt, as Gloſter in his next ſpeech infers that it had been mentioned with the reſt. STEEVENS.

Mess. No treachery; but want of men, and money.
Among the soldiers this is muttered,—
That here you maintain several factions;
And, whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals.
One would have ling'ring wars, with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third thinks, without expence at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern; regent I am of France:—
Give me my steeled coat, I'll fight for France.—
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds I will lend the French, instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries [8].

Enter another Messenger.

2. *Mes.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite;
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exe. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats:—
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

* — her *flowing tides.*] i. e. England's flowing tides. MALONE.

8 — *their intermissive miseries.*] i. e. their miseries, which have had only a short intermission from Henry the Fifth's death to my coming amongst them. WARBURTON.

Enter

Enter a third Meffenger.

3. *Meff.* My gracious lords,—to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearfe,—
I muft inform you of a difmal fight,
Betwixt the ftout lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't fo?

3. *Meff.* O, no; wherein lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumftance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of Auguft laft, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the fiege of Orleans,
Having full fcarce[9] fix thoufand in his troop,
By three and twenty thoufand of the French
Was round encompaffed and fet upon:
No leifure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to fet before his archers;
Inftead whereof, fharp ftakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confufedly,
To keep the horfemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his fword and lance.
Hundreds he fent to hell, and none durft ftand him;
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew*:
The French exclaim'd, The devil was in arms;
A[illegible]hole army ftood agaz'd on him:
His foldiers, fpying his undaunted fpirit,
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And rufh'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conqueft fully been feal'd up,
If Sir John Faftolfe had not play'd the coward[1];
He

[9] *Having* full *fcarce*, &c.] The modern editors read,—*fcarce* full, but, I think unneceffarily. So, in the *Tempeft:*
"—Profpero, mafter of a *full* poor cell." STEEVENS.

* —*he* flew:] I fufpect, the author wrote—*flew.* MALONE.

[1] *If Sir John Faftolfe*, &c.] Mr. Pope has taken notice, "That Falftaff is here introduced again, who was dead in *K. Henry V.* The occafion whereof is, that this play was written before *King Henry IV.* or *K. Henry V.*" But it is the hiftorical Sir John Faftolfe (for fo he is called by both our Chroniclers) that is here mentioned; who was a lieutenant general, deputy regent to the duke of Bedford in Normandy, and a knight of the garter; and not the comick character afterwards introduced by our author, and which was a creature merely of his own brain.

He being in the vaward, (plac'd behind[2],
With purpose to relieve and follow them,)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies:
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here, in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3. *Mess.* O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;

brain. Nor when he named him *Falstaff* do I believe he had any intention of throwing a slur on the memory of this renowned old warrior. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald might have seen his notion contradicted in the very line he quotes from. *Fastolfe,* whether truly or not, is said by Hall and Holinshed to have been degraded for cowardice. Dr. Heylin in his *St. Geo*[illegible] *for England,* tells us, that "he was afterwards, upon [illegible] by him alledged in his defence, restored to his honour."—"This [illegible]ir *John Falstoff,*" continues he, "was without doubt, a valiant and wise captain, notwithstanding the stage hath made merry with him." FARMER.

See Vol. V. p. 119, n. 1; and Oldys's Life of Sir John Fastolfe in the GENERAL DICTIONARY. MALONE.

In the 18th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* is the following character of this *Sir John Fastolph:*

"Strong *Fastolph* with this man compare we justly may;
"By Salsbury who oft being seriously imploy'd
"In many a brave attempt the general foe annoy'd;
"With excellent successe in Main and Anjou fought,
"And many a bulwarke there into our keeping brought;
"And chosen to go forth with Vadamont in warre,
"Most resolutely tooke proud Renate duke of Barre." STEEV.

2 *He being in the vaward (plac'd behind,)*] Some of the editors seem to have considered this as a contradiction in terms, and have proposed to read—the *rereward,*—but without necessity. Some part of the van must have been behind the foremost line of it. We often say the *back-front* of a house. STEEVENS.

Four

Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.—
Farewel, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3. *Mess.* So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd;
The English army is grown weak and faint:
The earl of Salisbury craveth supply
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn;
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*

Glo. I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit.*

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [*Exit.*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office;
The king from Eltham I intend to send *,
And sit at chiefest stern of publick weal. [*Exit. Scene closes.*

SCENE II.

France. *Before* Orleans.

Enter CHARLES, *with his forces*; ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and Others.*

Char. Mars his true moving [3], even as in the heavens,

* —*to* send,] Mr. Mason, with some probability conjectures that we should read—to *steal.* The second charge in the *Articles of accusation* preferred by the Duke of Gloster against the Bishop, (Hall's *Chron.* Henry VI. f. 12, b.) countenances this conjecture. MALONE.

[3] *Mars his true moving,* &c.] So, Nash in one of his prefaces before *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up,* 1596:—"You are as ignorant in the true movings of my muse, as the astronomers are in the *true movings of Mars,* which to this day they could never attain to." STEEVENS.

So

So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late, did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment, but we have?
At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans;
Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves:
Either they must be dieted, like mules,
And have their provender ty'd to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege; Why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none, but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum; we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn French:—
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums; Excursions: afterwards a Retreat.
Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I?—
Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. Froisard, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred[4],
During

[4] *England all Olivers and Rowlands* bred,] These were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers; and their exploits are render'd so ridiculously, and equally extravagant by the old romancers, that from thence arose that saying amongst our plain and sensible ancestors, of *giving one a Rowland for his Oliver*, to signify the matching one incredible lye with another. WARBURTON.

Rather,

During the time Edward the third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Sampſons, and Goliaſſes,
It ſendeth forth to ſkirmiſh. One to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd raſcals! who would e'er ſuppoſe
They had ſuch courage and audacity?

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brain'd ſlaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forſake the ſiege.

Reig. I think, by ſome odd gimmals [5] or device,
Their arms are ſet, like clocks [6], ſtill to ſtrike on;
Elſe ne'er could they hold out ſo, as they do.
By my conſent, we'll e'en let them alone.

Alen. Be it ſo.

Enter the BASTARD *of* Orleans.

Baſt. Where's the prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

Char. Baſtard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Baſt. Methinks, your looks are ſad, your cheer [7] appall'd;
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
[illegible] diſmay'd, for ſuccour is at hand:

Rather, to oppoſe one hero to another, i. e. *to give a perſon as good as one as he brings.* STEEVENS.

The old copy has—*breed.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

5 —gimmals—] A *gimmal* is a piece of jointed work, where one piece moves within another, whence it is taken at large for an *engine.* It is now by the vulgar called a *gimcrack.* JOHNSON.

In the inventory of the jewels, &c. belonging to Saliſbury cathedral, taken in 1536, 28th of Henry VIII. is—"A faire cheſt with *gimmals* and key." Again, "Three other cheſts with *gimmals* of ſilver and gilt." Again, in the *Vow-breaker,* or the *Faire Maide of Cliſton,* 1636:

"My actes are like the motionall *gymmals*
"Fixt in a watch." STEEVENS.

6 *Their arms are ſet, like clocks,*] Perhaps the author was thinking of the clocks in which figures in the ſhape of men ſtruck the hours. Of theſe there were many in his time. MALONE.

7 —*your* cheer—] *Chear* is countenance, appearance. STEEVENS.

A holy

A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a viſion ſent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raiſe this tedious ſiege,
And drive the Engliſh forth the bounds of France.
The ſpirit of deep prophecy ſhe hath,
Exceeding the nine ſibyls of old Rome [8];
What's paſt, and what's to come, ſhe can deſcry.
Speak, ſhall I call her in? Believe my words [9],
For they are certain and unfallible.

Char. Go, call her in: [*Exit* Baſt.] But firſt to try her ſkill,
Reignier, ſtand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Queſtion her proudly, let thy looks be ſtern;—
By this means ſhall we ſound what ſkill ſhe hath. [*retires.*

Enter LA PUCELLE, BASTARD *of* Orleans, *and others.*

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do theſe wond'rous feats?

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkeſt to beguile me?—
Where is the Dauphin?—come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never ſeen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart;—
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at firſt daſh.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a ſhepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd
To ſhine on my contemptible eſtate:
Lo, whilſt I waited on my tender lambs,
And to ſun's parching heat diſplay'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;

[8] —*nine ſibyls of old Rome*;] There were no *nine ſibyls* of Rome; but he confounds things, and miſtakes this for the nine books of Sibylline oracles, brought to one of the Tarquins. WARBURTON.

[9] *Believe my words,*] It ſhould be read—believe *her* words. JOHNSON.

I perceive no need of change. The baſtard calls upon the Dauphin to believe the extraordinary account he has juſt given of the prophetick ſpirit and prowefs of the Maid of Orleans. MALONE.

And

And, in a viſion full of majeſty,
Will'd me to leave my baſe vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid ſhe promis'd, and aſſur'd ſucceſs:
In complete glory ſhe reveal'd herſelf;
And, whereas I was black and ſwart before,
With thoſe clear rays which ſhe infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bleſt with, which you may ſee.
Aſk me what queſtion thou canſt poſſible,
And I will anſwer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'ſt,
And thou ſhalt find that I exceed my ſex.
Reſolve on this: Thou ſhalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou haſt aſtoniſh'd me with thy high terms;
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,—
In ſingle combat thou ſhalt buckle with me;
And, if thou vanquiſheſt, thy words are true;
Otherwiſe, I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd ſword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each ſide[1];
The which, at Touraine in ſaint Catharine's churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I choſe forth.

Char. Then come o'God's name, I fear no woman.

Puc. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.
[*They fight.*

Char. Stay, ſtay thy hands; thou art an Amazon,
And fighteſt with the ſword of Debora.

Puc. Chriſt's mother helps me, elſe I were too weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that muſt help me:

[1] *Deck'd with five flower-de-luces, &c.*] The old copy reads—*fine*. The ſame miſtake having happened in *A Midſummer Night's Dream* and in other places, I have not heſitated to reform the text, according to Mr. Steevens's ſuggeſtion. In the Mſs. of the age of Queen Elizabeth u and n are undiſtinguiſhable. MALONE.

We ſhould read, according to Holinſhed, *five* flower-de-luces. "—in a ſecret place there among old iron, appointed ſhe hir ſword to be ſought out and brought her, that with *five* floure delices was graven on both ſides," &c. STEEVENS.

Impatiently

Impatiently I burn with thy desire[2];
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be;
'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompence.

Char. Mean time, look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless, he shrives this woman to her smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

Char. What she says, I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.

Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
Expect saint Martin's summer[3], halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought[4].

With

[2] *Impatiently I burn with thy desire;*] The amorous constitution of the Dauphin has been mentioned in the preceding play:
"*Doing* is activity and he will still be *doing.*" COLLINS.

[3] *Expect saint Martin's summer,*] That is, expect *prosperity* after *misfortune*, like fair weather at Martlemas, after winter has begun. JOHNSON.

[4] *Glory is like a circle in the water,*
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.] So, in NOSCE TEIPSUM, a poem by Sir John Davies, 1599:

"As

With Henry's death, the English circle ends;
Diſperſed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud inſulting ſhip,
Which Cæſar and his fortune bare at once [5].

Char. Was Mahomet inſpired with a dove [6]?
Thou with an eagle art inſpired then.
Helen, the mother of great Conſtantine,
Nor yet ſaint Philip's daughters [7], were like thee.
Bright ſtar of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worſhip thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raiſe the ſiege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canſt to ſave our honours;
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

Char. Preſently we'll try:—Come, let's away about it:
No prophet will I truſt, if ſhe prove falſe. [*Exeunt.*

"As when a ſtone is into water caſt,
"One circle doth another circle make,
"Till the laſt circle reach the bank at laſt."

The ſame image, without the particular application, may be found in Silius Italicus, Lib. xiii.

Sic ubi perrumpſit ſtagnantem calculus undam,
Exiguos format per prima volumina gyros,
Mox tremulum vibrans motu gliſcente liquorem
Multiplicat crebros ſinuati gurgitis orbes;
Donec poſtremo laxatis circulus oris
Contingat geminas patulo curvamine ripas. MALONE.

5 —*like that proud inſulting ſhip,*
Which Cæſar and his fortune bare at once.] This alludes to a paſſage in Plutarch's *Life of Julius Cæſar*, thus tranſlated by Sir T. North. "Cæſar hearing that, ſtraight diſcovered himſelfe unto the maiſter of the pynnaſe, who at the firſt was amazed when he ſaw him, but Cæſar, &c. ſaid unto him, Good fellow, be of good cheere, &c. and fear not, for *thou haſt Cæſar and his fortune with thee.*" STEEVENS.

6 *Was* Mahomet *inſpired with a dove?*] *Mahomet* had a dove, "which he uſed to feed with wheat out of his ear; which dove when it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet's ſhoulder, and thruſt its bill in to find it's breakfaſt; *Mahomet* perſuading the rude and ſimple Arabians, that it was the Holy Ghoſt that gave him advice." See Sir *Walter Raleigh's Hiſtory of the World*, Book I. Part I. ch. vi. *Life of Mahomet*, by Dr. Prideaux. GREY.

7 *Nor yet ſaint Philip's daughters,*] Meaning the four daughters of Philip mentioned in the *Acts*. HANMER.

SCENE III.

London. *Hill before the Tower.*

Enter, at the gates, the Duke of GLOSTER, *with his serving-men in blue coats.*[7]

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day;
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance [8].—
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates; it is Glofter that calls. [Servants *knock.*

1. *Ward.* [*within.*] Who is there, that knocks so imperiously?

1. *Serv.* It is the noble duke of Glofter.

2. *Ward.* [*within.*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1. *Serv.* Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

1. *Ward.* [*within.*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo. Who willed you? or whose will stands, but mine?
There's none protector of the realm, but I.—
Break up the gates [9], I'll be your warrantize:
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

Servants *rush at the Tower gates. Enter, to the gates,* WOODVILLE, *the Lieutenant.*

Wood. [*within.*] What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you, whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's Glofter, that would enter.

[8] —*there is conveyance.*] *Conveyance* means *theft.* HANMER.

[9] Break up *the gates,*] I suppose to break up the gate is to force up the portcullis, or by the application of petards to blow up the gates themselves. STEEVENS.

Some one has proposed to read—break *ope* the gates; but the old copy is right. So Hall, *Henry VI.* folio 78, b. "The lusty Kentishmen hopyng on more friends, *brake up* the gaytes of the King's Bench and Marshalsea," &c. MALONE.

Wood. [*within.*] Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;
The cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandement,
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester? that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

1. *Serv.* Open the gates unto the lord protector;
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter WINCHESTER, *attended by a train of Servants in tawny coats*[1].

Win. How now, ambitious Humphry[2]? what means this?

Glo. Piel'd priest[3], dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,

And

[1] —*tawny coats.*] A *tawny coat* was the dress of a *sumpner*, i. e. an apparitor, an officer whose business it was to summon offenders to an ecclesiastical court. These are the proper attendants therefore on the bishop of Winchester. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 822: "—and by the way the *bishop* of London met him, attended on by a goodly company of gentlemen in *tawny coats*," &c.

Tawny was a colour worn for mourning, as well as *black*; and was therefore the proper and sober habit of any person employed in an ecclesiastical court.

"A crowne of baies shall that man weare
"That triumphes over me;
"For *blacke* and *tawnie* will I weare,
"Which *mourning colours be*."

The Complaint of a Lover wearing *blacke* and *tawnie*; by E. O. *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1596. STEEVENS.

[2] —Humphry?] Old Copy—*Umpheir*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[3] *Piel'd priest*,] Alluding to his shaven crown. POPE.

In Skinner (to whose dictionary I was directed by Mr. Edwards) I find that it means more: *Pill'd* or *peel'd garlick, cui pellis, vel pili omnes ex morbo aliquo, præsertim e lue venerea, defluxerunt.* In Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* the following instance occurs: "I'll see them p—'d first, and *pil'd* and double *pil'd*." STEEVENS.

And not protector of the king or realm.
Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator;
Thou, that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;
Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin [4]:
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat [5],
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.
Win. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot;
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain [6],
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.
Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth
I'll use, to carry thee out of this place.
Win. Do what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy face.

In Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. 154, Robert Baldocke, bishop of London, is called a *peeled* priest, *pilide* clerk, seemingly in allusion to his shaven crown alone. So, *bald-head* was a term of scorn and mockery. TOLLET.

4 *Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin:*] The publick stews were formerly under the district of the bishop of Winchester. POPE.

There is now extant an old manuscript (formerly the office-book of the court leet held under the jurisdiction of the bishop of Winchester in Southwark) in which are mentioned the several fees arising from the brothel-houses allowed to be kept in the bishop's manor, with the customs and regulations of them. One of the articles is, "*De his, qui custodiunt mulieres habentes nefandam infirmitatem.*"

"*Item,* That no stewholder keep any woman within his house, that hath any sicknefs of brenning, but that she be put out upon pain of making a fyne unto the lord of C shillings." UPTON.

5 *I'll* canvass *thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,*] This means, I believe, *I'll tumble thee into thy great hat, and shake thee, as bran and meal are shaken in a sieve.*" So, Sir William D'Avenant, in the *Cruel Brother*, 1630:

"I'll sift and winnow him in an old hat."

To *canvas* was anciently used for *to sift.* STEEVENS.

Probably from the materials of which the bottom of a *sieve* is made. In *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Doll tells Falstaff, that she will "*canvass* him between a pair of sheets." MALONE.

6 *This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,*] About four miles from Damascus is a high hill, reported to be the same on which Cain slew his brother Abel. Maundrel's *Travels*, p. 131. POPE.

Sir John Maundeville says, "And in that place where *Damascus* was founded *Kaym* sloughe *Abel* his brother." *Travels*, edit. 1725, p. 148. REED.

Glo.

Glo. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?—
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Prieſt, beware your beard;
[Gloſter *and his men attack the Biſhop.*
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you ſoundly:
Under my feet I ſtamp thy cardinal's hat;
In ſpite of pope, or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloſter, thou'lt anſwer this before the pope.

Glo. Wincheſter gooſe [7], I cry—A rope! a rope [8]!—
Now beat them hence, Why do you let them ſtay?—
Thee I'll chaſe hence, thou wolf in ſheep's array.—
Out, tawny coats!—out, ſcarlet hypocrite!

Here a great tumult. In the midſt of it, Enter the Mayor of London, *and Officers.*

May. Fie, lords! that you, being ſupreme magiſtrates,
Thus contumeliouſly ſhould break the peace!

Glo. Peace, mayor; thou know'ſt little of my wrongs:
Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here diſtrain'd the Tower to his uſe.

Win. Here is Gloſter, a foe to citizens;
One that ſtill motions war, and never peace,
O'er-charging your free purſes with large fines;
That ſeeks to overthrow religion,
Becauſe he is protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himſelf king, and ſuppreſs the prince.

Glo. I will not anſwer thee with words, but blows.
[*Here they ſkirmiſh again.*

May. Nought reſts for me, in this tumultuous ſtrife,
But to make open proclamation:—
Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canſt.

Off. *All manner of men, aſſembled here in arms this day, againſt God's peace and the king's, we charge and com-*

[7] *Wincheſter gooſe*] A ſtrumpet, or the conſequences of her love, was a Wincheſter gooſe. JOHNSON.

[8] *—A rope! a rope!—*] See the *Comedy of Errors*, Vol. II. p. 184, n. 3. MALONE.

mand you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.
Win. Gloster, we'll meet; to thy cost, be sure[9]:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.
May. I'll call for clubs[1], if you will not away:—
This cardinal is more haughty than the devil.
Glo. Mayor, farewel: thou dost but what thou may'st.
Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;
For I intend to have it, ere long. [*Ex*[illegible].
May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.—
Good God! that nobles[2] should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE IV.

France. *Before* Orleans.

Enter, on the walls, the Master-Gunner and his Son.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd,
And how the English have the suburbs won.
Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.
M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me.
Chief master-gunner am I of this town!
Something I must do, to procure me grace.
The prince's espials[3] have informed me,
How the English, in the suburbs close entrench'd,

9 —*be* sure:] The latter word is here used as a dissyllable. MALONE.

1 *I'll call for* clubs, &c.] That is, for peace-officers armed with clubs or staves. In affrays, it was customary in this author's time to call out, *clubs, clubs!* See *As you like it*, Vol. III. p. 219, n. 6. MALONE.

2 —*that nobles*—] Old copy—*these* nobles. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

3 *The prince's* espials—] *Espials* are spies. So, in Chaucer's *Freres Tale*.
"For subtilly he had his *espiaille*." STEEVENS.
The word is often used by Hall and Holinshed. MALONE.

Wont

Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars[4]
In yonder tower, to over-peer the city;
And thence discover, how, with most advantage,
They may vex us, with shot, or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
And even these three days have I watched,
If I could see them.
Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer[5].
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*

Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter, in an upper chamber of a tower, the Lords SALISBURY *and* TALBOT[6], *Sir* William GLANSDALE *Sir* Thomas GARGRAVE, *and Others.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled, being prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?

4 Wont, *through a secret grate of iron bars*, &c.] The old copy reads —*Went*. I have not hesitated to adopt the emendation proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt, which is fully supported by the passage in Hall's Chronicle, on which this speech is formed. MALONE.

I believe, instead of *went*, we should read—*wont*, the third person plural of the old verb *wont*. "*The English—wont*, that is, *are accustomed to overpeer the city*." The word is used very frequently by Spenser, and several times by Milton. TYRWHITT.

5 *Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.*] Part of this line being in the old copy by a mistake of the transcriber connected with the preceding hemistick, the editor of the second folio supplied the metre by adding the word *boy*, in which he has been followed in all the subsequent editions. The regulation now made shews that such addition was unnecessary. MALONE.

6 —Talbot,] Though the three parts of *K. Henry VI.* are deservedly numbered among the feeblest performances of Shakspeare, this first of them appears to have been received with the greatest applause. So, in *Pierce Pennilesse's Supplication to the Devil*, by Nash, 1592: "How would it have joyed brave *Talbot* (the terror of the French) to thinke that after he had lien two hundred yeares in his tombe, he should triumph againe on the stage, and have his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least, (at several times,) who in the tragedian that represents his person, imagine they behold him fresh bleeding." STEEVENS.

Difcourfe, I pry'thee, on this turret's top.
Tal. The duke of Bedford had a prifoner,
Called—the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him was I exchang'd and ranfomed.
But with a bafer man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I, difdaining, fcorn'd: and craved death
Rather than I would be fo pil'd efteem'd[7].
In fine, redeem'd I was as I defir'd.
But, O! the treacherous Faftolffe wounds my heart!
Whom with my bare fifts I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.
Sal. Yet tell'ft thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.
Tal. With fcoffs, and fcorns, and contumelious taunts,
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a publick fpectacle to all;
Here, faid they, is the terror of the French,
The fcare-crow that affrights our children fo[8].
Then broke I from the officers that led me;
And with my nails digg'd ftones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my fhame.
My grifly countenance made others fly;
None durft come near, for fear of fudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not fecure;
So great fear of my name 'mongft them was fpread,

7 —*fo* pil'd *efteem'd.*] I have no doubt that we fhould read—fo *pile*-efteem'd: a latinifm, for which the author of this play had, I believe, no occafion to go to Lilly's grammar. "Flocci, nauci, nihili, *pili*, &c. his verbis, *æftimo*, pendo, peculiariter adjiciuntur; ut,—*Nec hujus facio, qui me* pili æftimat." Even if we fuppofe no change to be neceffary, this furely was the meaning intended to be conveyed. In one of Shakfpeare's plays we have the fame phrafe, in *Englifh*,—vile-efteem'd. MALONE.

8 —*the* terror *of the* French,
The fcare crow that affrights our children fo.] From Hall's *Chronicle*: "This man [Talbot] was to the French people a very fcourge and a daily terror, infomuch that as his perfon was fearful, and terrible to his adverfaries prefent, fo his name and fame was fpiteful and dreadful to the common people abfent; infomuch that women in France to feare their yong children, would crye, the *Talbot* commeth, the *Talbot* commeth." The fame thing is faid of King Richard I. when he was in the Holy Land. See Camden's *Remaines*, 4to. 1614, p. 267. MALONE.

That

That they ſuppos'd, I could rend bars of ſteel,
And ſpurn in pieces poſts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of choſen ſhot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute while;
And if I did but ſtir out of my bed,
Ready they were to ſhoot me to the heart.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd;
But we will be reveng'd ſufficiently.
Now it is ſupper-time in Orleans:
Here, thorough this grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify;
Let us look in, the ſight will much delight thee.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glanſdale,
Let me have your expreſs opinions,
Where is beſt place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate: for there ſtand lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I ſee, this city muſt be famiſh'd,
Or with light ſkirmiſhes enfeebled[9].

[*Shot from the town.* SAL. *and Sir* Tho. GAR. *fall.*

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched ſinners!

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!

Tal. What chance is this, that ſuddenly hath croſs'd us?—
Speak, Saliſbury; at leaſt, if thou canſt ſpeak;
How far'ſt thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's ſide ſtruck off[1]!—
Accurſed tower! accurſed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Saliſbury o'ercame;
Henry the fifth he firſt train'd to the wars:
Whilſt any trump did ſound, or drum ſtruck up,
His ſword did ne'er leave ſtriking in the field.—

[9] —*enfeebled.*] This word is here uſed as a quadriſyllable. MALONE.

[1] —*thy cheek's ſide ſtruck off!*—] Camden ſays in his *Remaines* that the French ſcarce knew the uſe of great ordnance, till the ſiege of Mans in 1425, when a breach was made in the walls of that town by the Engliſh, under the conduct of this Earl of Saliſbury; and that he was the firſt Engliſh gentleman that was ſlain by a cannon-ball. MALONE.

Yet

Yet liv'ſt thou, Saliſbury? though thy ſpeech doth fail,
One eye thou haſt[2] to look to heaven for grace:
The ſun with one eye vieweth all the world.—
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Saliſbury wants mercy at thy hands!—
Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, haſt thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Saliſbury, cheer thy ſpirit with this comfort;
Thou ſhalt not die, whiles—
He beckons with his hand, and ſmiles on me;
As who ſhould ſay, *When I am dead and gone,*
Remember to avenge me on the French.—
Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero[3],
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched ſhall France be only in my name.
[*Thunder heard; afterwards an Alarum.*
What ſtir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noiſe?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head:
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—
A holy propheteſs, new riſen up,—
Is come with a great power to raiſe the ſiege.
[Saliſbury *groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Saliſbury doth groan!
It irks his heart, he cannot be reveng'd.—
Frenchmen, I'll be a Saliſbury to you:—
Pucelle or puzzel[4], dolphin or dogfiſh,

Your

2 *One eye thou haſt,* &c.] A ſimilar thought occurs in *King Lear:*
"——my lord, you have one eye left,
"To ſee ſome miſchief on him." STEEVENS.

3 —*and, like thee,* Nero,] In the old copy, the word *Nero* is wanting, owing probably to the tranſcriber's not being able to make out the name. The editor of the ſecond folio, with his uſual freedom, altered the line thus:—and *Nero-like will*—. MALONE.

4 *Pucelle or* Puzzel,] *Puſſel* means *a dirty wench* or a *drab,* from *puzza,* i. e. malus fœtor, ſays Minſheu. In a tranſlation from Stephens's

Your hearts I'll ſtamp out with my horſe's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
Convey me Saliſbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what theſe daſtard Frenchmen dare.
[*Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*

SCENE V.

The ſame. Before one of the gates.

Alarum. Skirmiſhings. TALBOT *purſueth the* Dauphin, *and driveth him in: then enter* JOAN LA PUCELLE, *driving Engliſhmen before her. Then enter* TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my ſtrength, my valour, and my force?
Our Engliſh troops retire, I cannot ſtay them;
A woman, clad in armour, chaſeth them.

Enter LA PUCELLE.

Here, here ſhe comes:—I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee[5]. thou art a witch,
And ſtraightway give thy ſoul to him thou ſerv'ſt.

...ens's *Apology for Herodotus*, in, 1608, p. 98, we read,—" Some filt.., queans, eſpecially our *puzzles* of Paris, uſe this other theft." TOLLET.

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Commendatory Verſes*, prefix'd to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher:

" Lady or *Puſill*, that wears maſk or fan."

As for the conceit, miſerable as it is, it may be countenanced by that of James I. who looking at the ſtatue of Sir Thomas *Bodley* in the library at Oxford, " —Pii Thomæ *Godly* nomine inſignivit, eoque potius nomine quam *Bodly*, deinceps merito nominandum eſſe cenſuit." See *Rex Platonicus*, &c. edit. quint. Oxon. 1635, p. 187.

It ſhould be remembered, that in Shakſpeare's time the word *dauphin* was always written *dolphin*. STEEVENS.

There are frequent references to Pucelle's name in this play:

" —I fear'd the dauphin and his *trull*."

Again:

" Scoff on, vile fiend, and ſhameleſs *courtezan*!" MALONE.

[5] *Blood will I draw on thee,*] The ſuperſtition of thoſe times taught that he that could draw the witch's blood, was free from her power. JOHNSON.

Puc.

Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that muſt diſgrace thee.
[*They fight.*
Tal. Heavens, can you ſuffer hell ſo to prevail?
My breaſt I'll burſt with ſtraining of my courage,
And from my ſhoulders crack my arms aſunder,
But I will chaſtiſe this high-minded ſtrumpet.
Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I muſt go victual Orleans forthwith.
O'ertake me, if thou canſt; I ſcorn thy ſtrength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-ſtarved [6] men;
Help Saliſbury to make his teſtament:
This day is ours, as many more ſhall be.
[PUCELLE *enters the town, with ſoldiers.*
Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as ſhe liſts:
So bees with ſmoke, and doves with noiſome ſtench,
Are from their hives, and houſes, driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceneſs, Engliſh dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.
[*A ſhort alarum.*
Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your ſoil, give ſheep in lions' ſtead:
Sheep run not half ſo timorous [7] from the wolf,
Or horſe, or oxen, from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-ſubdued ſlaves.—
[*Alarum. Another ſkirmiſh.*
It will not be:—Retire into your trenches:
You all conſented unto Saliſbury's death,
For none would ſtrike a ſtroke in his revenge.—
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,

6 — hunger-*ſtarved*—] The ſame epithet is, I think, uſed by Shakſpeare. The old copy has—*hungry*-ſtarved. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

7 — *ſo* timorous—] Old Copy—*treacherous*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

In

In ſpight of us, or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Saliſbury!
The ſhame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt* TALBOT *and his forces*, &c.

SCENE VI.

The ſame.

Enter, on the walls, PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, *and ſoldiers.*

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Reſcu'd is Orleans from the Engliſh[8]:—
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.
Char. Divineſt creature, Aſtræa's daughter,
How ſhall I honour thee for this ſucceſs?
Thy promiſes are like Adonis' gardens[9],
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—
France, triumph in thy glorious propheteſs!—
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More bleſſed hap did ne'er befall our ſtate.
Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?

8 —*from the Engliſh*:] Thus the old copy. The editor of the ſecond folio, not perceiving that *Engliſh* was uſed as a triſyllable, arbitrarily reads—Engliſh *wolves*; in which he has been followed by all the ſubſequent editors. So, in the next line but one, he reads *bright Aſtræa*, not obſerving that *Aſtræa*, by a licentious pronunciation, was uſed by the author of this play, as if written *Aſteræa*. So *monſtrous* is made a triſyllable;—*monſterous*. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Vol. I. p. 166. MALONE.

9 —*like Adonis' gardens*,] "The Greeks (ſays Dr. Pearce, in a note on the following lines of Milton,

"Spot more delicious than thoſe gardens feign'd,
"Or of reviv'd Adonis, or—"

had a *tradition* that Adonis, when he was alive, delighted in gardens, and had a magnificent one; for proof of this we have Pliny's words, xix. 4. "Antiquitas nihil priùs mirata eſt quàm Heſperidum hortos, ac regum *Adonidis* et Alcinoi." Hence it was (he adds) that the Grecian women uſed to carry about ſmall portable pots with lettuce, or fennel growing in them, on the annual feſtival of Adonis.

On this ſubject Dr. Warburton has written a long note, of which no part but the foregoing quotation appears to me worth preſerving. MALONE.

Dauphin

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which, I will divide my crown with her:
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
Than Rhodope's [1], or Memphis', ever was:
In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius [2],
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on saint Dennis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in; and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. (*Flourish. Exeunt.*

[1] *Than* Rhodope's,] *Rhodope* was a famous strumpet, who acquired great riches by her trade. The least but most finished of the Egyptian pyramids (says Pliny in the 36th book of his *Natural History*, ch. xii.) was built by her. She is said afterwards to have married Psammetichus, king of Egypt. Dr. Johnson thinks that the Dauphin means to call *Joan of Arc* a strumpet, all the while he is making this loud praise of her.—I would read:

"Than *Rhodope's of* Memphis, ever was." STEEVENS.

The brother of Sappho, was in love with *Rhodope*, and purchased her freedom (for she was a slave in the same house with Æsop the fabulist) at a great price. Rhodope was of Thrace, not of Memphis. Memphis, a city of Egypt, was celebrated for its pyramids:

"Barbara *Pyramidum* sileat miracula *Memphis*."

MART. De spectaculis Libel. Ep. I. MALONE.

[2] — *coffer of Darius,*] When Alexander the Great took the city of Gaza, the metropolis of Syria, amidst the other spoils and wealth of Darius treasured up there, he found an exceeding rich and beautiful little chest or casket, and asked those about him what they thought fittest to be laid up in it. When they had severally delivered their opinions, he told them, he esteemed nothing so worthy to be preserved in it as *Homer's Iliad*. Vide *Plutarchum* in Vitâ *Alexandri Magni*. THEOBALD.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter to the gates, a French Serjeant, *and two* Sentinels.

Serj. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noiſe, or ſoldier, you perceive,
Near to the walls, by ſome apparent ſign,
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

1. *Sent.* Serjeant, you ſhall. [*Exit* Serjeant.] Thus are poor ſervitors
(When others ſleep upon their quiet beds)
Conſtrain'd to watch in darkneſs, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *and forces, with ſcaling ladders; their drums beating a dead march.*

Tal. Lord regent,—and redoubted Burgundy,—
By whoſe approach, the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,—
This happy night the Frenchmen are ſecure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted:
Embrace we then this opportunity;
As fitting beſt to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art, and baleful ſorcery.

Bed. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his fame,
Deſpairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell.

Bur. Traitors have never other company.—
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term ſo pure?

Tal. A maid, they ſay.

Bed. A maid! and be ſo martial!

Bur. Pray God, ſhe prove not maſculine ere long;
If underneath the ſtandard of the French,
She carry armour, as ſhe hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practiſe and converſe with ſpirits:
God is our fortreſs; in whoſe conquering name,
Let us reſolve to ſcale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Aſcend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

Tal.

Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.
Bed. Agreed; I'll to yon corner.
Bur. And I to this.
Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.—
Now, Salisbury! for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.
[*The* English *scale the walls, crying St.* George! *a* Talbot! *and all enter by the town.*
Sent. [*within.*] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!

The French *leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways,* BASTARD, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *half ready, and half unready.*

Alen. How now, my lords? what, all unready so[3]?
Bast. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.
Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake, and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.
Alen. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous, or desperate, than this.
Bast. I think, this Talbot be a fiend of hell.
Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.
Alen. Here cometh Charles; I marvel, how he sped.

Enter CHARLES, *and* LA PUCELLE.

Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.
Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,

3 —unready *so?*] *Unready* was the current word in those times for *undress'd.* JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece,* 1638: "Enter Sixtus, and Lucrece *unready.*" Again, in *The two Maids of More-clacke,* 1609: "Enter James *unready,* in his night-cap, garterless," &c. STEEVENS.

That

That now our loſs might be ten times ſo much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping, or waking, muſt I ſtill prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?—
Improvident ſoldiers! had your watch been good,
This ſudden miſchief never could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default;
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as ſafely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus ſhamefully ſurpriz'd.

Baſt. Mine was ſecure.

Reig. And ſo was mine, my lord.

Char. And, for myſelf, moſt part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in paſſing to and fro,
About relieving of the ſentinels:
Then how, or which way, ſhould they firſt break in?

Puc. Queſtion, my lords, no further of the caſe,
How, or which way; 'tis ſure, they found ſome place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there reſts no other ſhift but this,—
To gather our ſoldiers, ſcatter'd and diſpers'd,
And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an Engliſh Soldier *crying, a* Talbot! *a* Talbot[4]! *They fly, leaving their cloaths behind.*

Sol. I'll be ſo bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot ſerves me for a ſword;
For

4 *Enter an* Engliſh *ſoldier crying,* a Talbot! a Talbot!] And afterwards:

"The cry of *Talbot* ſerves me for a ſword."

Here a popular tradition, excluſive of any chronicle-evidence, was in Shakſpeare's mind. Edward Kerke, the old commentator on Spenſer's *Paſtorals*, firſt publiſhed in 1579, obſerves in his notes on *June*, that lord Talbot's "nobleneſſe bred ſuch a terrour in the hearts of the French,

For I have loaden me with many ſpoils,
Uſing no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Orleans. *Within the town.*

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *a Captain, and Others.*

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whoſe pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here ſound retreat, and ceaſe our hot purſuit.
[*Retreat ſounded.*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Saliſbury;
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this curſed town.—
Now have I pay'd my vow unto his ſoul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at leaſt five Frenchmen dy'd to-night.
And, that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefeſt temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpſe ſhall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the ſack of Orleans;
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody maſſacre,
I muſe, we met not with the Dauphin's grace;

French, that oftimes great armies were defeated and put to flight, at *the only hearing of his name:* inſomuch that the French women to affray their children, would tell them, that the TALBOT *cometh.*" See alſo Sc. iii. T. WARTON.

In a note on a former paſſage, p. 24, n. 8, I have quoted a paſſage from Hall's Chronicle, which probably furniſhed the author of this play with this circumſtance. It is not mentioned by Holinſhed, (Shakſpeare's hiſtorian,) and is one of the numerous proofs that have convinced me that this play was not the production of our author. See the Eſſay at the end of the third part of *King Henry VI.* It is ſurely more probable that the writer of this play ſhould have taken this circumſtance from the chronicle which furniſhed him with his plot, than from the Comment on Spenſer's paſtorals. MALONE.

His

His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc;
Nor any of his falſe confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the ſudden from their drowſy beds,
They did, amongſt the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myſelf (as far as I could well diſcern,
For ſmoke, and duſky vapours of the night)
Am ſure, I ſcar'd the Dauphin, and his trull[5];
When arm in arm they both came ſwiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle doves,
That could not live aſunder day or night.
After that things are ſet in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. All hail, my lords! which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; Who would ſpeak with him?

Meſſ. The virtuous lady, counteſs of Auvergne,
With modeſty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldſt vouchſafe
To viſit her poor caſtle where ſhe lies[6];
That ſhe may boaſt, ſhe hath beheld the man
Whoſe glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even ſo? Nay, then, I ſee, our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comick ſport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—
You may not, my lord, deſpiſe her gentle ſuit.

Tal. Ne'er truſt me then; for, when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindneſs over-rul'd:—
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;
And in ſubmiſſion will attend on her.—

5 —*and his* trull;] So afterwards:
"Scoff on, vile fiend, and ſhameleſs *courtezan*."
See alſo p. 26, n. 4. MALONE.

6 —*where ſhe* lies;] i. e. where ſhe dwells. See Vol. V. p. 365, n. 9. MALONE.

Will not your honours bear me company?
Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it ſaid,—Unbidden gueſts
Are often welcomeſt when they are gone.
Tal. Well then, alone, ſince there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courteſy.
Come hither, captain. [*Whiſpers.*]—You perceive my mind.
Capt. I do, my lord; and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Auvergne. *Court of the Caſtle.*

Enter the Counteſs, *and her Porter.*

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you have done ſo, bring the keys to me.
Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I ſhall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his atchievements of no leſs account:
Fain would mine eyes be witneſs with mine ears,
To give their cenſure of theſe rare reports.

Enter Meſſenger, *and* TALBOT.

Meſſ. Madam, according as your ladyſhip deſir'd,
By meſſage crav'd, ſo is lord Talbot come.
Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?
Meſſ. Madam, it is.
Count. Is this the ſcourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, ſo much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers ſtill their babes?
I ſee, report is fabulous and falſe:
I thought, I ſhould have ſeen ſome Hercules,
A ſecond Hector, for his grim aſpéct,
And large proportion of his ſtrong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a ſilly dwarf:

It

It cannot be, this weak and writhled[7] shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now?—Go ask him, whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter, *with keys.*

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thursty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like;
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate[8].

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond[9],
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,
Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

[7] — *writhled*—] i. e. *wrinkled.* The word is used by Spenser. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*wrizled,* which has been followed in subsequent editions. MALONE.

[8] — captivate.] So, in *Soliman and Perseda,* 1599:
"If not destroy'd and bound, and *captivate,*
"If *captivate,* then forc'd from holy faith." STEEVENS.

[9] —*so* fond,] i. e. so foolish. So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part II:
"*Fondly* brought here, and foolishly sent hence." STEEVENS.

Tal. I am, indeed.
Count. Then have I ſubſtance too.
Tal. No, no, I am but ſhadow of myſelf:
You are deceiv'd, my ſubſtance is not here;
For what you ſee, is but the ſmalleſt part
And leaſt proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of ſuch a ſpacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not ſufficient to contain it.
Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce[1];
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can theſe contrarieties agree?
Tal. That will I ſhew you preſently.

He winds a horn. Drums heard; then a peal of ordnance. The gates being forced, enter Soldiers.

How ſay you, madam? are you now perſuaded,
That Talbot is but ſhadow of himſelf?
Theſe are his ſubſtance, ſinews, arms, and ſtrength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks;
Razeth your cities, and ſubverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them deſolate.
Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuſe:
I find, thou art no leſs than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy ſhape.
Let my preſumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am ſorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.
Tal. Be not diſmay'd, fair lady; nor miſconſtrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did miſtake
The outward compoſition of his body.
What you have done, hath not offended me:
Nor other ſatisfaction do I crave,
But only (with your patience) that we may
Taſte of your wine, and ſee what cates you have;

[1] *This is a riddling merchant, &c.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*: "What ſaucy *merchant* was this." See a note on this paſſage, Act II. ſc. iv. STEEVENS.

For

For ſoldiers' ſtomachs always ſerve them well.

Count. With all my heart; and think me honoured
To feaſt ſo great a warrior in my houſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. *The Temple Garden.*

Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, *and* WARWICK; Richard PLANTAGENET, VERNON, *and another* Lawyer.

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this ſilence?
Dare no man anſwer in a caſe of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then ſay at once, If I maintain'd the truth;
Or, elſe, was wrangling Somerſet in the error[2]?

Suf. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horſes, which doth bear him beſt,
Between two girls, which hath the merrieſt eye,
I have, perhaps, ſome ſhallow ſpirit of judgment:
But in theſe nice ſharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiſer than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears ſo naked on my ſide,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my ſide it is ſo well apparell'd,

[2] *Or, elſe, was wrangling Somerſet in the error?*] So all the editions. There is apparently a want of oppoſition between the two queſtions. I once read,

Or elſe was wrangling Somerſet i'th' right? JOHNSON.

Sir. T. Hanmer would read—*And was not*—. STEEVENS.

So clear, ſo ſhining, and ſo evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and ſo loth to ſpeak,
In dumb ſignificants[3] proclaim your thoughts:
Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And ſtands upon the honour of his birth,
If he ſuppoſe that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white roſe with me[4].

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red roſe from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours[5]; and, without all colour
Of baſe inſinuating flattery,
I pluck this white roſe, with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red roſe, with young Somerſet;
And ſay withal, I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords, and gentlemen; and pluck no more,
Till you conclude—that he, upon whoſe ſide
The feweſt roſes are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good maſter Vernon, it is well objected[6];
If I have feweſt, I ſubſcribe in ſilence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainneſs of the caſe,
I pluck this pale and maiden bloſſom here,
Giving my verdict on the white roſe ſide.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Leſt, bleeding, you do paint the white roſe red,

3 *In dumb* ſignificants—] I ſuſpect, we ſhould read—*ſignificance.* MALONE.

4 *From off this briar pluck a white roſe with me.*] This is given as the original of the two badges of the houſes of York and Lancaſter, whether truly or not, is no great matter. WARBURTON.

5 *I love no* colours;] *Colours* is here uſed ambiguouſly for *tints* and *deceits.* JOHNSON.

6 —*well objected*;] Properly thrown in our way, juſtly propoſed. JOHNSON.

So, in Chapman's Verſion of the 21ſt Book of Homer's *Odyſſey*:
" Excites Penelope t' *object* the prize
" (The bow and bright ſteeles) to the wooer's ſtrength. STEEV.

And

And fall on my ſide ſo againſt your will.
Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion ſhall be ſurgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the ſide where ſtill I am.
Som. Well, well, come on: Who elſe?
Law. Unleſs my ſtudy and my books be falſe,
The argument you held, was wrong in you; [*To* Som.
In ſign whereof, I pluck a white roſe too.
Plan. Now, Somerſet, where is your argument?
Som. Here, in my ſcabbard; meditating that,
Shall dye your white roſe in a bloody red.
Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our roſes;
For pale they look with fear, as witneſſing
The truth on our ſide.
Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear; but anger,—that thy cheeks[7]
Bluſh for pure ſhame, to counterfeit our roſes;
And yet thy tongue will not confeſs thy error.
Plan. Hath not thy roſe a canker, Somerſet?
Som. Hath not thy roſe a thorn, Plantagenet?
Plan. Ay, ſharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy conſuming canker eats his falſhood.
Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roſes,
That ſhall maintain what I have ſaid is true,
Where falſe Plantagenet dare not be ſeen.
Plan. Now, by this maiden bloſſom in my hand,
I ſcorn thee and thy faſhion[8], peeviſh boy.
Suf. Turn not thy ſcorns this way, Plantagenet.
Plan. Proud Poole, I will; and ſcorn both him and thee.

7 —*but anger,—that thy cheeks*, &c.] i. e. it is not for fear that *my* cheeks look pale, but for anger; anger produced by this circumſtance, namely, that *thy* cheeks bluſh, &c MALONE.

8 *I ſcorn thee and thy* faſhion,] Dr. Warburton underſtands by *faſhion* "the badge of the red roſe which Somerſet ſaid he and his friends ſhould be diſtinguiſhed by. Mr. Theobald with great probability reads—*faction*. Plantagenet afterward uſes the ſame word

"—— this pale and angry roſe—
"Will I for ever, and my *faction*, wear."

In *K. Henry V.* we have *pation* for *paction*. MALONE.

Suf.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole!
We grace the yeoman, by converfing with him.
War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'ft him, Somer-
fet;
His grandfather was Lionel duke of Clarence *,
Third fon to the third Edward king of England;
Spring creftlefs yeomen [9] from fo deep a root?
Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege [1],
Or durft not, for his craven heart, fay thus.
Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Chriftendom:
Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,
For treafon executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treafon, ftand'ft not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt [2] from ancient gentry?
His trefpafs yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be reftor'd, thou art a yeoman.
Plan. My father was attached, not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treafon, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerfet,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker [3] Poole, and you yourfelf,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To fcourge you for this apprehenfion [4]:

* *His grandfather was Lionel duke of Clarence.*] The author miftakes. Plantagenet's paternal grandfather was Edmund of Langley, Duke of York. His maternal grandfather was Roger Mortimer, Earl of Marche, who was the fon of Philippa the daughter of Lionel Duke of Clarence. That duke therefore was his maternal great great grandfather. See Vol. V. p. 139, n. 6. MALONE.

9 *Spring* creftlefs *yeomen*—] i. e. thofe who have no right to arms. WARBURTON.

1 —*on the place's privilege,*] The Temple, being a religious houfe, was an afylum, a place of exemption, from violence, revenge, and bloodfhed. JOHNSON.

2 *Corrupted, and* exempt—] *Exempt,* for *excluded.* WARBURTON.

3 *For your* partaker—] A *partaker* in old language was an accomplice; a perfon joined in the fame party with another. MALONE.

4 —*for this apprehenfion:*] i. e. opinion. WARBURTON.
Mr. Theobald reads—*reprehenfion.* MALONE.

Look

Look to it well; and ſay you are well warn'd.
Som. Ay, thou ſhalt find us ready for thee ſtill:
And know us, by theſe colours, for thy foes;
For theſe my friends, in ſpite of thee, ſhall wear.
Plan. And, by my ſoul, this pale and angry roſe,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate [5],
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear;
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flouriſh to the height of my degree.
Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition!
And ſo farewell, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*
Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard. [*Exit.*
Plan. How I am brav'd, and muſt perforce endure it!
War. This blot, that they object againſt your houſe,
Shall be wip'd out [6] in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Wincheſter and Gloſter:
And, if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Mean time, in ſignal of my love to thee,
Againſt proud Somerſet, and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this roſe:
And here I propheſy,—This brawl to-day
Grown to this faction, in the Temple-garden,
Shall ſend, between the red roſe and the white,
A thouſand ſouls to death and deadly night.
Plan. Good maſter Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.
Ver. In your behalf ſtill will I wear the ſame.

5 — *this* pale *and angry roſe,*
As cognizance of my blood-drinking *hate,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
" Either my eye-ſight fails, or thou look'ſt *pale.*—
" And, truſt me, love, in mine eye ſo do you:
" Dry ſorrow *drinks our blood.*" STEEVENS.

A *badge* is called a *cogniſance à cognoſcendo,* becauſe by it ſuch perſons as do wear it upon their ſleeves, their ſhoulders, or in their hats, are manifeſtly known whoſe ſervants they are. In heraldry the *cogniſance* is ſeated upon the moſt eminent part of the helmet. TOLLET.

6 *Shall be* wip'd *out*—] Old Copy—*whip't.* Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Law.

Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir[7].
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say,
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The same. A Room in the Tower.

Enter MORTIMER[8], *brought in a chair by two keepers.*

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let

7 —*gentle* sir.] The latter word, which yet does not complete the metre, was added by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

8 *Enter* Mortimer.] Mr. Edwards, in his Mſ. notes, obſerves, that Shakſpeare has varied from the truth of hiſtory, to introduce this ſcene between Mortimer and Richard Plantagenet. Edmund Mortimer ſerved under Henry V. in 1422, and died unconfined in Ireland in 1424. Holinſhed ſays, that Mortimer was one of the mourners at the funeral of Henry V.

His uncle, Sir John Mortimer, was indeed priſoner in the tower, and was executed not long before the earl of March's death, being charged with an attempt to make his eſcape in order to ſtir up an inſurrection in Wales. STEEVENS.

A half-informed *Remarker* on this note ſeems to think that he has totally overturned it, by quoting the following paſſage from Hall's *Chronicle:* "During whiche parliament [held in the third year of Henry VI. 1425,] came to London Peter Duke of Quimber,—whiche of the Duke of Exeter, &c. was highly feſted—. During whych ſeaſon Edmond Mortymer, the laſt Erle of Marche of that name, (whiche long tyme had bene reſtrayned from hys liberty and finally waxed lame,) diſceaſed without yſſue, whoſe inheritance deſcended to Lord Richard Plantagenet," &c. as if a circumſtance which Hall has mentioned to mark the *time* of Mortimer's death, neceſſarily aſcertained the *place* where it happened alſo. The fact is, that this Edmund Mortimer did *not* die in London, but at Trim in Ireland. He did not however die in confinement (as Sandford has erroneouſly aſſerted in his *Genealogical Hiſtory.* See *K. Henry IV.* P. I. p. 139, n. 6.); and whether he ever was confined, (except by Owen Glendower) may be doubted, notwithſtanding the aſſertion of Hall. Hardyng, who lived at the time, ſays he was treated with the greateſt kindneſs and care both by Henry IV. (to whom he was a *ward,*) and by his ſon Henry V. See his *Chronicle,* 1543, fol. 229. He was certainly at liberty in the year 1415 having a few days before King Henry ſailed from Southampton divulged to him in that town the traiterous intentions of his brother-in-law Richard Earl of Cambridge, by which he probably conciliated the friendſhip of the young king. He at that time received a general pardon from Henry,
and

Let dying Mortimer here rest himself[9].—
Even like a man new haled from the rack,

and was employed by him in a naval enterprize. At the coronation of Queen Catharine he attended and held the sceptre.

Soon after the accession of King Henry VI. he was constituted by the English Regency chief governour of Ireland, an office which he executed by a deputy of his own appointment. In the latter end of the year 1424, he went himself to that country, to protect the great inheritance which he derived from his grandmother Philippa, (daughter to Lionel Duke of Clarence) from the incursions of some Irish chieftains, who were aided by a body of Scottish rovers; but soon after his arrival died of the plague in his Castle at Trim, in January 1624-5.

This Edmond Mortimer was, I believe, confounded by the author of this play, and by the old historians, with his uncle, who was perhaps forty-five years old at his death. Edmond Mortimer at the time of his death could not have been above thirty years old; for supposing that his grandmother Philippa was married at fifteen, in 1376, his father Roger could not have been born till 1377; and if he married at the early age of sixteen, Edmond was born in 1394.

This family had great possessions in Ireland, in consequence of the marriage of Lionel Duke of Clarence with the daughter of the Earl of Ulster, in 1360, and were long connected with that country. Lionel was for some time Viceroy of Ireland, and was created by his father Edward III. Duke of *Clarence*, in consequence of possessing the honour of *Clare*, in the county of Thomond. Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, who married Philippa the duke's only daughter, succeeded him in the government of Ireland, and died in his office, at St. Dominick's Abbey near Cork, in December 1381. His son Roger Mortimer was twice Vicegerent of Ireland, and was slain at a place called Kenles in Ossory, in 1398. Edmund his son, the Mortimer of this play, was, as has been already mentioned, also Chief Governour of Ireland, in the years 1623, and 1624, and died there in 1625. His nephew and heir, Richard Duke of York, (the Plantagenet of this play) was in 1449 constituted Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for ten years, with extraordinary powers; and his son George Duke of Clarence (who was afterwards murdered in the Tower) was born in the Castle of Dublin in 1450. This prince filled the same office which so many of his ancestors had possessed, being constituted Chief Governour of Ireland for *life*, by his brother King Edward IV. in the third year of his reign. MALONE.

9 *Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.*—] I know not whether Milton did not take from this hint the lines with which he opens his tragedy. JOHNSON.

Rather from the beginning of the last scene of the third act of the *Phœnissæ* of Euripides:

Tiresias. Ἡγȣ πάροιθε, θύγατερ, ὡς τυφλῷ ποδὶ
Ὀφθαλμὸς εἶ σύ, ναυβάταισιν ἄστρον ὥς,
Δεῦρ' εἰς τὸ λευρὸν πέδον ἴχνος τιθεῖσ' ἐμοί, &c. STEEVENS.

So

So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death[1],
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes,—like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,—
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent[2]:
Weak shoulders, over-borne with burth'ning grief;
And pithless arms[3], like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:—
Yet are these feet—whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,—
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.—
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

1. *Keep*. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
And answer was return'd, that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfy'd.—
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
(Before whose glory I was great in arms)
This loathsome sequestration have I had[4];
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance:
But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries[5],
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence;
I would, his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

[1] —*pursuivants of death*,] Pursuivants. The heralds that, fore-running death, proclaim its approach. JOHNSON.

[2] —*as drawing to their* exigent:] Exigent, end. JOHNSON.

So, in *Doctor Dodypoll*, a comedy, 1600:

"Hath driven her to some desperate *exigent*." STEEVENS.

[3] *And pithless arms*,] *Pith* was used for *marrow*, and, figuratively, for *strength*. JOHNSON.

[4] *Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign*,—

This loathsome sequestration have I had;] Here again, the author certainly is mistaken. See p 44, n. 8. MALONE.

[5] — *kind* umpire *of men's miseries*,] That is, he that terminates or concludes misery. The expression is harsh and forced. JOHNSON.

Enter Richard PLANTAGENET.

1. *Keep*. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.
Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? Is he come?
Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.
Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despis'd?
Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;
And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease[6].
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me:
Among which terms, he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him:
Therefore, good uncle,—for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' sake,—declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.
Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.
Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was;
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.
Mor. I will; if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done,
Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,

6 — *I'll tell thee my* disease.] *Disease* seems to be here *uneasiness* or *discontent*. JOHNSON.
It is so used by other ancient writers, and by Shakspeare elsewhere. Thus likewise in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, Book III. c. 5:
"But labour'd long in that deep ford with vain *disease*."
STEEVENS.

Depos'd

Depos'd his nephew[7] Richard; Edward's ſon,
The firſt-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that deſcent:
During whoſe reign, the Percies of the north,
Finding his uſurpation moſt unjuſt,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:
The reaſon mov'd theſe warlike lords to this,
Was—for that (young Richard thus removed,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body,)
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel duke of Clarence, third ſon
To king Edward the Third, whereas he,
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroick line.
But mark; as, in this haughty great attempt[8],
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I loſt my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the fifth,—
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke,—did reign,
Thy father, earl of Cambridge,—then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,—
Marrying my ſiſter, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard diſtreſs,
Levied an army *; weening to redeem,
And have inſtall'd me in the diadem:
But, as the reſt, ſo fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,

7 —*his* nephew *Richard*;] Thus the old copy. Modern editors read—his *couſin*—but without neceſſity. *Nephew* has ſometimes the power of the Latin *nepos*, and is uſed with great laxity among our ancient Engliſh writers. Thus in *Othello*, Iago tells Brabantio—he ſhall "have his *nephews* (i. e. the children of his own daughter) neigh to him." STEEVENS.

I believe the miſtake here aroſe from the author's ignorance; and that he conceived Richard to be Henry's nephew. MALONE.

8 —*in this* haughty *great attempt*,] *Haughty* is *high*. JOHNSON.

* *Levied an army*;] Here is again another falſification of hiſtory. Cambridge levied no army, but was apprehended at Southampton, the night before Henry ſailed from that town for France, on the information of this very Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March. MALONE.

In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.
Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.
Mor. True; and thou seest, that I no issue have;
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest, I wish thee gather[9]:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.
Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.
Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politick;
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.
Plan. O, uncle, 'would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age*!
Mor. Thou dost then wrong me; as the slaught'rer doth,
Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only, give order for my funeral;
And so farewel; and fair be all thy hopes[1]!
And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war! [*Dies.*
Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit over-pass'd thy days.—
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself

[9] *Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:*] The sense is, I acknowledge thee to be my heir; the consequences which may be collected from thence, I recommend it to thee to draw. HEATH.

* *O, uncle, 'would some part of my young years*
Might but redeem, &c.] This thought has some resemblance to that of the following lines, which are supposed to be addressed by a married lady who died very young, to her husband. The inscription is, I think, in the church of Trent:

" Immatura peri; sed tu diuturnior annos
" Vive meos, conjux optime, vive tuos." MALONE.

[1] —*and* fair *be all thy hopes,*] *Fair* is *lucky*, or *prosperous*. So we say, a *fair* wind, and *fair* fortune. JOHNSON.

Will see his burial better than his life.—
[*Exeunt Keepers, bearing out* Mortimer.
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort[2]:—
And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,—
I doubt not, but with honour to redress:
And therefore haste I to the parliament;
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill[3] the advantage of my good. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. The Parliament-house[4].

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER WARWICK, SOMERSET, *and* SUFFOLK; *the Bishop of* Winchester, Richard PLANTAGENET, *and Others.* GLOSTER *offers to put up a bill**; WINCHESTER *snatches it, and tears it.*

Win. Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,

2 *Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:—*] We are to understand the speaker as reflecting on the ill fortune of Mortimer, in being always made a tool of by the Percies of the North in their rebellious intrigues; rather than in asserting his claim to the crown, in support of his own princely ambition. WARBURTON.

3 *— or make my* ill—] i. e. my ill usage. The old copy has—*will.* The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, and has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

4 *The Parliament-house.*] This parliament was held in 1426 at Leicester, though the author of this play has represented it to have been held in London. King Henry was now in the fifth year of his age. In the first parliament which was held at London shortly after his father's death, his mother Queen Catharine brought the young king from Windsor to the metropolis, and sat on the throne of the parliament-house with the infant in her lap. MALONE.

* — put up *a bill*;] i. e. articles of accusation, for in this sense the word *bill* was sometimes used. To *put up a bill* also appears to have signified what we now call *bringing in* a bill. So, in Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden,* 1596: "That's the cause we have so manie bad workmen now adaies: *put up a bill* against them next parliament." MALONE.

Humphrey of Glofter? if thou canft accufe,
Or aught intend'ft to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention fuddenly;
As I with fudden and extemporal fpeech
Purpofe to anfwer what thou canft object.

Glo. Prefumptuous prieft! this place commands my patience,
Or thou fhould'ft find thou haft difhonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearfe the method of my pen:
No, prelate; fuch is thy audacious wickednefs,
Thy lewd, peftiferous, and diffentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a moft pernicious ufurer;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lafcivious, wanton, more than well befeems
A man of thy profeffion, and degree;
And for thy treachery, What's more manifeft?
In that thou laid'ft a trap to take my life,
As well at London bridge, as at the Tower?
Befide, I fear me, if thy thoughts were fifted,
The king, thy fovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy fwelling heart.

Win. Glofter, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchfafe
To give me hearing what I fhall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverfe,
As he will have me, How am I fo poor?
Or how haps it, I feek not to advance
Or raife myfelf, but keep my wonted calling?
And for diffention, Who preferreth peace
More than I do,—except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that, that hath incens'd the duke:
It is, becaufe no one fhould fway but he;
No one, but he, fhould be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breaft,
And makes him roar thefe accufations forth.

But he ſhall know, I am as good—

Glo. As good?
Thou baſtard of my grandfather [5]!—

Win. Ay, lordly ſir; For what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not protector, ſaucy prieſt?

Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?

Glo. Yes, as an out-law in a caſtle keeps,
And uſeth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloſter!

Glo. Thou art reverent
Touching thy ſpiritual function, not thy life.

Win. Rome ſhall remedy this.

War. Roam thither then [6].

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear [7].

War. Ay, ſee the biſhop be not over-borne.

Som. Methinks, my lord ſhould be religious,
And know the office that belongs to ſuch.

War. Methinks, his lordſhip ſhould be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate ſo to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy ſtate is touch'd ſo near.

War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?

Plan. Plantagenet, I ſee, muſt hold his tongue;

5 *Thou baſtard of my grandfather!*—] The biſhop of Wincheſter was an illegitimate ſon of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaſter, by Catharine Swynford, whom the duke afterwards married. MALONE.

6 Roam *thither then.*] *Roam* to Rome. To *roam* is ſuppoſed to be derived from the cant of vagabonds, who often pretended a pilgrimage to Rome. JOHNSON.

The jingle between *roam* and *Rome* is common to other writers. So, in Naſh's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599: "—three hundred thouſand people *reamed* to *Rome* for purgatorie pills," &c. STEEVENS.

7. Som. *My lord, it were your duty to forbear.*] This line, in the old copy, is joined to the former hemiſtich ſpoken by Warwick. The modern editors have very properly given it to Somerſet, for whom it ſeems to have been meant.

Ay, ſee, the biſhop be not over-borne,

was as erroneouſly given in the next ſpeech to Somerſet inſtead of Warwick, to whom it has been ſince reſtored. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Leſt

Left it be ſaid, *Speak, ſirrah, when you ſhould;*
Muſt your bold verdict enter talk with lords?
Elſe would I have a fling at Wincheſter. [*Aſide.*
K. Hen. Uncles of Gloſter, and of Wincheſter,
The ſpecial watchmen of our Engliſh weal;
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a ſcandal is it to our crown,
That two ſuch noble peers as ye, ſhould jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil diſſention is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the common-wealth.—
[*A noiſe within;* Down with the tawny coats!
What tumult's this?
War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the biſhop's men.
[*A noiſe again,* Stones! Stones!

Enter the Mayor *of* London, *attended.*

May. O, my good lords,—and virtuous Henry,—
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The biſhop and the duke of Gloſter's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-ſtones;
And, banding themſelves in contrary parts,
Do pelt ſo faſt at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every ſtreet,
And we, for fear, compell'd to ſhut our ſhops.

Enter, ſkirmiſhing, the retainers of Gloster *and* Winchester, *with bloody pates.*

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to ourſelf,
To hold your ſlaught'ring hands, and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloſter, mitigate this ſtrife.
1. *Serv.* Nay, if we be
Forbidden ſtones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.
2. *Serv.* Do what ye dare, we are as reſolute.
[*Skirmiſh again.*

Glo. You of my houſhold, leave this peeviſh broil,
And ſet this unaccuſtom'd fight[8] aſide.

3. *Serv.* My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Juſt and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none, but to his majeſty:
And, ere that we will ſuffer ſuch a prince,
So kind a father of the common-weal,
To be diſgraced by an inkhorn mate[9],
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies ſlaughter'd by thy foes.

1. *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [*Skirmiſh again.*

Glo. Stay, ſtay, I ſay!
And, if you love me, as you ſay you do,
Let me perſuade you to forbear a while.

K. Hen. O, how this diſcord doth afflict my ſoul!—
Can you, my lord of Wincheſter, behold
My ſighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who ſhould be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who ſhould ſtudy to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. Yield, my lord protector;—yield, Wincheſter;—
Except you mean, with obſtinate repulſe,
To ſlay your ſovereign, and deſtroy the realm.
You ſee what miſchief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirſt for blood.

Win. He ſhall ſubmit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compaſſion on the king commands me ſtoop;
Or, I would ſee his heart out, ere the prieſt
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my lord of Wincheſter, the duke
Hath baniſh'd moody diſcontented fury,
As by his ſmoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you ſtill ſo ſtern, and tragical?

Glo. Here, Wincheſter, I offer thee my hand.

8 —unaccuſtom'd *fight*—] *Unaccuſtom'd* is *unſeemly, indecent.* JOHNSON.

9 —*an inkhorn mate,*] A *bookman.* JOHNSON.

K. Hen.

K. Hen. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous sin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly gird[1].—
For shame, my lord of Winchester! relent;
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glo. Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—
See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce,
Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers:
So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. So help me God, as I intend it not! [*Aside.*

K. Hen. O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contract!—
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done

1. *Serv.* Content; I'll to the surgeon's.

2. *Serv.* And so will I.

3. *Serv.* And I will see what physick the tavern affords.
[*Exeunt* Servants, Mayor, &c.

War. Accept this scrowl, most gracious sovereign;
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick;—for, sweet prince,
An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right:
Especally, for those occasions
At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his blood.

[1] —*hath a kindly* gird.—] A kindly *gird* is a *gentle* or *friendly reproof*. Falstaff observes, that—"men of all sorts take a pride to *gird* at him:" and in the *Taming of the Shrew*, Baptista says: "—Tranio *hits* you now:" to which Lucentio answers:
"I thank thee for that *gird*, good Tranio." STEEVENS.

War. Let Richard be reftored to his blood;
So fhall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.
Win As will the reft, fo willeth Winchefter.
K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone [2],
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the houfe of York,
From whence you fpring by lineal defcent.
Plan. Thy humble fervant vows obedience,
And humble fervice, till the point of death.
K. Hen. Stoop then, and fet your knee againft my foot;
And, in reguerdon of that duty done [3],
I girt thee with the valiant fword of York:
Rife, Richard, like a true Plantagenet;
And rife created princely duke of York.
Plan. And fo thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty fprings, fo perifh they
That grudge one thought againft your majefty!
All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York!
Som. Perifh, bafe prince, ignoble duke of York! [*Afide.*
Glo. Now will it beft avail your majefty,
To crofs the feas, and to be crown'd in France:
The prefence of a king engenders love
Amongft his fubjects, and his loyal friends;
As it difanimates his enemies.
K. Hen. When Glofter fays the word, king Henry goes;
For friendly counfel cuts off many foes.
Glo. Your fhips already are in readinefs.
[*Exeunt all but* Exeter.
Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in France,
Not feeing what is likely to enfue:
This late diffention, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned afhes of forg'd love [4],
And will at laft break out into a flame:
As fefter'd members rot but by degrees,

[2] —*that alone,*] By a miftake probably of the tranfcriber the old copy reads—that *all* alone. The correction was made by the editor of the fecond folio. MALONE.

[3] —*reguerdon*—] Recompence, return. JOHNSON.

[4] *Burns under feigned afhes of forg'd love,*]
Ignes fuppofitos cineri dolofo. HOR. MALONE.

Till

Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed [5].
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which, in the time of Henry, nam'd the fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—
That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all;
And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all:
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time [6]. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

France. *Before* Rouen.

Enter LA PUCELLE *disguis'd, and* Soldiers *dressed like countrymen, with sacks upon their backs.*

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen [*],
Through which our policy must make a breach:
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, (as, I hope, we shall,)
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

1. *Sol.* Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city [7],
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*

Guard. [*within.*] *Qui est là* [8]?

[5] *So will this base and envious discord breed.*] That is, so will the malignity of this discord *propagate itself,* and advance. JOHNSON.

[6] *His days may finish,* &c.] The Duke of Exeter died shortly after the meeting of this parliament, and the Earl of Warwick was appointed governour or tutor to the king in his room. MALONE.

[*] — *the gates of* Rouen,] Here, and throughout the play, in the old copy we have *Roan,* which was the old spelling of *Rouen.* The word, consequently, is used as a monosyllable. See Vol. V. p. 520, n. *. MALONE.

[7] *Our* sacks *shall be a mean to* sack *the city,*] Falstaff has the same quibble, shewing his bottle of *sack:* "Here's that will *sack* a city." STEEVENS.

[8] *Qui* est *là?*] Old Copy—*Che la.* For the emendation I am answerable. MALONE.

Puc.

Puc. *Paisans, pauvres gens de France:*
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.
Guard. Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung.
[*opens the gates.*
Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.
[PUCELLE, &c. *enter the city.*

Enter CHARLES, BASTARD *of* Orleans, ALENÇON, *and forces.*

Char. Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.
Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants[9]:
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is * the best and safest passage in?
Alen. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once discern'd, shews, that her meaning is,—
No way to that[1], for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter LA PUCELLE *on a battlement; holding out a torch burning.*

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen;
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.
Bast. See, noble Charles! the beacon of our friend,
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.
Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!
Alen. Defer no time, Delays have dangerous ends;
Enter, and cry—*The Dauphin!*—presently,
And then do execution on the watch. [*They enter.*

Alarums. *Enter* TALBOT *and certain* English.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.—

9 *Here enter'd Pucelle, and her* practisants:] *Practice*, in the language of that time, was *treachery*, and perhaps in the softer sense *stratagem*. *Practisants* are therefore *confederates in stratagem*. JOHNSON.

* Where is—] Old Copy—*Here* is. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

1 *No way to that*,] That is, *no way equal to that*, no way so fit as that. JOHNSON.

Pucelle,

Pucelle, that witch, that damned ſorcereſs,
Hath wrought this helliſh miſchief unawares,
That hardly we eſcap'd the pride of France [2].
[*Exeunt to the town.*

Alarum: Excurſions. Enter, from the town, BEDFORD, *brought in ſick, in a chair, with* TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and the* Engliſh *forces. Then, enter on the walls,* LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, BASTARD, ALENÇON [3], *and Others.*

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
I think, the duke of Burgundy will faſt,
Before he'll buy again at ſuch a rate:
'Twas full of darnel; Do you like the taſte?
Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend, and ſhameleſs courtezan!
I truſt, ere long to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curſe the harveſt of that corn.
Char. Your grace may ſtarve, perhaps, before that time.
Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treaſon!
Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?
Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all deſpight,
Encompaſs'd with thy luſtful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damſel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or elſe let Talbot periſh with this ſhame.
Puc. Are you ſo hot, ſir?—Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—
[TALBOT, *and the reſt, conſult together.*
God ſpeed the parliament! who ſhall be the ſpeaker?
Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?

[2] —*the* pride *of France.*] *Pride* ſignifies the *haughty power.* WARBURTON.

[3] —Alençon,] *Alençon* Sir T. Hanmer has replaced here, inſtead of Reignier, becauſe Alençon, not Reignier, appears in the enſuing ſcene. JOHNSON.

Puc.

Puc. Belike, your lordſhip takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.
Tal. I ſpeak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the reſt;
Will ye, like ſoldiers, come and fight it out?
Alen. Signior, no.
Tal. Signior, hang!—baſe muleteers of France!
Like peaſant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.
Puc. Away, captains: let's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodneſs, by his looks.—
God be wi' you, my lord! we came but to tell you
That we are here.
[*Exeunt* LA PUCELLE, *&c. from the walls.*
Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or elſe reproach be Talbot's greateſt fame!—
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy houſe,
(Prick'd on by publick wrongs, ſuſtain'd in France,)
Either to get the town again, or die:
And I,—as ſure as Engliſh Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror;
As ſure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried;
So ſure I ſwear, to get the town, or die.
Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.
Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant duke of Bedford:—Come, my lord,
We will beſtow you in ſome better place,
Fitter for ſickneſs, and for crazy age.
Bed. Lord Talbot, do not ſo diſhonour me:
Here will I ſit before the walls of Rouen,
And will be partner of your weal, or woe.
Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now perſuade you.
Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,
That ſtout Pendragon, in his litter[4], ſick,
Came

4 —*once I read,*
That ſtout Pendragon, *in his litter,* &c.] This hero was Uther Pendragon, brother to Aurelius, and father to king Arthur.
Shakſpeare, has imputed to Pendragon an exploit of Aurelius, who, ſays

Came to the field, and vanquished his foes:
Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!—
Then be it so:—Heavens keep old Bedford safe!—
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt* BURGUNDY, TALBOT, *and forces, leaving* BEDFORD, *and Others.*

Alarum: Excursions. Enter Sir John FASTOLFFE, *and a* Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolffe, in such haste?
Fast. Whither away? to save myself by flight [5];
We are like to have the overthrow again.
Cap. What! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot?
Fast. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [*Exit.*
Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! [*Exit.*

says Holinshed, "even sicke of a flixe as he was, caused himselfe to be carried forth in a litter: with whose presence his people were so incouraged, that encountering with the Saxons they wan the victorie." *Hist. of Scotland*, p. 99.

Harding, however, in his *Chronicle*, (as I learn from Dr. Grey) gives the following account of Uther Pendragon:

"For which the king ordain'd a horse-litter
"To bear him so then unto Verolame,
"Where Ocea lay, and Oysa also in feare,
"That saint Albones now hight of noble fame,
"Bet downe the walles; but to him forth they came,
"Where in battayle Ocea and Oysa were slayn.
"The fielde he had, and thereof was full fayne." STEEVENS.

5 *—save myself by flight;*] I have no doubt that it was the *exaggerated* representation of Sir John Fastolfe's *cowardice* which the author of this play has given, that induced Shakspeare to give the name of Falstaff to his knight. Sir John Fastolffe did indeed fly at the battle of *Patay* in the year 1429; and is reproached by Talbot, in a subsequent scene, for his conduct on that occasion; but no historian has said that he fled before Rouen. The change of the name had been already made, for throughout the old copy of this play this flying general is erroneously called *Falstaffe*. MALONE.

Retreat.

Retreat: Excursions. Enter, from the town, LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, *&c. and Exeunt flying.*

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please[6];
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.
[*Dies*[7], *and is carried off in his chair.*

Alarum: Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and Others.*

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:
Yet, heavens have glory for this victory!
Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.
Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think, her old familiar is asleep:
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?
What, all a-mort? Rouen hangs her head for grief,
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers;
And then depart to Paris, to the king;
For there young Henry, with his nobles, lies.
Bur. What wills lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgundy.
Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen;
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court:

6 *Now, quiet soul, depart, &c.*] So, in St. Luke, ii. 29. "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." STEEVENS.

7 *Dies, &c.*] The Duke of Bedford died at *Rouen* in September, 1435, but not in any action before that town. MALONE.

But

But kings, and mightieſt potentates, muſt die;
For that's the end of human miſery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. The Plains near the city.

Enter CHARLES, *the* Baſtard, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, *and forces.*

Puc. Diſmay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is ſo recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corroſive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantick Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock ſweep along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin, and the reſt, will be but rul'd.
Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence;
One ſudden foil ſhall never breed diſtruſt.
Baſt. Search out thy wit for ſecret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.
Alen. We'll ſet thy ſtatue in ſome holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a bleſſed ſaint;
Employ thee then, ſweet virgin, for our good.
Puc. Then thus it muſt be; this doth Joan deviſe:
By fair perſuaſions, mix'd with ſugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.
Char. Ay, marry, ſweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor ſhould that nation boaſt it ſo with us,
But be extirped [8] from our provinces.
Alen. For ever ſhould they be expuls'd from France [9],
And

[8] *But be* extirped—] To *extirp* is to root out. So, in Lord Sterline's *Darius*, 1603:
"The world ſhall gather to *extirp* our name." STEEVENS.

[9] —expuls'd *from France,*] i. e. expelled. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Sejanus*:
"The

And not have title of an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end. [*Drums heard.*
Hark! by the sound of drum, you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

An English *March.* *Enter and pass over, at a distance,* TALBOT *and his forces.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread;
And all the troops of English after him.

A French *March.* *Enter the Duke of* BURGUNDY *and forces.*

Now, in the rereward, comes the duke, and his;
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.
[*A parley sounded.*

Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle; and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble hand-maid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!
As looks the mother on her lowly babe [1],
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see, the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast!

"The *expulsed* Apicata finds them there."
Again, in Drayton's *Muses Elizium*:
"And if you *expulse* them there,
"They'll hang upon your braided hair." STEEVENS.

[1] —*on her* lowly *babe*,] i. e. lying *low* in death. JOHNSON.

O, turn

O, turn thy edged ſword another way;
Strike thoſe that hurt, and hurt not thoſe that help!
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's boſom,
Should grieve thee more than ſtreams of foreign gore;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And waſh away thy country's ſtained ſpots!

Bur. Either ſhe hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me ſuddenly relent.

Puc. Beſides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'ſt thou with, but with a lordly nation,
That will not truſt thee, but for profit's ſake?
When Talbot hath ſet footing once in France,
And faſhion'd thee that inſtrument of ill,
Who then, but Engliſh Henry, will be lord,
And thou be thruſt out, like a fugitive?
Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof;—
Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England priſoner?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They ſet him free, without his ranſom paid,
In ſpight of Burgundy, and all his friends.
See then! thou fight'ſt againſt thy countrymen,
And join'ſt with them will be thy ſlaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;
Charles, and the reſt, will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquiſhed; theſe haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-ſhot [2],

[2] — *theſe* haughty *words of hers*
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-ſhot,] How theſe lines came hither I know not; there was nothing in the ſpeech of Joan haughty or violent: it was all ſoft entreaty and mild expoſtulation. JOHNSON.

Haughty here certainly ſignifies *high, lofty*. So, in the firſt act the Dauphin ſays to La Pucelle:

"Thou haſt aſtoniſh'd me with thy *high* terms."

We have already in this play had the word *haughty* in the ſame ſenſe. See p. 48:

"But mark; as, in this *haughty* great attempt,—."

Again, in Act IV. ſc. i:

"Valiant and virtuous, full of *haughty* courage." MALONE.

And made me almoſt yield upon my knees.—
Forgive me, country, and ſweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours;—
So, farewel, Talbot; I'll no longer truſt thee.

Puc. Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again[3]!

Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendſhip makes us freſh.

Baſt. And doth beget new courage in our breaſts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deſerve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers;
And ſeek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Paris. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and other Lords*, VERNON, BASSET, &c. *To them* TALBOT, *and ſome of his Officers.*

Tal. My gracious prince,—and honourable peers,—
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my ſovereign:
In ſign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortreſſes,
Twelve cities, and ſeven walled towns of ſtrength,
Beſide five hundred priſoners of eſteem,—
Lets fall his ſword before your highneſs' feet;
And, with ſubmiſſive loyalty of heart,
Aſcribes the glory of his conqueſt got,
Firſt to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. Hen. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloſter,

3 *Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!*] So afterwards:
"In France, amongſt a *fickle wavering* nation—." MALONE.
The inconſtancy of the French was always the ſubject of ſatire. I have read a diſſertation written to prove that the index of the wind upon our ſteeples was made in form of a cock, to ridicule the French for their frequent changes. JOHNSON.

That hath ſo long been reſident in France?

Glo. Yes, if it pleaſe your majeſty, my liege.

K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord!
When I was young, (as yet I am not old,)
I do remember how my father ſaid *,
A ſtouter champion never handled ſword.
Long ſince we were reſolved of your truth,
Your faithful ſervice, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you taſted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd [4] with ſo much as thanks,
Becauſe till now we never ſaw your face:
Therefore, ſtand up; and, for theſe good deſerts,
We here create you earl of Shrewſbury;
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Exeunt King* HENRY, GLO. TAL. *and Nobles.*

Ver. Now, ſir, to you, that were ſo hot at ſea,
Diſgracing of theſe colours that I wear [5]
In honour of my noble lord of York,—
Dar'ſt thou maintain the former words thou ſpak'ſt?

Baſ. Yes, ſir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your ſaucy tongue
Againſt my lord, the duke of Somerſet.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Baſ. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye; not ſo: in witneſs, take ye that.

[*ſtrikes him.*

Baſ. Villain, thou know'ſt, the law of arms is ſuch,
That, who ſo draws a ſword, 'tis preſent death [6];

Or

* *I do remember how my father ſaid,*] The author of this play was not a very correct hiſtorian. Henry was but nine months old when his father died, and he never ſaw him. MALONE.

4 *Or been* reguerdon'd—] i. e. rewarded. The word was obſolete even in the time of Shakſpeare. Chaucer uſes it in the *Boke of Boethius.* STEEVENS.

5 —*theſe* colours *that I wear*] This was the badge of a *roſe*, and not an officer's ſcarf. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act III. ſc. ult.

" And wear his *colours* like a tumbler's hoop." TOLLET.

6 *That, who ſo draws a ſword, 'tis preſent death*;] I believe the line ſhould be written as it is in the folio:

That,

Or elſe this blow ſhould broach thy deareſt blood.
But I'll unto his majeſty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou ſhalt ſee, I'll meet thee to thy coſt.
Ver. Well, miſcreant, I'll be there as ſoon as you;
And, after, meet you ſooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The ſame. A Room of ſtate.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK, TALBOT, *the* Governour *of* PARIS, *and Others.*

Glo. Lord biſhop, ſet the crown upon his head.
Win. God ſave king Henry, of that name the ſixth!
Glo. Now, governour of Paris, take your oath,—
[Governour *kneels.*

That, who ſo draws a ſword—.
i. e. (as Dr. Warburton has obſerved) with a menace, in the court, or in the preſence-chamber. STEEVENS.

Johnſon, in his collection of *Eccleſiaſtical Laws*, has preſerved the following, which was made by Ina, king of the Weſt Saxons, 693. "If any one fight in the king's houſe, let him forfeit all his eſtate, and let the king deem whether he ſhall live or not." GREY.

Sir William Blackſtone obſerves, that "by the ancient law, before the conqueſt, *fighting in the king's palace*, or before the king's judges, *was puniſhed with death.* So too, in the old Gothick conſtitution, there were many places privileged by law, *quibus major reverentia et ſecuritas debetur, ut templa et judicia, quæ ſancta habebantur,*—arces et aula regis,—*denique locus quilibet preſente aut adventante rege.* And at preſent, with us, by the Stat. 33 Hen. VIII. c. 12. malicious ſtriking in the king's palace, wherein his royal perſon reſides, whereby blood is drawn, is puniſhable by perpetual impriſonment and fine, at the king's pleaſure, and alſo with loſs of the offender's right hand; the ſolemn execution of which ſentence is preſcribed in the ſtatute at length." COMM. IV. 124. "By the ancient common law, before the conqueſt, ſtriking in the king's courts of juſtice, or drawing a ſword therein, was a capital felony." *Ibid.* p. 125. REED.

That

That you elect no other king but him:
Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends;
And none your foes, but such as shall pretend[7]
Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!
[*Exeunt* Gov. *and his Train.*

Enter Sir John Fastolfe.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.
Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg, [*plucking it off.*
(Which I have done) because unworthily
Though wast installed in that high degree.—
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Patay[8],—
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,—
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away;

7 —*such as shall* pretend—] To *pretend* is to *design*, to *intend.* Johnson.

8 —*at the battle of* Patay,—] The old copy has *Poictiers.* The errour was pointed out by Mr. Steevens. Malone.

The battle of Poictiers was fought in the year 1357, the 31st of king Edward III. and the scene now lies in the 7th year of the reign of king Henry VI. viz. 1428. This blunder may be justly imputed to the players or transcribers; nor can we very well justify ourselves for permitting it to continue so long, as it was too glaring to have escaped an attentive reader. The action of which Shakspeare is now speaking, happened (according to Holinshed) "neere unto a village in Beausse called *Pataie*," which we should read, instead of *Poctiers.* "From this battell departed without anie stroke striken, *Sir John Fastolfe*, the same yeere by his valiantnesse elected into the order of the garter. But for doubt of misdealing at this brunt, the duke of Bedford tooke from him the image of St. George and his garter," &c. Holinshed, Vol. II. p. 601. Steevens.

In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surpriz'd, and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beseeming any common man;
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth;
Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty courage[9],
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order;
And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight;
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.—

[*Exit* FASTOLFE.

And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his stile? [*viewing the superscription.*
No more but, plain and bluntly,—*To the king?*
Hath he forgot, he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will[1]?

9 —haughty *courage,*] *Haughty* is here in its original sense for *high.* JOHNSON.

[1] Pretend *some alteration in good will?*] Thus the old copy. To *pretend* seems to be here used in its Latin sense, i. e. to *hold out,* to *stretch forward.* It may mean, however, as in other places, to *design.* Modern editors read—*portend.* STEEVENS.

What's

What's here?—*I have, upon especial cause,*— [Reads.
Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France.
O monstrous treachery! Can this be so;
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.

K. Hen. Is that the worst, this letter doth contain?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

K. Hen. Why then, lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse:—
How say you, my lord? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am prevented[2],
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:
Let him perceive, how ill we brook his treason;
And what offence it is, to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still,
You may behold confusion of your foes. [Exit.

Enter VERNON, *and* BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!

York. This is my servant; Hear him, noble prince!

Som. And this is mine; Sweet Henry, favour him!

K. Hen. Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak.—
Say, gentlemen, What makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

[2] —*I am* prevented,] *Prevented* is here, *anticipated*; a Latinism. MALONE.

Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

Baſ. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll anſwer you.

Baſ. Croſſing the ſea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the roſe I wear;
Saying—the ſanguine colour of the leaves
Did repreſent my maſter's bluſhing cheeks,
When ſtubbornly he did repugn the truth[3],
About a certain queſtion in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthineſs,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he ſeem, with forged quaint conceit,
To ſet a gloſs upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he firſt took exceptions, at this badge,
Pronouncing—that the paleneſs of this flower
Bewray'd the faintneſs of my maſter's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerſet, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er ſo cunningly you ſmother it.

K. Hen. Good Lord! what madneſs rules in brain-ſick men;
When, for ſo ſlight and frivolous a cauſe,
Such factious emulations ſhall ariſe!—
Good couſins both, of York and Somerſet,
Quiet yourſelves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this diſſention firſt be try'd by fight,
And then your highneſs ſhall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;

3 — *did* repugn *the truth,*] To *repugn* is to reſiſt. The word is uſed by Chaucer. STEEVENS.

It is found in Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616. MALONE.

Betwixt

Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.
York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.
Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.
Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.
Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd,
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
And you, my lords,—methinks, you do not well,
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less, to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves;
Let me persuade you take a better course.
Exe. It grieves his highness;—Good my lords, be friends.
K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants:
Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.—
And you, my lords,—remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissention in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel?
Beside, What infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certify'd,
That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France?
O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years; and let us not forego
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood!
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose, [*putting on a red rose.*
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset, than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,

Because,

Becauſe, forſooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your diſcretions better can perſuade,
Than I am able to inſtruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us ſtill continue peace and love.—
Couſin of York, we inſtitute your grace
To be our regent in theſe parts of France:—
And good my lord of Somerſet, unite
Your troops of horſemen with his bands of foot;—
And, like true ſubjects, ſons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digeſt
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourſelf, my lord protector, and the reſt,
After ſome reſpite, will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be preſented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon, and that traiterous rout.
[*Flouriſh. Exeunt King* HENRY, GLO., SOM. WIN. SUF. *and* BASSET.

War. My lord of York, I promiſe you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And ſo he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerſet.

War. Tuſh! that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare preſume, ſweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. And, if I wiſt, he did[3],—But let it reſt;
Other affairs muſt now be managed.
[*Exeunt* YORK, WARWICK, *and* VERNON.

Exe. Well didſt thou, Richard, to ſuppreſs thy voice:
For, had the paſſions of thy heart burſt out,
I fear, we ſhould have ſeen decypher'd there
More rancorous ſpight, more furious raging broils,

3 *And, if* I wiſt, *he did,*—] The old copy reads—if I *wiſh.* MALONE.

I read, I *wiſt.* The pret. of the old obſolete verb I *wis,* which is uſed by Shakſpeare in *The Merchant of Venice:*
"There be fools alive, I *wis,*
"Silver'd o'er, and ſo was this." STEEVENS.

Than

Than yet can be imagin'd or ſuppos'd.
But howſoe'er, no ſimple man that ſees
This jarring diſcord of nobility,
This ſhould'ring of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth preſage ſome ill event[4].
'Tis much[5], when ſcepters are in children's hands;
But more, when envy breeds unkind diviſion[6];
There comes the ruin, there begins confuſion. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

France. *Before* Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT, *with his forces.*

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter,
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet ſounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the General *of the* French *forces, and Others.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry king of England;
And thus he would,—Open your city gates,
Be humble to us; call my ſovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient ſubjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering ſteel, and climbing fire[7];
Who,

4 —*it doth preſage ſome ill event.*] That is, it doth preſage *to him* that ſees this diſcord, &c. that ſome ill event will happen. MALONE.

5 *'Tis* much,—] In our author's time, this phraſe meant—'Tis ſtrange, or wonderful. See *As you like it*, Vol. III. p. 208, n. 8. This meaning being included in the word *much*, the word *ſtrange* is perhaps underſtood in the next line: "But more ſtrange," &c. The conſtruction however may be, But 'tis *much more*, when, &c. MALONE.

6 —*when* envy *breeds* unkind *diviſion*;] *Envy* in old Engliſh writers frequently means *enmity*. *Unkind* is unnatural. See Vol. III. p. 116, l. 9; and p. 164, n. 8. MALONE.

7 *Lean famine, quartering ſteel, and climbing fire*;] The author of this play followed Hall's *Chronicle*: "The Goddeſſe of warre, call-ed

Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your ſtately and air-braving towers,
If you forſake the offer of their love [8].

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody ſcourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canſt not enter, but by death:
For, I proteſt, we are well fortify'd,
And ſtrong enough to iſſue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the ſnares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are ſquadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canſt thou turn thee for redreſs,
But death doth front thee with apparent ſpoil,
And pale deſtruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thouſand French have ta'en the ſacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery [9]
Upon no chriſtian ſoul but Engliſh Talbot.
Lo! there thou ſtand'ſt, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd ſpirit:
This is the lateſt glory of thy praiſe,
That I, thy enemy, due thee withal [1];

For

ed Bellona—hath theſe three *hand-maides* ever of neceſſitie attendynge on her; *Bloud*, *Fyre*, and *Famine*; whiche thre damoſels be of that force and ſtrength that every one of them alone is able and ſufficient to torment and afflict a proud prince; and they all joyned together are of puiſſance to deſtroy the moſt populous countrey and moſt richeſt region of the world." MALONE.

8 —their *love*.] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*our* love. "*Their* love" may mean, the peaceable demeanour of my three attendants; their forbearing to injure you. But the expreſſion is harſh. MALONE.

9 *To rive their dangerous artillery*] *Rive* their artillery ſeems to mean charge their artillery ſo much as to endanger their burſting. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Ajax bids the trumpeter blow ſo loud, as to crack his lungs and *ſplit* his brazen pipe. TOLLET.

1 —due *thee withal*;] To *due* is to *endue*, to *deck*, to *grace*. JOHNSON.

It means, I think, to honour by giving thee thy *due*, thy merited elogium. *Due* was ſubſtituted for *dew*, the reading of the old copy, by Mr. Theobald. *Dew* was ſometimes the old ſpelling of *due*, as *Hew* was of *Hugh*. MALONE.

The

For ere the glaſs, that now begins to run,
Finiſh the proceſs of his ſandy hour,
Theſe eyes, that ſee thee now well coloured,
Shall ſee thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.
[*Drum afar off.*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy muſick to thy timorous ſoul;
And mine ſhall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exeunt* General, &c. *from the walls.*

Tal. He fables not[2], I hear the enemy;—
Out, ſome light horſemen, and peruſe their wings.—
O, negligent and heedleſs diſcipline!
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale;
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be Engliſh deer, be then in blood[3]:
Not raſcal-like[4], to fall down with a pinch;
But rather moody-mad, and deſperate ſtags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of ſteel[5],
And make the cowards ſtand aloof at bay:

The old copy reads—*dew* thee withal; and perhaps rightly. The *dew of praiſe* is an expreſſion I have met with in other poets. Shakſpeare uſes the ſame verb in *Macbeth*:
"To *dew* the ſovereign flow'r, and drown the weeds."
Again, in the ſecond part of *King Henry VI*:
"——— give me thy hand,
"That I may *dew* it with my mournful tears." STEEVENS.

2 *He fables not,*] This expreſſion Milton has borrowed in his *Maſque at Ludlow Caſtle*:
"She *fables* not, I feel that I do fear."
It occurs again in the *Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:
"—— good father, *fable* not with him." STEEVENS.

3 —*be then* in blood;] Be in high ſpirits, be of true mettle. JOHNSON.

This was a phraſe of the foreſt. See *Love's Labour's Loſt*, p. 366, n. 8: "The deer was, as you know, *in ſarguis, blood*." Again, in Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616: "Tenderlings. The ſoft tops of a deere's horns, when they are *in blood*." MALONE.

4 *Not* raſcal-*like,*] A raſcal deer is the term of chaſe for lean poor deer. JOHNSON.

5 —*with heads of ſteel,*] Continuing the image of the *deer*, he ſuppoſes the lances to be their horns. JOHNSON.

Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they ſhall find dear deer of us[6], my friends.—
God, and ſaint George! Talbot, and England's right!
Proſper our colours in this dangerous fight! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Plains in Gaſcony.

Enter YORK, *with forces; to him a* Meſſenger.

York. Are not the ſpeedy ſcouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?
Meſſ. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out,
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot: As he march'd along,
By your eſpials were diſcovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led;
Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bourdeaux.
York. A plague upon that villain Somerſet;
That thus delays my promiſed ſupply
Of horſemen, that were levied for this ſiege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;
And I am lowted[7] by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this neceſſity!
If he miſcarry, farewel wars in France.

6 —*dear deer of us,*] The ſame quibble occurs in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:
"Death hath not ſtruck ſo fat a *deer* to-day,
"Though many a *dearer*, &c." STEEVENS.

7 *And I am* lowted—] To *lowt* may ſignify to *depreſs*, to *lower*, to *diſhonour*; but I do not remember it ſo uſed. We may read—*And I am* flouted. *I am mocked*, and treated with contempt. JOHNSON.

To *lout*, in Chaucer, ſignifies to *ſubmit*. To *ſubmit* is to *let down*. So, Dryden:
"Sometimes the hill *ſubmits* itſelf a while,
"In ſmall deſcents," &c. STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is, I am treated with contempt, like a *lowt*, or low country fellow. MALONE.

Enter

Enter Sir William Lucy *.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot;
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
To Bourdeax, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, farewel Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God! that Somerset—who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets—were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor, and a coward.
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Than, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul!
And on his son young John; whom, two hours since,
I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done [8].

York. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—
Lucy, farewel: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—
Maine, Bloys, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset, and his delay. [*Exit*.

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition [9]
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,

* *Enter Sir William Lucy.*] In the old copy we have only—"*Enter a Messenger*." But it appears from the subsequent scene that the messenger was Sir William Lucy. MALONE.

[8] *— are done.*] i. e. expended, consumed. The word is yet used in this sense in the Western counties. MALONE.

[9] *— the vulture—*] Alluding to the tale of Prometheus. JOHNSON.

Sleeping

Sleeping neglection doth betray to loſs
The conqueſt of our ſcarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the fifth:—Whiles they each other croſs,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loſs. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE IV.

Other Plains of Gaſcony.

Enter SOMERSET, *with his forces*; *an* Officer *of* TALBOT's *with him*.

Som. It is too late; I cannot ſend them now:
This expedition was by York, and Talbot,
Too raſhly plotted; all our general force
Might with a ſally of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
Hath ſullied all his gloſs of former honour
By this unheedful, deſperate, wild adventure:
York ſet him on to fight, and die in ſhame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Off. Here is ſir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William LUCY.

Som. How now, ſir William? whither were you ſent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and ſold lord Talbot[1];
Who, ring'd about[2] with bold adverſity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerſet,
To beat aſſailing death from his weak legions[3].

[1] —*from bought and ſold Lord Talbot*;] i. e. from one utterly ruin'd by the treacherous practices of others. So, in *K. Richard III*:
" Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,
" For Dickon thy maſter is *bought and ſold*."
The expreſſion appears to have been proverbial. See Vol. IV. p. 558, n. 6. MALONE.

[2] —*ring'd about*—] Environed, encircled. JOHNSON.

[3] —*his weak legions*.] Old Copy—*regions*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

4 And

And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody ſweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage ling'ring[4], looks for reſcue,
You, his falſe hopes, the truſt of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthleſs emulation[5].
Let not your private diſcord keep away
The levied ſuccours that ſhould lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yield up his life unto a world of odds:
Orleans the Baſtard, Charles, Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compaſs him about,
And Talbot periſheth by your default.

Som. York ſet him on, York ſhould have ſent him aid.

Lucy. And York as faſt upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing, that you withhold his levied hoſt,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have ſent, and had the horſe:
I owe him little duty, and leſs love;
And take foul ſcorn, to fawn on him by ſending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England ſhall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your ſtrife.

Som. Come, go; I will diſpatch the horſemen ſtraight:
Within ſix hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes reſcue; he is ta'en, or ſlain:
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

4 —*in advantage ling'ring,*] Protracting his reſiſtance by the advantage of a ſtrong poſt. JOHNSON.

Or perhaps, endeavouring by every means that he can, with *advantage* to himſelf, to linger out the action, &c. MALONE.

5 —*worthleſs* emulation.] In this line *emulation* ſignifies merely *rivalry*, not ſtruggle for ſuperior excellence. JOHNSON.

So Ulyſſes in *Troilus and Creſſida* ſays, that the Grecian chiefs were
"—— grown to an envious fever
"Of pale and bloodleſs *emulation*." MASON.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu!
Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his ſhame in you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Engliſh *Camp near* Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT, *and* John *his ſon.*

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did ſend for thee,
To tutor thee in ſtratagems of war;
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When ſapleſs age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But,—O malignant and ill-boding ſtars!—
Now thou art come unto a feaſt of death [6],
A terrible and unavoided [7] danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my ſwifteſt horſe;
And I'll direct thee how thou ſhalt eſcape
By ſudden flight: come, dally not, begone.
John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your ſon?
And ſhall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Diſhonour not her honourable name,
To make a baſtard, and a ſlave of me:
The world will ſay—He is not Talbot's blood,
That baſely fled, when noble Talbot ſtood [8].
Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be ſlain.
John. He, that flies ſo, will ne'er return again.
Tal. If we both ſtay, we both are ſure to die.
John. Then, let me ſtay: and, father, do you fly:

6 —*a feaſt of* death,] To a field where *death* will be *feaſted* with ſlaughter. JOHNSON.

7 —unavoided—] for *unavoidable.* MALONE.

8 —*noble Talbot ſtood.*] For what reaſon this ſcene is written in rhyme, I cannot gueſs. If Shakſpeare had not in other plays mingled his rhymes and blank verſes in the ſame manner, I ſhould have ſuſpected that this dialogue had been a part of ſome other poem which was never finiſhed, and that being loath to throw his labour away, he inſerted it here. JOHNSON.

Your

Your loſs is great, ſo your regard[9] ſhould be;
My worth unknown, no loſs is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boaſt;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are loſt.
Flight cannot ſtain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage, every one will ſwear;
But, if I bow, they'll ſay—it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will ſtay,
If, the firſt hour, I ſhrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preſerv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll ſhame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my bleſſing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be ſav'd in thee.

John. No part of him, but will be ſhame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadſt renown, nor canſt not loſe it.

John. Yes, your renowned name; Shall flight abuſe it?

Tal. Thy father's charge ſhall clear thee from that ſtain.

John. You cannot witneſs for me, being ſlain.
If death be ſo apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight, and die?
My age was never tainted with ſuch ſhame.

John. And ſhall my youth be guilty of ſuch blame?
No more can I be ſever'd from your ſide,
Than can yourſelf yourſelf in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair ſon,
Born to eclipſe thy life this afternoon.
Come, ſide by ſide together live and die;
And ſoul with ſoul from France to heaven fly. [*Exeunt.*

9 —*your regard*—] Your care of your own ſafety. JOHNSON.

Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die!
And like me to the peasant boys of France [5];
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Another part of the same.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter TALBOT *wounded, supported by a* Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is gone;—
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?—
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity [6]!
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:—
When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience:

5 *And like me to the peasant boys of France;*] By "to *like*" I suppose the author meant to *make like*, or *reduce to a level with*. JOHNSON.

6 *Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity!*] That is, death stained and dishonoured with captivity. JOHNSON.

Death stained by my being made a captive and dying in captivity. The author when he first addresses death, and uses the epithet *triumphant*, considers him as a person who had triumphed over him by plunging his dart in his breast. In the latter part of the line, if Dr. Johnson has rightly explained it, death must have its ordinary signification. "I think light of my death, though rendered disgraceful by captivity," &c. Perhaps however the construction intended by the poet was—Young Talbot's valour makes *me*, smeared with captivity, smile, &c. If so, there should be a comma after *captivity*. MALONE.

But when my angry guardant ſtood alone,
Tend'ring my ruin [7], and aſſail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my ſide to ſtart
Into the cluſt'ring battle of the French:
And in that ſea of blood my boy did drench
His over-mounting ſpirit; and there dy'd
My Icarus, my bloſſom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of John Talbot [8].

Serv. O my dear lord! lo, where your ſon is borne!

Tal. Thou antick death [9], which laugh'ſt us here to ſcorn,
Anon, from thy inſulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither ſky [1],
In thy deſpight, ſhall 'ſcape mortality.—
O thou whoſe wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:

7 *Tend'ring my ruin,*] Watching me with tenderneſs in my fall. JOHNSON.

I would rather read,—*Tending my ruin*, &c. TYRWHITT.

I adhere to the old reading. So, in *Hamlet*, Polonius ſays to Ophelia, "—*Tender* yourſelf more dearly." STEEVENS.

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

"I *tender* ſo the ſafety of my liege—." MALONE.

8 —*the body of John Talbot.*] This John Talbot was the eldeſt ſon of the firſt Earl by his ſecond wife, and was Viſcount Liſle, when he was killed with his father, in endeavouring to relieve Chatillon, after the battle of Bourdeaux, in the year 1453. He was created Viſcount Liſle in 1451. John, the earl's eldeſt ſon by his firſt wife, was ſlain at the battle of Northampton in 1460. MALONE.

9 *Thou* antick *death,*] The *fool*, or *antick* of the play, made ſport by mocking the graver perſonages. JOHNSON.

1 —*through the* lither *ſky,*] *Lither* is *flexible* or *yielding*. In much the ſame ſenſe Milton ſays:

"——— He with broad ſails
"Winnow'd the *buxom* air."

That is, the obſequious air. JOHNSON.

Lither is the comparative of the adjective *lithe*. So, in *Look about you*, 1600:

"I'll bring his *lither* legs in better frame." STEEVENS.

Brave death by ſpeaking, whether he will, or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—
Poor boy! he ſmiles, methinks; as who ſhould ſay—
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
My ſpirit can no longer bear theſe harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. [*dies.*

Alarums. Exeunt Sold. *and* Serv. *leaving the two bodies. Enter* CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, Baſtard, LA PUCELLE, *and forces.*

Char. Had York and Somerſet brought reſcue in,
We ſhould have found a bloody day of this.
Baſt. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood[2],
Did fleſh his puny ſword in Frenchmen's blood[3]!
Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I ſaid,
Thou maiden youth, be vanquiſh'd by a maid;
But—with a proud, majeſtical, high ſcorn,—
He anſwer'd thus; *Young Talbot was not born*
To be the pillage of a giglot wench[4]:
So, ruſhing in the bowels of the French[5],
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

2 —*raging*-wood,] That is, raging *mad.* So, in Heywood's *Dialogues, containing a number of effectual proverbes,* 1562:
"She was, as they ſay, horn-*wood.*"
Again, in *The longer thou liveſt the more fool thou art,* 1570:
"He will fight as he were *wood.*" STEEVENS.

3 —*in Frenchmen's blood!*] The return of rhyme where young Talbot is again mentioned, and in no other place, ſtrengthens the ſuſpicion that theſe verſes were originally part of ſome other work, and were copied here only to ſave the trouble of compoſing new. JOHNSON.

4 —*of a* giglot *wench:*] *Giglot* is a *wanton,* or a *ſtrumpet.* JOHNS. The word is uſed by Gaſcoigne and other authors, though now quite obſolete. So, in the play of *Orlando Furioſo,* 1599:
"Whoſe choice is like that Greekiſh *giglot's* love,
"That left her lord, prince Menelaus." STEEVENS.

5 —*in the bowels of the French,*] So, in the firſt part of *Jeronimo,* 1605:
"Meet, Don Andrea! yes, in the *battle's bowels.*" STEEV.

Bur.

Bur. Doubtless, he would have made a noble knight:
See, where he lies inhersed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder;
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no; forbear: for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir William Lucy, *attended; a* French *herald preceding.*

Lucy. Herald,
Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent; to know
Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin? 'tis a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. Where is the great Alcides * of the field,
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great earl of Washford [6], Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,

* *Where is the great Alcides*—] Old Copy—*But* where's. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. The compositor probable caught the word *But* from the preceding line. MALONE.

6 *Great earl of* Washford,] It appears from Camden's *Britannia* and Holinshed's Chronicle of Ireland, that Wexford was anciently called *Weysford.* In Crompton's *Mansion of Magnanimitie* it is written as here, *Washford.* This long list of titles is taken from the epitaph formerly fixed on Lord Talbot's tomb in Rouen in Normandy. Where this author found it, I have not been able to ascertain, for it is not in the common historians. The oldest book in which I have met with it is the tract above mentioned, which was printed in 1599, posterior to the date of this play. Numerous as this list is, the epitaph has one more, which, I suppose, was only rejected because it would not easily fall into the verse, "Lord Lovetoft of Worsop." It concludes as here, —"Lord Falconbridge, Knight of the noble order of St. George, St. Michael, and the golden fleece, Great Marshall to King Henry VI. of his realm in France, who died in the battle of Bourdeaux, 1453." MALONE.

Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of saint George,
Worthy saint Michael, and the golden fleece;
Great mareshal to Henry the sixth,
Of all his wars within the realm of France?
Puc. Here is a silly stately stile, indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath [7],
Writes not so tedious a stile as this.—
Him, that thou magnify'st with all these titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.
Lucy. Is Talbot slain; the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France:
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies; that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beseems their worth.
Puc. I think, this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em [8]; to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.
Char. Go, take their bodies hence.
Lucy. I'll bear them hence:
But from their ashes * shall be rear'd
A phœnix, that shall make all France afeard.
Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein;
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain. [*Exeunt.*

7 *The Turk,* &c.] Alluding probably to the ostentatious letter of *Sultan Solyman the Magnificent,* to the emperor Ferdinand, 1562; in which all the *Grand Signior's* titles are enumerated. See Knolles's *Hist. of the Turks,* 5th edit. p. 789. GREY.

8 —*let him have* 'em;] Old copy—have *him.* So, a little lower, —do with *him.* The first emendation was made by Mr. Theobald; the other by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

* *But from their ashes,* &c.] The defect of the metre shews that some word of two syllables was inadvertently omitted; probably an epithet to *ashes.* MALONE.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.[9]

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and* EXETER.

K. Hen. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?
Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this,—
They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of England and of France.
K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion?
Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And 'stablish quietness on every side.
K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity[1] and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.
Glo. Beside, my lord,—the sooner to effect,
And surer bind, this knot of amity,—
The earl of Armagnac—near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,—
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.
K. Hen. Marriage? uncle, alas! my years are young[*];
And fitter is my study and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:

[9] In the original copy, the transcriber or printer forgot to mark the commencement of the fifth Act; and has by mistake called this scene Scene II. The editor of the second folio made a very absurd regulation by making the act begin in the middle of the preceding scene, (where the Dauphin, &c. enter, and take notice of the dead bodies of Talbot and his son,) which was inadvertently followed in subsequent editions. MALONE.

[1] — *immanity*—] i. e. barbarity, savageness. STEEVENS.

[*] — *my years are young*;] His majesty, however, was twenty-four years old. MALONE.

I shall

I ſhall be well content with any choice,
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate, *and two Ambaſſadors, with* WINCHESTER *in a Cardinal's habit.*

Exe. What! is my lord of Wincheſter inſtall'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree [2]!
Then, I perceive, that will be verify'd,
Henry the fifth did ſometime propheſy,—
If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.

K. Hen. My lords ambaſſadors, your ſeveral ſuits
Have been conſider'd and debated on.
Your purpoſe is both good and reaſonable:
And, therefore, are we certainly reſolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which, by my lord of Wincheſter, we mean
Shall be tranſported preſently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your maſter,—
I have inform'd his highneſs ſo at large,
As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,—
He doth intend ſhe ſhall be England's queen.

K. Hen. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, [*to the* Amb.] pledge of my affection.
And ſo, my lord protector, ſee them guarded,
And ſafely brought to Dover; where, inſhipp'd,

[2] *What! is my lord of Wincheſter inſtall'd,*
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree!] This (as Mr. Edwards has obſerved in his Mſ. notes) argues a great forgetfulneſs in the poet. In the firſt act Gloſter ſays:

I'll canvaſs thee in thy broad cardinal's *hat*;

and it is ſtrange that the duke of Exeter ſhould not know of his advancement. STEEVENS.

It ſhould ſeem from the ſtage-direction prefixed to this ſcene, and from the converſation between the Legate and Wincheſter, that the author meant it to be underſtood that the biſhop had obtained his cardinal's hat only juſt before his preſent entry. The inaccuracy therefore was in making Gloſter addreſs him by that title in the beginning of the play. He in fact obtained it in the fifth year of Henry's reign. MALONE.

Commit

Commit them to the fortune of the ſea.
[*Exeunt K.* HEN. *and Train*; GLO. EXE. *and* Ambaſ.
Win. Stay, my lord legate; you ſhall firſt receive
The ſum of money, which I promiſed
Should be deliver'd to his holineſs
For cloathing me in theſe grave ornaments.
Leg. I will attend upon your lordſhip's leiſure.
Win. Now Wincheſter will not ſubmit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudeſt peer.
Humphrey of Gloſter, thou ſhalt well perceive,
That, neither in birth[3], or for authority,
The biſhop will be over-borne by thee:
I'll either make thee ſtoop, and bend thy knee,
Or ſack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

France. *Plains in* Anjou.

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, *and forces, marching.*

Char. Theſe news, my lords, may cheer our drooping ſpirits:
'Tis ſaid, the ſtout Pariſians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.
Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.
Puc. Peace be amongſt them, if they turn to us;
Elſe, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Succeſs unto our valiant general,
And happineſs to his acomplices!
Char. What tidings ſend our ſcouts? I pr'ythee, ſpeak.
Meſſ. The Engliſh army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one;

3 *That, neither in birth,*] I would read—*for* birth. That is, thou ſhalt not rule me though thy birth is legitimate, and thy authority ſupreme. JOHNSON.

And

And means to give you battle presently.
Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.
Bur. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.
Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd:—
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.
Char. Then on, my lords; And France be fortunate.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. Before Angiers.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.—
Now help, ye charming spells, and periapts[4];
And ye choice spirits, that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents! [*Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north[5],
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize!

4 —*ye charming spells, and periapts*;] Charms sow'd up. Ezek. xiii. 18. "*Woe to them that sew pillows to all arm-holes, to hunt souls.*" POPE.

Periapts were worn about the neck as preservatives from disease or danger. Of these, the first chapter of St. John's Gospel was deemed the most efficacious. Whoever is desirous to know more about them, may consult Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 230, &c. STEEVENS.

The following story, which is related in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595, proves what Mr. Steevens has asserted. "A cardinal seeing a priest carrying a cudgel under his gown, reprimanded him. His excuse was, that he only carried it to defend himself against the dogs of the town. Wherefore, I pray you, replied the cardinal, serves *St. John's Gospel*? Alas, my lord, said the priest, these curs understand no Latin." MALONE.

5 —*monarch of the north*,] The north was always supposed to be the particular habitation of bad spirits. Milton therefore assembles the rebel angels in the north. JOHNSON.

The boast of Lucifer in the xivth chapter of Isaiah is said to be, that he *will sit upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north.* STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions [6] under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[*They walk about, and speak not.*
O, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit;
So you do condescend to help me now.—
[*They hang their heads.*
No hope to have redress?—My body shall
Pay recompence, if you will grant my suit.
[*They shake their heads.*
Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.
[*They depart.*
See! they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:—
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit.*

[6] — *the powerful* regions—] I believe Shakspeare wrote—*legions*. WARBURTON.

In a former passage *regions* seems to have been printed instead of *legions*; at least all the editors from the time of Mr. Rowe have there substituted the latter word instead of the former. See p. 80, n. 3. The word *cull'd*, and the epithet *powerful*, which is applicable to the *fiends* themselves, but not to their place of residence, shew that it has an equal title to a place in the text here. So, in *the Tempest*:

"— But one *fiend* at a time,
"I'll fight their *legions* o'er." MALONE.

The *regions under earth* are the infernal regions. Whence else should the sorceress have selected or summoned her fiends? STEEVENS.

Alarums.

Alarums. Enter French *and* English, *fighting.* LA PUCELLE *and* YORK *fight hand to hand.* LA PUCELLE *is taken. The* French *fly.*

York. Damsel of France, I think, I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.—
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.
Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.
York. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.
Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surpriz'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!
York. Fell, banning hag[7]! enchantress, hold thy tongue.
Puc. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a while.
York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, *leading in lady* MARGARET.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
[*gazes on her.*
O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
I kiss these fingers [*kissing her hand.*] for eternal peace[8]:

7 *Fell, banning hag!*] To *ban* is to curse. STEEVENS.

8 *I kiss these fingers for eternal peace:*] In the old copy these lines are thus arranged and pointed:

For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.

by which Suffolk is made to kiss his own fingers, a symbol of peace of which there is, I believe, no example. The transposition was made, I think rightly, by Mr. Capel. In the old edition, as here, there is only a comma after "hands," which seems to countenance the regulation now made. To obtain something like sense, the modern editors were obliged to put a full point at the end of that line. MALONE.

Who

Who art thou? ſay, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name; and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples, whoſoe'er thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the ſwan her downy cygnets ſave,
Keeping them priſoners underneath her wings *.
Yet, if this ſervile uſage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.

[*She turns away as going.*

O, ſtay!—I have no power to let her paſs;
My hand would free her, but my heart ſays—no.
As plays the ſun upon the glaſſy ſtreams [9],
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So ſeems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not ſpeak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind:
Fie, De la Poole! diſable not thyſelf [1];
Haſt not a tongue? is ſhe not here?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's ſight!
Ay; beauty's princely majeſty is ſuch,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the ſenſes rough [2].

Mar. Say, earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be ſo,—
What ranſom muſt I pay before I paſs?
For, I perceive, I am thy priſoner.

* —*her wings.*] Old Copy—*his.* This manifeſt error I only mention, becauſe it ſupports a note in Vol. III. p 229, n. 3. and juſtifies the change there made. *Her* was formerly ſpelt *hir*; hence it was often confounded with *his.* MALONE.

9 *As plays the ſun upon the glaſſy ſtreams,* &c.] This compariſon, made between things which ſeem ſufficiently unlike, is intended to expreſs the ſoftneſs and delicacy of lady Margaret's beauty, which delighted, but did not dazzle: which was bright, but gave no pain by its luſtre. JOHNSON.

1 —*diſable not thyſelf;*] Do not repreſent thyſelf ſo weak. To *diſable* the judgment of another was, in that age, the ſame as to deſtroy its credit or authority. JOHNSON.

So, in *As you like it,* Act V: "—If again, it was not well cut, he *diſabled my judgment.*" STEEVENS.

2 —*and makes the ſenſes rough.*] The meaning of this word is not very obvious. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*crouch.* MALONE.

Suf. How canst thou tell, she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love? [*Aside.*
Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?
Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:
She is a woman; therefore to be won. [*Aside.*
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no?
Suf. Fond man! remember, that thou hast a wife;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? [*Aside.*
Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card[3].
Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.
Suf. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: Tush! that's a wooden thing[4].
Mar. He talks of wood: It is some carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfy'd,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too:
For though her father be the king of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match. [*Aside.*
Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?
Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.
Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me. [*Aside.*
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps, I shall be rescu'd by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy. [*Aside.*
Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—
Mar. Tush! women have been captivate ere now. [*Aside.*
Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid* for *quo*.

3 —*a* cooling card.] So, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:
"I'll have a present *cooling card* for you" STEEVENS.

4 —*a wooden thing.*] is *an awkward business*, an *undertaking not likely to succeed.* So, in Lilly's *Maid's Metamorphosis*, 1600:
"My master takes but *wooden* pains." STEEVENS.

Suf.

Suf. Say, gentle princefs, would you not fuppofe
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?
Mar. To be a queen in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a flave in bafe fervility;
For princes fhould be free.
Suf. And fo fhall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;
To put a golden fcepter in thy hand,
And fet a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condefcend to be my—
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo fo fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myfelf.
How fay you, madam; are you fo content?
Mar. An if my father pleafe, I am content.
Suf. Then call our captains, and our colours, forth:
And, madam, at your father's caftle walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.
[*Troops come forward.*

A parley founded. Enter REIGNIER, *on the walls.*

Suf. See, Reignier, fee, thy daughter prifoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a foldier; and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's ficklenefs.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Confent, (and, for thy honour, give confent,)
Thy daughter fhall be wedded to my king;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her eafy-held imprifonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.
Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?
Suf. Fair Margaret knows,

That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign[4],
Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend,
To give thee answer of thy just demand.
[*Exit, from the walls.*
Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, *below.*

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories;
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.
Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?
Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth[5],
To be the princely bride of such a lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the county Maine*, and Anjou,
Free from oppression, or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.
Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her;
And those two counties, I will undertake,
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again,—in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,—
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.
Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffick of a king:
And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case. [*Aside.*
I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:
So, farewel, Reignier! Set this diamond safe

4 — face, *or feign.*] "To *face* (says Dr. Johnson) is to carry a false appearance; to play the hypocrite." Hence the name of one of the characters in Ben Jonson's *Alchymist.* MALONE.

5 *Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,* &c.] *To woo her little worth*—may mean—*to court her small share of merit.* But perhaps the passage should be pointed thus:

Since thou dost deign to woo her, little worth
To be the princely bride of such a lord;

i. e. little deserving to be the wife of such a prince. MALONE.

* — *the county Maine,*] Maine is called a *county* both by Hall and Holinshed. The old copy erroneously reads—*country.* MALONE.

In

In golden palaces, as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Chriſtian prince, king Henry, were he here.
Mar. Farewel, my lord! Good wiſhes, praiſe, and prayers,
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*going.*
Suf. Farewel, ſweet madam! But hark you, Margaret;
No princely commendations to my king?
Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his ſervant, ſay to him.
Suf. Words ſweetly plac'd, and modeſtly[6] directed.
But, madam, I muſt trouble you again,—
No loving token to his majeſty?
Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unſpotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I ſend the king.
Suf. And this withal. [*Kiſſes her.*
Mar. That for thyſelf;—I will not ſo preſume,
To ſend ſuch peeviſh tokens to a king[7].
[*Exeunt* REIGNIER, *and* MARGARET.
Suf. O, wert thou for myſelf!—But, Suffolk, ſtay;
Thou may'ſt not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs, and ugly treaſons, lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wond'rous praiſe:
Bethink thee on her virtues that ſurmount;
Mad, natural graces that extinguiſh art[8];
Repeat their ſemblance often on the ſeas,
That, when thou com'ſt to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'ſt bereave him of his wits with wonder.[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

[6] —*modeſtly*—] Old Copy—*modeſty*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[7] *To ſend ſuch* peeviſh *tokens*—] *Peeviſh* for childiſh. WARBURTON. See a note on *Cymbeline*, Act I. ſc. vii: "He's ſtrange and *peeviſh*." STEEVENS.

[8] Mad, *natural graces* that extinguiſh art;] So the old copy. The modern editors have been content to read—*Her* natural graces. By the word *mad*, however, I believe the poet only meant *wild* or uncultivated. In the former of theſe ſignifications he appears to have uſed it in *Othello*: "*he ſhe lov'd prov'd* mad:" which Dr. Johnſon has properly interpreted. We call a wild girl, to this day, a *mad-cap*. *Mad*, in ſome of the ancient books of gardening, is uſed as an epithet to plants which grow rampant and wild. STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

Camp of the Duke of York, *in* Anjou.

Enter YORK, WARWICK, *and* *Others.*

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, *guarded, and a* Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless [9] cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!
Puc. Decrepit miser [1]! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood;
Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.
Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first-fruit of my bachelorship.
War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?
York. This argues what her kind of life hath been;
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Pope had, perhaps, this line in his thoughts, when he wrote—
"And catch a grace beyond the reach of art."
In *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634, *mad* is used in the same manner as in the text:
"Is it not *mad* lodging in these wild woods here?"
Again, in Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596:
"—with manie more *madde* tricks of youth never plaid before."
MALONE.

9 —timeless—] is *untimely*. So, in Drayton's *Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy:*
"Thy strength was buried in his *timeless* death." STEEVENS.

1 *Decrepit* miser!] *Miser* has no relation to avarice in this passage, but simply means a miserable creature. So, in Holinshed, p. 760, where he is speaking of the death of Richard III: "And so this *miser*, at the same verie point, had like chance and fortune," &c. Again, p. 951, among the last words of lord Cromwell: "— for if I should so doo, I were a very wretch and a *miser*." STEEVENS.

Shep.

Shep. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be ſo obſtacle[2]!
God knows, thou art a collop of my fleſh;
And for thy ſake have I ſhed many a tear:
Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peaſant, avaunt!—You have ſuborn'd this man,
Of purpoſe to obſcure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble[3] to the prieſt,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—
Kneel down and take my bleſſing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not ſtoop? Now curſed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou ſuck'dſt her breaſt,
Had been a little ratſbane for thy ſake!
Or elſe, when thou didſt keep my lambs a-field,
I wiſh ſome ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Doſt thou deny thy father, curſed drab?
O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good. [*Exit.*

York. Take her away; for ſhe hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. Firſt, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
Not me* begotten of a ſhepherd ſwain,
But iſſu'd from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous, and holy; choſen from above,
By inſpiration of celeſtial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked ſpirits:
But you,—that are polluted with your luſts,
Stain'd with the guiltleſs blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thouſand vices,—
Becauſe you want the grace that others have,

2 —*ſo* obſtacle!] A vulgar corruption of *obſtinate*, which I think has oddly laſted ſince our author's time till now. JOHNSON.

The ſame corruption may be met with in Gower, Chapman, and other writers. STEEVENS.

3 —*my* noble *birth.*—

'Tis true, I gave a noble—] This paſſage ſeems to corroborate an explanation, ſomewhat far-fetched, which I have given in *K. Henry IV.* of the *nobleman* and *royal man*. JOHNSON.

* *Not* me—] I believe the author wrote—Not *one*. MALONE.

You judge it ſtraight a thing impoſſible
To compaſs wonders, but by help of devils.
No, miſconceived[4]! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaſte and immaculate in very thought;
Whoſe maiden blood, thus rigorouſly effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay;—away with her to execution.

War. And hark ye, ſirs; becauſe ſhe is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enough:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal ſtake,
That ſo her torture may be ſhortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—
Then, Joan, diſcover thine infirmity;
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heaven forefend! the holy maid with child!

War. The greateſt miracle that e'er ye wrought:
Is all your ſtrict preciſeneſs come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to; we will have no baſtards live;
Eſpecially, ſince Charles muſt father it.

Puc. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his;
It was Alençon, that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel[5]!

It

[4] *No, miſconceived!*] i. e. *No, ye miſconceivers, ye who miſtake me and my qualities.* STEEVENS.

[5] —*that notorious* Machiavel!] *Machiavel* being mentioned ſomewhat before his time, this line is by ſome of the editors given to the players, and ejected from the text. JOHNSON.

The character of Machiavel ſeems to have made ſo very deep an impreſſion on the dramatick writers of this age, that he is many times as prematurely ſpoken of. So, in the *Valiant Welchman*, 1615, one of the characters bids *Caradoc*, i. e. *Caractacus*,

"——read *Machiavel*:
"Princes that would aſpire, muſt mock at hell."

Again:

It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A marry'd man! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl! I think, she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign, she hath been liberal and free.

York. And, yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave my curse:
May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death[6]
Environ you; till mischief, and despair,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves[7]!
[*Exit, guarded.*

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter Cardinal BEAUFORT, *attended.*

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;

Again: "—— my brain
"Italianates my barren faculties
"To *Machiavelian* blackness." STEEVENS.

6 —*darkness and the gloomy shade of death*—] The expression is scriptural: "Whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit *in darkness and the shadow of death.*" MALONE.

7 —*till mischief and despair*
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!] Perhaps Shakspeare intended to remark in this execration, the frequency of suicide among the English, which has been commonly imputed to the gloominess of their air. JOHNSON.

And

And see at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travel turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falshood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?—
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York; if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, *attended*; ALENÇON, BASTARD, REIGNIER, *and Others*.

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my poison'd voice[8],
By sight of these our baleful enemies[9].

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus;
That—in regard king Henry gives consent,
Of meer compassion, and of lenity,

8 — poison'd voice,] *Poison'd voice* agrees well enough with *baneful enemies*, or with *baleful*, if it can be used in the same sense. The modern editors read—*prison'd voice*. JOHNSON.

Prison'd was introduced by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

9 — baleful *enemies*.] *Baleful* is *sorrowful*; I therefore rather imagine that we should read—*baneful*, hurtful, or mischievous. JOHNSON.

Baleful had anciently the same meaning as *baneful*. It is an epithet very frequently bestow'd on poisonous plants and reptiles. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"With *baleful* weeds, and precious-juiced flowers."

STEEVENS.

To

To eaſe your country of diſtreſsful war,
And ſuffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,—
You ſhall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt ſwear
To pay him tribute, and ſubmit thyſelf,
Thou ſhalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And ſtill enjoy thy regal dignity.
Alen. Muſt he be then as ſhadow of himſelf?
Adorn his temples with a coronet [1];
And yet, in ſubſtance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is abſurd and reaſonleſs.
Char. 'Tis known, already that I am poſſeſs'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the reſt unvanquiſh'd,
Detract ſo much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambaſſador; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be caſt from poſſibility of all.
York. Inſulting Charles! haſt thou by ſecret means
Us'd interceſſion to obtain a league;
And, now the matter grows to compromiſe,
Stand'ſt thou aloof upon compariſon [2]?
Either accept the title thou uſurp'ſt,
Of benefit [3] proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of deſert,
Or we will plague thee with inceſſant wars.
Reig. My lord, you do not well in obſtinacy
To cavil in the courſe of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We ſhall not find like opportunity.

[1] *—with a* coronet;] *Coronet* is here uſed for a *crown.* JOHNSON.

[2] *—upon compariſon?*] Do you ſtand to compare your preſent ſtate, a ſtate which you have neither right or power to maintain, with the terms which we offer? JOHNSON.

[3] *Of* benefit—] *Benefit* is here a term of law. Be content to live as the *beneficiary* of our king. JOHNSON.

Alen.

Alen. To ſay the truth, it is your policy,
To ſave your ſubjects from ſuch maſſacre,
And ruthleſs ſlaughters, as are daily ſeen
By our proceeding in hoſtility:
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleaſure ſerves.
[*Aſide, to* Charles.

War. How ſay'ſt thou, Charles? ſhall our condition ſtand?

Char. It ſhall:
Only reſerv'd, you claim no intereſt
In any of our towns of garriſon.

York. Then ſwear allegiance to his majeſty;
As thou art knight, never to diſobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England;
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—
[Charles, *and the reſt, give tokens of fealty.*
So, now diſmiſs your army when ye pleaſe;
Hang up your enſigns, let your drums be ſtill,
For here we entertain a ſolemn peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, *in conference with* SUFFOLK; GLOSTER *and* EXETER *following.*

K. Hen. Your wond'rous rare deſcription, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath aſtoniſh'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's ſettled paſſions in my heart:
And like as rigour of tempeſtuous guſts
Provokes the mightieſt hulk againſt the tide;
So am I driven [4], by breath of her renown,
Either to ſuffer ſhipwreck, or arrive

4 *So am I driven,* &c.] This ſimile is ſomewhat obſcure; he ſeems to mean, that as a ſhip is driven againſt the tide by the wind, ſo he is driven by love againſt the current of his intereſt. JOHNSON.

Where

Where I may have fruition of her love.
Suf. Tush, my good lord! this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them,)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine.
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.
K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.
Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem;
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?
Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one, that, at a triumph [5] having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.
Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.
Suf. Yes, my good lord [*], her father is a king,
The king of Naples, and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,

5 —*at a* triumph—] A *triumph* in this author's time signified an exhibition of sports, &c. See *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Vol. II. p. 442, n. 4. MALONE.

* —*my* good *lord*,] *Good*, which is not in the old copy, was added for the sake of the metre, in the second folio. MALONE.

And

And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.
Glo. And ſo the earl of Armagnac may do,
Becauſe he is near kinſman unto Charles.
Exe. Beſide, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower;
While Reignier ſooner will receive, than give.
Suf. A dower, my lords! diſgrace not ſo your king,
That he ſhould be ſo abject, baſe, and poor,
To chooſe for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to ſeek a queen to make him rich:
So worthleſs peaſants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, ſheep, or horſe.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyſhip[6];
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Muſt be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, ſince he affects her moſt,
It moſt[7] of all theſe reaſons bindeth us,
In our opinions ſhe ſhould be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of diſcord and continual ſtrife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliſs[8],
And is a pattern of celeſtial peace.
Whom ſhould we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerleſs feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a king:
Her valiant courage, and undaunted ſpirit,
(More than in women commonly is ſeen,)
Will anſwer our hope in iſſue of a king;
For Henry, ſon unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of ſo high reſolve,

6 —*by attorneyſhip*;] By the intervention of another man's choice; or the diſcretional agency of another. JOHNSON.

7 It *moſt*—] The word *It*, which is wanting in the old copy, was inſerted by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

8 *Whereas the* contrary *bringeth bliſs*,] *Contrary* is here uſed as a quadriſyllable; as if it were written *conterary*. So *Henry* is uſed by our old poets as a triſyllable. See Vol. I. p. 120, n. 4. MALONE.

As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.
K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of Suffolk; or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts [9].
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
Agree to any covenants; and procure
That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:
For your expences and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me by what you were [1],
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief [2]. [*Exit.*
Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER, *and* EXETER.
Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd: and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;

9 *As I am sick with* working of my thoughts.] So, in Shakspeare's *King Henry V.*
" *Work, work your thoughts,* and therein see a siege."
MALONE.

1 *If you do* censure *me*, &c.] To *censure* is here simply to *judge*. *If in judging me you consider the past frailties of your own youth.* JOHNSON.
See Vol I. p. 113, n. 8. MALONE.

2 —*ruminate my* grief.] *Grief* in the first line is taken generally for *pain* or *uneasiness*; in the second specially for *sorrow*. JOHNSON.

With

With hope to find the like event in love,
But profper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret fhall now be queen, and rule the king;
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm[3]. [*Exit.*

[3] Of this play there is no copy earlier than that of the folio in 1623, though the two fucceeding parts are extant in two editions in quarto. That the fecond and third parts were publifhed without the firft, may be admitted as no weak proof that the copies were furreptitioufly obtained, and that the printers of that time gave the publick thofe plays not fuch as the author defigned, but fuch as they could get them. That this play was written before the two others is indubitably collected from the feries of events; that it was written and played before Henry the Fifth is apparent, becaufe in the epilogue there is mention made of this play, and not of the other parts:

Henry the fixth, in infant bands crown'd king,—
Whofe ftate fo many had the managing,
That they loft France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our ftage hath fhewn.

France is loft in this play. The two following contain, as the old title imports, the contention of the houfes of York and Lancafter. JOHNSON.

That the fecond and third parts (as they are now called) were printed without the firft, is a proof, in my apprehenfion, that they were not written by the author of the firft: and the title of *The Contention of the houfes of York and Lancafter*, being affixed to the two pieces which were printed in quarto in 1600, is a proof that they were a diftinct work, commencing where the other ended, but not written at the fame time; and that this play was never known by the name of *The firft Part of King Henry VI.* till Heminge and Condell gave it this title in their volume, to diftinguifh it from the two fubfequent plays; which, being *altered* by Shakfpeare, affumed the new titles of the *Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.* that they might not be confounded with the original pieces on which they were formed. This firft part was, I conceive, originally called *The hiftorical play of King Henry VI.* See the Effay at the end of thefe contefted pieces. MALONE.

KING HENRY VI.

PART II.

Persons Represented.

King Henry *the Sixth:*
Humphrey, *Duke of* Glofter, *his uncle.*
Cardinal Beaufort, *Bishop of* Winchester, *great uncle to the king.*
Richard Plantagenet, *Duke of* York:
Edward *and* Richard, *his sons.*

Duke of Somerset,
Duke of Suffolk,
Duke of Buckingham,
Lord Clifford,
Young Clifford, *his son.*
} *of the king's party.*

Earl of Salisbury,
Earl of Warwick,
} *of the* York *faction.*

Lord Scales, *Governour of the Tower.* *Lord* Say.
Sir Humphrey Stafford, *and his brother.* *Sir* John Stanley.
A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's Mate, and Walter Whitmore.
Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.
A Herald. Vaux.
Hume *and* Southwell, *two priests.*
Bolingbroke, *a Conjurer.* *A spirit raised by him.*
Thomas Horner, *an Armourer.* Peter, *his man.*
Clerk of Chatham. *Mayor of* Saint Alban's.
Simpcox, *an Impostor.* *Two Murderers.*
Jack Cade, *a Rebel:*
George, John, Dick, Smith, *the Weaver,* Michael, *&c. his followers.*
Alexander Iden, *a* Kentish *Gentleman.*

Margaret, *Queen to King* Henry.
Eleanor, *Dutchess of* Glofter.
Margery Jourdain, *a Witch.*
Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

SCENE, dispersedly in various parts of England.

SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY VI[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *A Room of state in the Palace.*

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, on one side, King HENRY, *Duke of* GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and Cardinal* BEAUFORT; *on the other,* *Queen* MARGARET, *led in by* SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, *and Others, following.*

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty[2]
I had in charge at my depart for France,

As

[1] In a note prefixed to the preceding play, I have briefly stated my opinion concerning the drama now before us, and that which follows it; to which the original editors of Shakspeare's works in folio have given the titles of *The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.* *The Contention of the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster* in two parts, was published in quarto, in 1600; and the first part was entered on the Stationers' books, (as Mr. Steevens has observed,) March 12, 1593-4. On these two plays, which I believe to have been written by some preceding author, before the year 1590, Shakspeare formed, as I conceive, this and the following drama; altering, retrenching, or amplifying, as he thought proper. The reasons on which this hypothesis is founded, I shall subjoin at large at the end of *The third part of King Henry VI.* At present it is only necessary to apprize the reader of the method observed in the printing of these plays. All the lines printed in the usual manner, are found in the original quarto plays (or at least with such minute variations as are not worth noticing); and those, I conceive, Shakspeare adopted as he found them. The lines to which inverted commas are prefixed, were, if my hypothesis be well founded, retouched, and greatly improved by him; and those with asterisks were his own original production; the embroidery with which he ornamented the coarse stuff that had been awkwardly made up for the stage by some of his contemporaries. The speeches which he new-modelled, he improved, sometimes by amplification, and sometimes by retrenchment.

These two pieces, I imagine, were produced in their present form in

1591.

As procurator to your excellence [3],
To marry princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,—
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretaigne, and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,

1591. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. and the Dissertation at the end of *The third part of King Henry VI.* Dr. Johnson observes very justly, that these two parts were not written without a *dependance* on the first. Undoubtedly not; the old play of *K. Henry VI.* (or, as it is now called, *The first part*,) certainly had been exhibited before these were written in *any form*. But it does not follow from this concession, either that *The Contention of the two houses*, &c. in two parts, was written by the author of the former play, or that Shakspeare was the author of these two pieces as they *originally appeared*. MALONE.

"This and *The third part of King Henry VI.* contain that troublesome period of this prince's reign, which took in the whole contention betwixt the houses of York and Lancaster. The present scene opens with king Henry's marriage, which was in the twenty-third year of his reign [A. D. 1445]; and closes with the first battle fought at St. Albans, and won by the York faction, in the thirty-third year of his reign [1455]: so that it comprizes the history and transactions of ten years." THEOBALD.

This play was altered by Crowne, and acted in 1682. STEEVENS.

[2] *As by your high*, &c.] It is apparent that this play begins where the former ends, and continues the series of transactions of which it presupposes the first part already known. This is a sufficient proof that the second and third parts were not written without dependance on the first, though they were printed as containing a complete period of history. JOHNSON.

[3] *As procurator to your excellence*, &c.] So, in Holinshed, p. 625: "The marquesse of Suffolk, as procurator to king Henrie, espoused the said ladie in the church of saint Martins. At the which marriage were present the father and mother of the bride; the French king himself that was uncle to the husband, and the French queen also that was aunt to the wife. There were also the dukes of Orleance, of Calabre, of Alanson, and of Britaine, seaven earles, twelve barons, twenty bishops," &c. STEEVENS.

This passage Holinshed transcribed *verbatim* from Hall. MALONE.

Deliver

Deliver up my title in the queen
To your moſt gracious hands, that are[4] the ſubſtance
Of that great ſhadow I did repreſent;
The happieſt gift that ever marqueſs gave,
The faireſt queen that ever king receiv'd.
K. Hen. Suffolk, ariſe.—Welcome, queen Margaret:
I can expreſs no kinder ſign of love,
Than this kind kiſs.—O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulneſs!
For thou haſt given me, in this beauteous face,
' A world of earthly bleſſings to my ſoul,
' If ſympathy of love unite our thoughts.
' *Q. Mar.* Great king of England, and my gracious lord;
' The mutual conference[5] that my mind hath had—
' By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams;
' In courtly company, or at my beads,—
' With you mine alder-lefeſt ſovereign[6],
' Makes me the bolder to ſalute my king
' With ruder terms; ſuch as my wit affords,
' And over-joy of heart doth miniſter.
' *K. Hen.* Her ſight did raviſh: but her grace in ſpeech,
' Her words y-clad with wiſdom's majeſty,
' Makes me, from wondering, fall to weeping joys[7];
' Such

4 —*that are*—] i. e. to the gracious hands of you, my ſovereign, who are, &c. In the old play the line ſtands:

Unto your gracious *excellence* that are, &c. MALONE.

5 *The mutual conference*—] I am the bolder to addreſs you, having already familiarized you to my imagination. JOHNSON.

6 —*mine* alder-lefeſt *ſovereign*,] *Alder-leveſt*, ſays Mr. Tyrwhitt, in his Gloss. to Chaucer, ſignifies, *deareſt of all*. *Leve* or *lefe*, Sax. *dear*; *Alder* or *Aller*, gen. ca. pl. *of all*. MALONE.

The word is uſed by Chaucer, Marſton, and Gaſcoigne. STEEVENS.

7 *Makes me, from wondering, fall to* weeping joys;] This *weeping joy*, of which there is no trace in the original play, Shakſpeare was extremely fond of; having introduced it in *Much ado about nothing*, *K. Richard II. Macbeth*, and *King Lear*. This and the preceding ſpeech ſtand thus in the original play in quarto. I tranſcribe them that the reader may be the better able to judge concerning my hypotheſis; and ſhall quote a few other paſſages for the ſame purpoſe. To exhibit

' Such is the fulness of my heart's content.—
' Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
' For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [*reads.*] Imprimis, *It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England,—that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.*— Item,—*That the dutchy of Anjou and the county of Maine, shall be released and delivered to the king her father*—

K. Hen. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Win. Item,—*It is further agreed between them,—that the dutchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having dowry.*

K. Hen. They please us well.—Lord marquess, kneel down;
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,

all the speeches that Shakspeare has altered, would be almost to print the two plays twice:

Queen. The excessive love I beare unto your grace,
Forbids me to be lavish of my tongue,
Lest I should speake more than beseems a woman.
Let this suffice; my bliss is in your liking;
And nothing can make poor Margaret miserable
Unless the frowne of mightie England's king.

Fr. King. Her lookes did wound, but now her speech doth pierce.
Lovely Queen Margaret, sit down by my side;
And uncle Gloster, and you lordly peeres,
With one voice welcome my beloved Queene. MALONE.

And

And girt thee with the ſword.—
Couſin of York, we here diſcharge your grace
From being regent in the parts of France,
Till term of eighteen months be full expir'd.—
Thanks, uncle Wincheſter, Gloſter, York, and Bucking-
ham,
Somerſet, Saliſbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in; and with all ſpeed provide
To ſee her coronation be perform'd.
[*Exeunt* King, Queen, *and* SUFFOLK.

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the ſtate,
'To you duke Humphrey muſt unload his grief,
'Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
'What! did my brother Henry ſpend his youth,
'His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
'Did he ſo often lodge in open field,
'In winter's cold, and ſummer's parching heat,
'To conquer France, his true inheritance?
'And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
'To keep by policy what Henry got?
'Have you yourſelves, Somerſet, Buckingham,
'Brave York, Saliſbury, and victorious Warwick,
'Receiv'd deep ſcars in France and Normandy?
'Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myſelf,
'With all the learned council of the realm,
'Study'd ſo long, ſat in the council-houſe,
'Early and late, debating to and fro
'How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
'And hath his highneſs in his infancy
'Been crown'd * in Paris, in deſpight of foes;
'And ſhall theſe labours, and theſe honours, die?
'Shall Henry's conqueſt, Bedford's vigilance,
'Your deeds of war, and all our counſel, die?
'O peers of England, ſhameful is this league!
'Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame;
'Blotting your names from books of memory;

* Been *crown'd*—] The word *Been* was ſupplied by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

'Razing the characters of your renown;
'Defacing monuments of conquer'd France;
'Undoing all, as all had never been!
'*Car.* Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?
'This peroration with such circumstance[8]?
'For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.
* *Glo.* Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
* But now it is impossible we should:
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
'Hath given the dutchies of Anjou and Maine
* Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style
* Agrees not with the leanness of his purse[9].
* *Sal.* Now, by the death of him that dy'd for all,
* These counties were the keys of Normandy:—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?
'*War.* For grief that they are past recovery:
'For, were there hope to conquer them again,
'My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
'Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
'Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
'And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
'Deliver'd up again with peaceful words[1]?
'Mort Dieu!
* *York.* For Suffolk's duke—may he be suffocate,
* That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
* France should have torn and rent my very heart,
* Before I would have yielded to this league.
'I never read but England's kings have had
'Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives:
'And our king Henry gives away his own,

[8] *This peroration with such circumstance?*] This speech crowded with so many instances of aggravation. JOHNSON.

[9] —*whose large style*
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.] So Holinshed: "King Reigner hir father, for all his *long stile*, had too short a *purse* to send his daughter honourably to the king hir spowse." MALONE.

[1] *And are the cities, &c.*] The indignation of Warwick is natural, and I wish it had been better expressed; there is a kind of jingle intended in *wounds* and *words*. JOHNSON.

In the old play the jingle is more striking. "And must that then which we won with our *swords*, be given away with *words*?" MALONE.

'To

' To match with her that brings no vantages.
* *Glo*. A proper jest, and never heard before,
* That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
* For costs and charges in transporting her!
* She should have staid in France, and starv'd in France,
* Before—
* *Car*. My lord of Glofter, now you grow too hot;
* It was the pleasure of my lord the king.
* *Glo*. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
' 'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
' But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.
' Rancour will out: Proud prelate, in thy face
' I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
' We shall begin our ancient bickerings[2].—
Lordings, farewel; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesy'd—France will be lost ere long. [*Exit*.
Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy:
* Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;
* And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
* Consider, lords,—he is the next of blood,
* And heir apparent to the English crown;
* Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
* And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west[3],
* There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
* Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
* Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.
' What though the common people favour him,
' Calling him—*Humphrey, the good duke of Glofter*;
' Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—
' *Jesu maintain your royal excellence!*

[2] —bickerings.] To *bicker* is to *skirmish*. In the ancient metrical romance of *Guy Earl of Warwick*, bl. l. no date, the heroes consult whether they should *bicker* on the walls, or descend to battle on the plain. *Levi pugna congredior* is the expression by which Barrett in his *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dict*. 1580, explains the verb to *bicker*. STEEVENS.

3 —*of the west*,] Certainly Shakspeare wrote—*east*. WARBURTON.
There are wealthy kingdoms in the *west* as well as in the *east*, and the western kingdoms were more likely to be in the thought of the speaker. JOHNSON.

' With

‘ With—*God preſerve the good duke Humphrey!*
‘ I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloſs,
‘ He will be found a dangerous protector.
* *Buck.* Why ſhould he then protect our ſovereign,
* He being of age to govern of himſelf?—
‘ Couſin of Somerſet, join you with me,
‘ And all together,—with the duke of Suffolk,—
‘ We'll quickly hoiſe duke Humphrey from his ſeat.
* *Car.* This weighty buſineſs will not brook delay;
* I'll to the duke of Suffolk preſently. [*Exit.*
‘ *Som* Couſin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride,
‘ And greatneſs of his place be grief to us,
‘ Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;
‘ His inſolence is more intolerable
‘ Than all the princes in the land beſide;
‘ If Gloſter be diſplac'd, he'll be protector.
Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerſet, will be protector,
* Deſpight duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.
[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and* SOMERSET.
Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
‘ While theſe do labour for their own preferment,
‘ Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
‘ I never ſaw but Humphrey duke of Gloſter
‘ Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
‘ Oft have I ſeen the haughty cardinal—
‘ More like a ſoldier, than a man o'the church,
‘ As ſtout, and proud, as he were lord of all,—
‘ Swear like a ruffian, and demean himſelf
‘ Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.—
‘ Warwick my ſon, the comfort of my age!
‘ Thy deeds, thy plainneſs, and thy houſe-keeping,
‘ Hath won the greateſt favour of the commons,
‘ Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.—
‘ And, brother York[4], thy acts in Ireland,
‘ In

[4] *And brother York.*] Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, married Cicely, the daughter of Ralph Nevil, Earl of Weſtmoreland. Richard Nevil, Earl of Saliſbury, was ſon to the Earl of Weſtmoreland by a ſecond wife. He married Alice, the only daughter of Thomas Montacute, Earl of Saliſbury, who was killed at the ſiege of Orleans (ſee p. 25, n. 1.); and in conſequence of that alliance obtained the title of Saliſbury

'In bringing them to civil discipline[4];
'Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
'When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
'Have made thee fear'd, and honour'd, of the people:—
'Join we together, for the publick good;
'In what we can, to bridle and suppress
'The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
'With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
'And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds,
'While they do tend the profit of the land[5].

* *War.* So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
* And common profit of his country!

* *York.* And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost;
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
* And would have kept, so long as breath did last:
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine;
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt* WARWICK *and* SALISBURY.

* *York.* Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
* Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
* Stands on a tickle point[6], now they are gone:

Salisbury in 1428. His eldest son Richard, having married the sister and heir of Henry Beauchamp Earl of Warwick, was created Earl of Warwick, in 1449. MALONE.

[4] —*to civil discipline*;] This is an anachronism. The present scene is in 1445, but Richard Duke of York was not viceroy of Ireland till 1449. MALONE.

[5] —the *profit of the land*] I think we might read—more clearly—*to* profit of the land, i. e. to profit themselves by it; unless *'tend* be written for *attend*. STEEVENS.

Perhaps *tend* has here the same meaning as *tender* in a subsequent scene:

"I *tender* so the safety of my liege."

Or it may have been put for *intend*; while they have the advantage of the commonwealth as their *object*. MALONE.

[6] —*on a* tickle *point*,] *Tickle* is very frequently used for *ticklish* by poets contemporary with Shakspeare. So, in the *Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

"Now stands our fortune on a *tickle* point."

Again, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:

"The rest by turning of my *tickle* wheel." STEEVENS.

* Suffolk concluded on the articles;
* The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleas'd,
* To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
* I cannot blame them all; What is't to them?
* 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
* Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
* And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
* Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone:
* While as the silly owner of the goods
* Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
* And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
* While all is shar'd, and all is borne away;
* Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own.
* So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
* While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.
* Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
* Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
* As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd[7]
* Unto the prince's heart of Calydon[8].
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come, when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a shew of love to proud duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.
Then, York, be still a while, till time do serve:
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,

[7] *As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,*] According to the fable, Meleager's life was to continue only so long as a certain firebrand should last. His mother Althea having thrown it into the fire, he expired in great torment. MALONE.

[8] *— the prince's heart of Calydon.*] Meleager. STEEVENS.

With

With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the duke of Gloster's *house.*

Enter GLOSTER *and the* Dutchess.

Dutch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
* Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,
* As frowning at the favours of the world?
* Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
* Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
' What see'st thou there? king Henry's diadem,
* Inchas'd with all the honours of the world?
* If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
* Until thy head be circled with the same.
' Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:—
' What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine:
* And, having both together heav'd it up,
* We'll both together lift our heads to heaven;
* And never more abase our sight so low,
* As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.
' *Glo.* O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
' Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:
' And may that thought, when I imagine ill
' Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
' Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
' My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.
' *Dutch.* What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
' With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.
' *Glo.* Methought, this staff, mine office-badge in court,
' Was broke in twain; by whom, I have forgot,

' But,

' But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
' And on the pieces of the broken wand
' Were plac'd the heads of Edmond duke of Somerset,
' And William de la Poole first duke of Suffolk.
' This was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.
' *Dutch.* Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he, that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove,
' Shall lose his head for his presumption.
' But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,
' And on my head did set the diadem.
' *Glo.* Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
* Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm;
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
* Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
* Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
* To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
* From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.
' *Dutch.* What, what, my lord! are you so cholerick
' With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
' Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
' And not be check'd.
' *Glo.* Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again *.

Enter a Messenger.

' *Mess.* My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure,
' You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans,
' Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk [9].

Glo.

* *Nay, be not angry,* &c.] Instead of this line, we have these two in the old play:

" Nay, Nell, I'll give no credit to a dream;
" But I would have thee to think on no such things." MALONE.

9 Whereas *the king and queen do mean to hawk.*] *Whereas* is the same

Glo. I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?
'*Dutch.* Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* Messenger.
' Follow I must, I cannot go before,
* While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
* Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
* I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
* And smooth my way upon their headless necks:
* And, being a woman, I will not be slack
* To play my part in fortune's pageant.
' Where are you there! Sir John [1]! nay, fear not, man,
' We are alone; here's none but thee, and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesu preserve your royal majesty!
'*Dutch.* What say'st thou, majesty! I am but grace.
Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
' Your grace's title shall be multiply'd.
Dutch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?
'*Hume.* This they have promised,—to shew your highness
A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
' That shall make answer to such questions,
' As by your grace shall be propounded him.
'*Dutch.* It is enough [2]; I'll think upon the questions:
' When from saint Albans we do make return,
' We'll see these things effected to the full.

' Here,

Same as *where*; and seems to be brought into use only on account of its being a dissyllable. So, in the *Tryal of Treasure*, 1567:
" *Whereas* she is resident, I must needes be."
Again, in Daniel's *Tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1594:
" That I should pass *whereas* Octavia stands
" To view my misery," &c. STEEVENS.

[1] — Sir *John!*] The title of *Sir* was frequently given to clergymen in ancient times. See Vol. I. p. 191, n. 2. MALONE.

[2] *It is enough*; &c.] This speech stands thus in the old quarto:
" *Elean.* Thanks, good sir John, some two days hence, I guess,
" Will fit our time; then see that they be here.

" For

' Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
' With thy confederates in this weighty cause.
[*Exit* Dutchess.

* *Hume.* Hume must make merry with the dutchess' gold;
' Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume?
' Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum!
' The business asketh silent secrecy.
* Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch:
* Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
' Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:
' I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
' And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;
' Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
' They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
' Have hired me to undermine the dutchess,
' And buz these conjurations in her brain.
* They say, A crafty knave does need no broker [3];
* Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
* Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
* To call them both—a pair of crafty knaves.
* Well, so it stands: And thus, I fear, at last,
* Hume's knavery will be the dutchess' wreck;
* And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall:
* Sort how it will [4], I shall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

" For now the king is riding to St. Albans,
" And all the dukes and earls along with him.
" When they be gone, then safely they may come,
" And on the backside of my orchard here,
" There cast their spells in silence of the night,
" And so resolve us of the thing we wish:—
" Till when, drink that for my sake, and so farewell.'
STEEVENS.

Here we have a speech of *ten* lines, with different versification, and different circumstances, from those of the *five* which are found in the folio. What imperfect transcript (for such the quarto has been called) ever produced such a variation? MALONE.

3 —*A crafty knave does need no broker;*] This is a proverbial sentence. See Ray's *Collection.* STEEVENS.

4 Sort *how it will,*] Let the issue be what it will. JOHNSON.

See Vol. III. p. 324, n. 5.—This whole speech is very different in the original play. Instead of the last couplet we find these lines:
" But whist, Sir John; no more of that I trow,
" For fear you lose your head, before you go." MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter PETER, *and Others, with Petitions.*

' 1. *Pet.* My maſters, let's ſtand cloſe; my lord pro-
' tector will come this way by and by, and then we may
' deliver our ſupplications in the quill [5].

' 2. *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good
' man! Jeſu bleſs him!

Enter SUFFOLK, *and Queen* MARGARET.

* *Peter.* Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with
* him: I'll be the firſt, ſure.

' 2. *Pet.* Come back, fool; this is the duke of Suffolk,
' and not my lord protector.

' *Suf.* How now, fellow? would'ſt any thing with me?

' 1. *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye for
' my lord protector.

' *Q. Mar.* [reading the ſuperſcription.] *To my lord pro-*
' *tector!* are your ſupplications to his lordſhip? Let me
' ſee them: What is thine?

' 1. *Pet.* Mine is, an't pleaſe your grace, againſt John
' Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my
' houſe, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

5 — *in the quill.*] Perhaps our ſupplications *in the quill*, or *in quill*, means no more than our *written* or *penn'd* ſupplications. We ſtill ſay, a drawing *in chalk*, for a drawing executed by the uſe of chalk. STEEVENS.

In the quill may mean, with great exactneſs and obſervance of form, or with the utmoſt punctilio of ceremony. The phraſe ſeems to be taken from part of the dreſs of our anceſtors, whoſe ruffs were *quilled*. While theſe were worn, it might be the vogue to ſay, ſuch a thing is in the *quill*, i. e. in the reigning mode of taſte. TOLLET.

To this obſervation I may add, that after printing began, the ſimilar phraſe of a thing being *in print*, was uſed to expreſs the ſame circumſtance of exactneſs. "All this" (declares one of the quibbling ſervants in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*) "I ſay *in print*, for in print I found it." STEEVENS.

Suf. Thy wife too? that is ſome wrong, indeed.— What's your's?—What's here! [*reads.*] *Againſt the duke of Suffolk, for encloſing the commons of Melford.*—How, now, ſir knave?

2. *Pet.* Alas, ſir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole townſhip.

Peter. [*preſenting his petition.*] Againſt my maſter, Thomas Horner, for ſaying, That the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

' *Q. Mar.* What ſay'ſt thou? Did the duke of York
' ſay, he was rightful heir to the crown?

' *Peter.* That my maſter was[6]! No, forſooth: my ma-
' ſter ſaid, That he was; and that the king was an
' uſurper.

Suf. Who is there? [*Enter* Servants.]—Take this fellow in, and ſend for his maſter with a purſuivant preſently:—we'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exeunt Servants, with* PETER.

' *Q. Mar.* And as for you, that love to be protected
' Under the wings of our protector's grace,
' Begin your ſuits anew, and ſue to him.

[*tears the petitions.*

' Away, baſe cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

* *All.* Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt* Petitioners.

* *Q. Mar.* My lord of Suffolk, ſay, is this the guiſe,
* Is this the faſhion in the court of England?
* Is this the government of Britain's iſle,
* And this the royalty of Albion's king?
* What; ſhall king Henry be a pupil ſtill,

[6] *That my maſter was!*] The folio reads—That my *miſtreſs* was; which has been followed in all ſubſequent editions. But the context ſhews clearly that it was a miſprint for *maſter*. Peter ſuppoſes that the queen had aſked, whether the duke of York had ſaid that his *maſter* (for ſo he underſtands the pronoun *he* in her ſpeech) was rightful heir to the crown. "That my *maſter* was heir to the crown! (he replies.) No, the reverſe is the caſe. My maſter ſaid, that the duke of York was heir to the crown." In the *Taming of the Shrew*, *miſtreſs* and *maſter* are frequently confounded. The miſtake aroſe from theſe words being formerly abbreviated in Mſs.; and an M. ſtood for either one or the other. See Vol. III. p. 267, n. 4. MALONE.

* Under

* Under the surly Gloſter's governance?
* Am I a queen in title and in ſtyle,
* And muſt be made a ſubject to a duke?
' I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
' Thou ran'ſt a tilt in honour of my love,
' And ſtol'ſt away the ladies' hearts of France;
' I thought, king Henry had reſembled thee,
' In courage, courtſhip, and proportion:
' But all his mind is bent to holineſs,
* To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:
* His champions are—the prophets, and apoſtles;
* His weapons, holy ſaws of ſacred writ;
* His ſtudy is his tilt-yard, and his loves
* Are brazen images of canoniz'd ſaints.
* I would, the college of the cardinals
* Would chooſe him pope, and carry him to Rome,
* And ſet the triple crown upon his head;
* That were a ſtate fit for his holineſs.
' *Suf.* Madam, be patient: as I was cauſe
' Your highneſs came to England, ſo will I
' In England work your grace's full content.
* *Q. Mar.* Beſide the haughty protector, have we Beaufort,
* The imperious churchman; Somerſet, Buckingham,
* And grumbling York: and not the leaſt of theſe,
* But can do more in England than the king.
* *Suf.* And he of theſe, that can do moſt of all,
* Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
* Saliſbury, and Warwick, are no ſimple peers.
' *Q. Mar.* Not all theſe lords do vex me half ſo much,
' As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
' She ſweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
' More like an empreſs, than duke Humphrey's wife;
' Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
* She bears a duke's revenues on her back [7],
* And in her heart ſhe ſcorns our poverty:
* Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
* Contemptuous baſe-born callat as ſhe is,

[7] *She bears a duke's revenues, &c.*] See Vol. VII. p. 12, n. 5. MALONE.

' She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
* Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms[8] for his daughter.
' *Suf.* Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her[9];
* And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
* That she will light to listen to the lays,
* And never mount to trouble you again.
* So, let her rest: And, madam, list to me;
* For I am bold to counsel you in this.
* Although we fancy not the cardinal,
* Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
* Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.
* As for the duke of York,—this late complaint[1]
* Will make but little for his benefit:
* So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
* And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter King HENRY, YORK *and* SOMERSET *conversing with him; Duke and Dutchess of* GLOSTER, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.
York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be denay'd the regentship.
Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent, I will yield to him.
War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,
Dispute not that; York is the worthier.
Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.
War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

8 —*two dukedoms*—] The dutchies of Anjou and Maine, which Henry surrendered to Regnier, on his marriage with Margaret. See Sc. I. MALONE.

9 — *lim'd a bush for her*;] In the original play in quarto:
" I have set lime-twigs that will entangle them." MALONE.

1 —*this late complaint*] That is, The complaint of Peter the armourer's man against his master, for saying that York was the rightful king. JOHNSON.

Buck.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.
War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.
* *Sal.* Peace, son;—and shew some reason, Buckingham,
* Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.
* *Q. Mar.* Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.
' *Glo.* Madam, the king is old enough himself
' To give his censure[2]: these are no women's matters.
Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
' To be protector of his excellence?
' *Glo.* Madam, I am protector of the realm;
' And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.
' *Suf.* Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
' Since thou wert king, (as who is king, but thou?
' The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck:
* The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
* And all the peers and nobles of the realm
* Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.
* *Car.* The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
* Are lank and lean with thy extortions.
* *Som.* Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
* Have cost a mass of publick treasury.
* *Buck.* Thy cruelty in execution,
* Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
* And left thee to the mercy of the law.
* *Q. Mar.* Thy sale of offices, and towns in France,—
* If they were known, as the suspect is great,—
* Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.
[*Exit* GLOSTER. *The Queen drops her fan.*
' Give me my fan[3]: What, minion! can you not?
[*gives the* Dutchess *a box on the ear.*

2 —*his* censure:] Through all these plays *censure* is used in an indifferent sense, simply for judgment or opinion. JOHNSON.

It is so used by all the contemporaries of Shakspeare. See Vol. I. p. 113, n. 8. MALONE.

3 *Give me my* fan;] In the original play the queen drops not a *fan*, but a *glove*.

"Give me my glove; why minion, can you not see?"

See p. 128, n. 2; p. 136, n. 9; and p. 140, n. 6, and 8. MALONE.

'I cry you mercy, madam; Was it you?

'*Dutch.* Was't I? yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:
'Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face[4].

K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.

'*Dutch.* Against her will! Good king, look to't in time;
'She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
* Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.

[*Exit* Dutchess[5].

* *Buck.* Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
* And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
* She's tickled now[6]; her fume needs no spurs,
* She'll gallop fast enough[7] to her destruction.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

* *Glo.* Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
* With walking once about the quadrangle,
* I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
* As for your spightful false objections,
* Prove them, and I lie open to the law:

4 *I'd set my* ten commandments *in your face.*] So, in *The Play of the Four P's*, 1569:

"Now ten times I beseeche him that hie sits,
"Thy wives x *com.* may serche thy five wits."

Again, in *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, 1594: "I would set a tap abroach, and not live in fear of my wife's *ten commandments.*" STEEVENS.

5 *Exit* Dutchess.] The quarto adds, after the exit of Eleanor, the following:

"*King.* Believe me, my love, thou wert much to blame.
"I would not for a thousand pounds of gold,
"My noble uncle had been here in place.—
"But see, where he comes! I am glad he met her not." STEEV.

6 *She's* tickled *now*;] *Tickled* is here used as a trisyllable. See Vol. I. p. 120, n. 4. The editor of the second folio, not perceiving this, reads—"her fume *can need* no spurs;" in which he has been followed by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

7 — fast *enough*—] The folio reads—*farre* enough. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

* But

* But God in mercy ſo deal with my ſoul,
* As I in duty love my king and country!
* But, to the matter that we have in hand:—
* I ſay, my ſovereign, York is meeteſt man
* To be your regent in the realm of France.
* *Suf.* Before we make election, give me leave
' To ſhew ſome reaſon, of no little force,
' That York is moſt unmeet of any man.
' *York.* I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.
' Firſt, for I cannot flatter thee in pride:
* Next, if I be appointed for the place,
* My lord of Somerſet will keep me here,
* Without diſcharge, money, or furniture,
* Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
* Laſt time, I danc'd attendance on his will,
* Till Paris was beſieg'd, famiſh'd, and loſt.
* *War.* That I can witneſs; and a fouler fact
* Did never traitor in the land commit.
Suf. Peace, head-ſtrong Warwick!
War. Image of pride, why ſhould I hold my peace?

Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, *bringing in* HORNER *and* PETER.

Suf. Becauſe here is a man accus'd of treaſon:
Pray God, the duke of York excuſe himſelf!
* *York.* Doth any one accuſe York for a traitor?
* *K. Hen.* What mean'ſt thou, Suffolk? tell me: What are theſe?
' *Suf.* Pleaſe it your majeſty, this is the man
' That doth accuſe his maſter of high treaſon:
' His words were theſe;—that Richard, duke of York,
' Was rightful heir unto the Engliſh crown;
' And that your majeſty was an uſurper.
' *K. Hen.* Say, man, were theſe thy words?
Hor. An't ſhall pleaſe your majeſty, I never ſaid nor thought any ſuch matter: God is my witneſs, I am falſely accus'd by the villain.

' *Pet.* By these ten-bones [8], my lords, [*holding up his* ' *hands.*] he did speak them to me in the garret one ' night, as we were scouring my lord of York's armour.

* *York.* Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,
* I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech:—
' I do beseech your royal majesty,
' Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witness of this; therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

' *Glo.* This doom, my lord, if I may judge.
' Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
' Because in York this breeds suspicion:
' And let these have a day appointed them [9]
' For single combat, in convenient place;
' For he hath witness of his servant's malice:

[8] *By these ten bones,* &c.] We have just heard a dutchess threaten *to set her ten commandments* in the face of a queen. The jests in this play turn rather too much on the enumeration of fingers. This adjuration is, however, very ancient. So, in *The longer thou livest, the more Fool thou art,* 1570:

"By these *tenne bones* I will, I have sworne."

It occurs likewise in the mystery of *Candlemas Day,* in *Hycke Scorner,* and in *Monsieur Thomas,* 1637. STEEVENS.

[9] *And let them have a day appointed them,* &c.] In the original play, quarto 1600, the corresponding lines stand thus:

The law, my lord, is this. By case it rests suspicious,
That a day of combat be appointed,
And these to try each other's right or wrong,
Which shall be on the thirtieth of this month,
With ebon staves and sandbags combating,
In Smithfield, before your royal majesty.

An opinion has prevailed that *The whole Contention,* &c. printed in 1600, was an imperfect surreptitious copy of Shakspeare's play as exhibited in the folio; but what spurious copy, or imperfect transcript taken in short-hand, ever produced such variations as these? MALONE.

' This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom [1].

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

' *Hor.* And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; * for God's sake,
* pity my case! the spight of man prevaileth against me.
* O, Lord have mercy upon me! I shall never be able
* to fight a blow: O Lord, my heart!

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

' *K. Hen.* Away with them to prison: and the day
' Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—
' Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away. [*Exeunt.*

1 —*duke Humphrey's doom.*] After this line, Mr. Theobald introduced from a longer speech in the quarto, the two following lines.

" *King.* Then be it so. My lord of Somersit,
" We make your grace regent over the French."

The plea urged by Theobald for their introduction was, that otherwise Somerset thanks the king before he had declared his appointment; but Shakspeare, I suppose, thought Henry's assent might be expressed by a nod. Somerset knew that Humphrey's *doom* was final; as likewise did the [illegible], for he, like Somerset, accepts the combat, without waiting for the king's confirmation of what Gloster had said. Shakspeare therefore not having introduced the following speech, which is found in the first copy, we have no right to insert it. That it was not intended to be preserved, appears from the concluding line of the present scene, in which Henry addresses Somerset; whereas in the quarto, Somerset *goes out*, on his appointment. This is one of those minute circumstances which may be urged to shew that these plays, however afterwards worked up by Shakspeare, were *originally* the production of another author, and that the quarto edition of 1600 was printed from the *copy* originally written by that author, whoever he was. MALONE.

After the lines inserted by Theobald, the king continues his speech thus:

——— over the French;
And to defend our rights 'gainst foreign foes,
And so do good unto the realm of France.
Make haste, my lord; 'tis time that you were gone:
The time of truce, I think, is full expir'd.
Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty,
And take my leave, to post with speed to France. [*Exit* Som.
King. Come, uncle Gloster; now let's have our horse,
For we will to St. Albans presently.
Madam, your hawk, they say, is swift of flight,
And we will try how she will fly to-day. [*Exeunt.* STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The same. The Duke of Glofter's *Garden.*

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, *and* BOLINGBROKE[1].

* *Hume.* Come, my mafters; the dutchefs, I tell you, * expects performance of your promifes.

* *Boling.* Mafter Hume, we are therefore provided;
* Will her ladyfhip behold and hear our exorcifms *?

* *Hume.* Ay; What elfe? fear you not her courage.

* *Boling.* I have heard her reported to be a woman of * an invincible fpirit: But it fhall be convenient, mafter * Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be bufy be- * low; and fo, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave ' us. [*Exit* Hume.] Mother Jourdain, be you proftrate, and ' grovel on the earth:—* John Southwell, read you; and * let us to our work.

Enter Dutchefs, *above.*

* *Dutch.* Well faid, my mafters: and welcome all. To * this geer; the fooner the better.

* *Boling.* Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:
Deep night, dark night, the filent of the night[3],
' The

1 *Enter, &c.*] The quarto reads:
Enter ELEANOR, *with Sir* John HUM, Roger BOLINGBROKE, *a conjurer, and* Margery JOURDAINE *a witch.*
Eleanor. Here, fir John, take this fcroll of paper here,
Wherein is writ the queftions you fhall afk:
And I will ftand upon this tower here,
And hear the fpirit what it fays to you;
And to my queftions write the anfwers down.
[*She goes up to the tower.*
STEEVENS.

* —*our* exorcifms.] See Vol. III. p. 475, n. 7. MALONE.

3 —*the filent of the night,*] *Silent,* though an adjective, is ufed by Shakfpeare as a fubftantive. So, in *The Tempeft,* the *vaft* of night is ufed for the greateft part of it. The old quarto reads—*the* filence *of the night.* The variation between the copies is worth notice.

Bolingbrook

'The time of night when Troy was ſet on fire;
'The time when ſcritch-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl [4],
'And ſpirits walk, and ghoſts break up their graves,
'That time beſt fits the work we have in hand.
'Madam, ſit you, and fear not; whom we raiſe,
'We will make faſt within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies appertaining, and make the circle*; Bolingbroke, *or* Southwell, *reads*, Conjuro te, &c. *It thunders and lightens terribly; then the ſpirit riſeth.*

* *Spir.* Adſum.

* *M. Jourd.* Aſmath,
* By the eternal God, whoſe name and power
* Thou trembleſt at, anſwer that I ſhall aſk;
* For, till thou ſpeak, thou ſhalt not paſs from hence.

* *Spir.* Aſk what thou wilt:—That I had ſaid and done [5]!

Boling. Firſt, of the king. What ſhall of him become [6]?
[*Reading out of a paper.*

Spir.

Bolingbrooke makes a circle.
Bol. Dark night, dre. 'night, the *ſilence* of the night,
Wherein the furies maſk in h-'liſh troops,
Send up, I charge you, from Cocytus' lake
The ſpirit Aſkalon to come to me;
To pierce the bowels of this centrick earth,
And hither come in twinkling of an eye!
Aſkalon, aſcend, aſcend!"

In a ſpeech already quoted from the quarto, Eleanor ſays, they have —caſt their ſpells in *ſilence of the night*. STEEVENS.

4 —ban dogs *howl*,] The etymology of the word *ban-dogs* is unſettled. They ſeem, however, to have been deſigned by poets to ſignify ſome terrifick beings whoſe office it was *to make night hideous*, like thoſe mentioned in the firſt book and eighth ſatire of *Horace*:
"——— ſerpentes, atque videres
"*Infernas* errare *canes*." STEEVENS.

5 —*That I had ſaid and done!*] It was anciently believed that ſpirits who were raiſed by incantations, remain'd above ground, and anſwer'd queſtions with reluctance. See both Lucan and Statius. STEEVENS.

6 —*What ſhall of him become?*] Here is another proof of what has been already ſuggeſted. In the quarto 1600. it is concerted between Mother Jourdain and Bolingbroke that *he* ſhould frame a circle, &c. and that ſhe ſhould "fall proſtrate on the ground," to "whiſper with the

Spir. The duke yet lives, that Henry ſhall depoſe;
But him out-live, and die a violent death.
[*As the* Spirit *ſpeaks,* Southwell *writes the anſwer.*
Boling. What fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?
Spir. By Water ſhall he die, and take his end.
Boling. What ſhall befall the duke of Somerſet?
Spir. Let him ſhun caſtles;
Safer ſhall he be upon the ſandy plains,
Than where caſtles mounted ſtand [7].
' Have done, for more I hardly can endure.
' *Boling.* Deſcend to darkneſs, and the burning lake:
' Falſe fiend, avoid [8]!
[*Thunder and lightning.* Spirit *deſcends.*

the devils below." (Southwell is not introduced in that piece.) Accordingly, as ſoon as the incantations begin, *Bolingbroke* reads the queſtions out of a paper, as here. But our poet has expreſsly ſaid in the preceding part of this ſcene that Southwell was to read them. Here however he inadvertently follows his original as it lay before him, forgetting that conſiſtently with what he had already written, he ſhould have deviated from it. He has fallen into the ſame kind of inconſiſtency in *Romeo and Juliet,* by ſometimes adhering to and ſometimes deſerting the poem on which he formed that tragedy. MALONE.

[7] *Than where caſtles mounted ſtand.*] I remember to have read this prophecy in ſome of our old chronicles, where, I think, it runs thus:

" Safer ſhall he be on ſand,
" Than where caſtles mounted ſtand:"

at preſent I do not recollect where. STEEVENS.

[8] *Falſe fiend, avoid!*] Inſtead of this ſhort ſpeech at the diſmiſſion of the ſpirit, the old quarto gives us the following:

" Then down, I ſay, unto the damned pool,
" Where Pluto in his fiery waggon ſits,
" Riding, amidſt the ſing'd and parched ſmoaks,
" The road of *Dytas,* by the river Styx;
" There howle and burn for ever in thoſe flames:
" Riſe, Jordane, riſe, and ſtay thy charming ſpells:—
" 'Zounds! we are betray'd!"

* *Dytas* is written by miſtake for *Ditis,* the genitive caſe of *Dis,* which is uſed inſtead of the nominative by more than one ancient author. So, in Tho. Drant's Tranſlation of the fifth Satire of *Horace,* 1567:

" And by that meanes made manye ſoules lord *Ditis*' hall to ſeeke." STEEVENS.

Here again we have ſuch a variation as never could have ariſen from an imperfect tranſcript. MALONE.

Enter YORK, *and* BUCKINGHAM, *hastily, with their guards, and others.*

'*York.* Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.
' Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.—
' What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
' Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;
' My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
' See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.
* *Dutch.* Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
* Injurious duke; that threat'st where is no cause.
* *Buck.* True, madam, none at all. What call you this? [*Shewing her the papers.*
' Away with them; let them be clapp'd up close,
' And kept asunder:—You, madam, shall with us:—
' Stafford, take her to thee.— [*Exit* Dutch. *from above.*
' We'll see your trinkets here all forth-coming;
' All.—Away! [*Exeunt guards, with* SOUTH. BOLING. &c.
* *York.* Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well[9]:
* A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here? [*Reads.*
The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him out-live, and die a violent death.
* Why, this is just,
* *Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.*
Well, to the rest:
*Tell me**, *what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?*

By

9 *Lord Buckingham, methinks,* &c.] This repetition of the prophecies, which is altogether unnecessary, after what the spectators had heard in the scene immediately preceding, is not to be found in the first edition of this play. POPE.

They are not, it is true, found in this scene, but they are repeated in the subsequent scene, in which Buckingham brings an account of this proceeding to the king. This also is a *variation* that only could proceed from *various* authors. MALONE.

* *Tell me,* &c.] Yet these two words were not in the paper read by Bolingbroke, which York has now in his hand; nor are they in the original play. Here we have a species of inaccuracy peculiar to Shakspeare, of which he has been guilty in other places. See p. 118 where Glotter

By Water ſhall he die, and take his end.—
What ſhall betide the duke of Somerſet?—
Let him ſhun caſtles;
Safer ſhall he be upon the ſandy plains,
Than where caſtles mounted ſtand.
* Come, come, my lords;
* Theſe oracles are hardily attain'd[1],
* And hardly underſtood.
' The king is now in progreſs towards ſaint Albans;
' With him, the huſband of this lovely lady:
' Thither go theſe news, as faſt as horſe can carry them;
' A ſorry breakfaſt for my lord protector.
' *Buck.* Your grace ſhall give me leave, my lord of York,
' To be the poſt, in hope of his reward.
' *York.* At your pleaſure, my good lord.—Who's within
' there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

' Invite my lords of Saliſbury, and Warwick,
' To ſup with me to-morrow night.—Away! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Saint Albans.

Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, GLOSTER, Cardinal, *and* SUFFOLK, *with Falconers hollaing.*

' *Q. Mar.* Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook[2],
' I ſaw not better ſport theſe ſeven years' day:
' Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;

Gloſter and Wincheſter read the ſame paper differently, and the note in the APPENDIX on that variation, which I had not attended to till that ſheet was worked off. See alſo Vol. IV. p. 55, n. 6. MALONE.

[1] — *are* hardily *attain'd,*] i. e. a great riſque and hazard is run to obtain them. THEOBALD.

The folio reads—*hardly.* The correction was made by Mr. Theobald, and has been adopted by the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

[2] — *for flying at the brook,*] The falconer's term for hawking at water-fowl. JOHNSON.

And,

And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out[3].
' *K. Hen.* But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
' And what a pitch she flew above the rest[*]!—
' To see how God in all his creatures works!
* Yea, man and birds, are fain of climbing high[4].
Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know, their master loves to be aloft[5],
* And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
' *Glo.* My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
' That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
' *Car.* I thought as much; he'd be above the clouds.
' *Glo.* Ay, my lord cardinal; How think you by that?
Were it not good, your grace could fly to heaven?
* *K. Hen.* The treasury of everlasting joy!
' *Car.* Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
' Beat on a crown[6], the treasure of thy heart;

Pernicious

3 —*the wind was very high;*
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.] I am told by a gentleman better acquainted with falconry than myself, that the meaning, however expressed, is, that the wind being high, it was ten to one that the old hawk had flown quite away; a trick which hawks often play their masters in windy weather. JOHNSON.

The wind was so high it was ten to one that old Joan would not have taken her flight at the game. PERCY.

The ancient books of hawking do not enable me to decide on the merits of such discordant explanations. It may yet be remarked, that the terms belonging to this once popular amusement, were in general settled with the utmost precision; and I may at least venture to declare, that a mistress might have been kept at a cheaper rate than a falcon. To compound a medicine to cure one of these birds of worms, it was necessary to destroy no fewer animals than a *lamb*, a *culver*, a *pigeon*, a *buck*, and a *cat*. I have this intelligence from the *Boke of Haukinge*, &c. by dame Julyana Bernes, bl. l. no date. STEEVENS.

* *And what a pitch*, &c.] In the old play we find:
" Uncle Gloster, how high your hawk did soar,
" *And on a sudden sowc'd the partridge down.*" MALONE.

4 — *are* fain *of climbing high.*] *Fain*, in this place, signifies *fond*. The word (as I am informed) is still used in Scotland. STEEVENS.

5 —*to be aloft*,] Perhaps alluding to the adage: " High flying hawks are fit for princes." See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

6 —*thine eyes and thoughts*
Beat on a crown,] So, in the *Tempest*:

" Do

Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and common-weal!
'*Glo.* What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?
* *Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?*
'Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
'With such holiness can you do it *?
'*Suf.* No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
'So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.
Glo. As who, my lord?
Suf. Why, as you, my lord;
An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.
Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.
Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.
K. Hen. I pr'ythee, peace,
Good queen; and whet not on these furious peers,
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.
Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword!
Glo. Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come to that!
[*Aside to the* Cardinal.
'*Car.* Marry, when thou dar'st. [*Aside.*
'*Glo.* Make up no factious numbers for the matter,
'In thine own person answer thy abuse. [*Aside.*
'*Car.* Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,
'This evening, on the east side of the grove. [*Aside.*
'*K. Hen.* How now, my lords?
'*Car.* Believe me, cousin Gloster,
'Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
'We had had more sport.—Come with thy two-hand sword.
[*Aside to* Glo.

"Do not infest your mind with *beating on*
"The strangeness of this business."

Again, in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634:
"This her mind *beats on*."

I have given these instances of this phrase, because Dr. Johnson's interpretation of it was certainly incorrect. He supposed there was an allusion to a hawk's *bating* the wing. Malone.

Again, in Lilly's *Maids Metamorphosis*, 1600:
"With him whose restless *thoughts* do *beat on* thee." Steev.

* —*can you* do it?] The old play, quarto 1600, reads more intelligibly,—"Good uncle, can you *dote*?" Malone.

Glo.

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. Are you advis'd?—the east side of the grove[7]?

Glo. Cardinal, I am with you. [*Aside.*

' *K. Hen.* Why, how now, uncle Gloster?

' *Glo.* Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—
Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown for this,
* Or all my fence shall fail[8].' [*Aside.*

* *Car. Medice teipsum*;
' Protector, see to't well, protect yourself. } [*Aside.*

K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords[9].
* How irksome is this musick to my heart!
* When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
* I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter an Inhabitant *of Saint* Albans, *crying*, A Miracle!

Glo. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

Inhab. A miracle! a miracle!

Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

Inhab. Forsooth, a blind man at saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half hour, hath receiv'd his sight;
A man, that ne'er saw in his life before.

7 *Are you* advis'd, &c.] Do you understand?—This line, which in the old copy is given to Gloster, was, I think, rightly transferred by Mr. Theobald to the Cardinal. In the original play the Cardinal desires Gloster to bring "his sword and buckler." The *two-hand sword* was sometimes called the *long sword*, and in common use before the introduction of the rapier. Justice Shallow in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* boasts of the exploits he had performed in his youth with this instrument. See Vol. I. p. 228, n. 8. MALONE.

8 —*my* fence *shall fail.*] *Fence* is the art of defence. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:*
"Despight his nice *fence*, and his active practice." STEEVENS.

9 *The winds grow high, so do your stomachs, lords.*] This line Shakspeare hath injudiciously adopted from the old play, changing only the word *color* [choler] to *stomachs*. In the old play the altercation appears not to be concealed from Henry. Here Shakspeare certainly intended that it should pass between the Cardinal and Gloster *aside*; and yet he has inadvertently adopted a line, and added others, that imply that Henry has heard the appointment they have made. MALONE.

' *K. Hen.* Now, God be prais'd! that to believing souls
' Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans, *and his brethren; and* SIMPCOX, *borne between two persons in a chair; his wife and a great multitude following.*

* *Car.* Here come the townsmen on procession,
* To present your highness with the man.
* *K. Hen.* Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
* Although by his sight his sin be multiply'd.
* *Glo.* Stand by, my masters, bring him near the king,
* His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.
* *K. Hen.* Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
* That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?
Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.
Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.
Suf. What woman is this?
Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.
Glo. Had'st thou been his mother, thou could'st have better told.
K. Hen. Where wert thou born?
Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.
' *K. Hen.* Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee:
' Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
' But still remember what the Lord hath done.
* *Q. Mar.* Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,
* Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?
' *Simp.* God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
' A hundred times, and oftner, in my sleep
' By good saint Alban; who said,—*Simpcox, come*[1];
' *Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.*

[1] —Simpcox, *come*;] The old copy has *Simon*. Probably *Sim.* only was set down in the Ms. it being a very frequent practice in the dramatick Mss. of our author's time to write only the first syllable of proper names. Mr. Theobald, I find, had made the same emendation, though it was not followed in the subsequent editions; and an anonymous writer, I have lately observed, has accounted as I have done for the mistake. MALONE.

* *Wife.*

* *Wife.* Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.
Car. What, art thou lame?
Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!
Suf. How cam'st thou so?
Simp. A fall off of a tree.
Wife. A plum-tree, master.
Glo. How long hast thou been blind?
Simp. O, born so, master.
Glo. What, and would'st climb a tree?
Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.
* *Wife.* Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.
* *Glo.* 'Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that would'st venture so.
' *Simp.* Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.
* *Glo.* A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—
Let me see thine eyes:—wink now;—now open them:—
In my opinion, yet thou see'st not well.
' *Simp.* Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God, and saint Alban.
Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?
Simp. Red, master; red as blood.
Glo. Why, that's well said: what colour is my gown of?
Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.
K. Hen. Why then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?
Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.
Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day, a many.
* *Wife.* Never, before this day, in all his life.
Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?
Simp. Alas, master, I know not.
Glo. What's his name?
Simp. I know not.
Glo. Nor his?
Simp. No, indeed, master.
Glo. What's thine own name?
Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.
Glo. Then Saunder, sit there, the lying'st knave
In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,

Thou might'st as well have known all our names,
As thus to name the several colours we
Do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours;
But suddenly to nominate them all,
It is impossible.—
My lords, saint Alban here hath done a miracle;
And would ye not think that cunning * to be great,
That could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O, master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of Saint Albans, have you not beadles in your town, and things call'd whips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an* Attendant.

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. [*A stool brought out.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone;
You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, *with the* Beadle.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah, beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the* Beadle *hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and the people follow, and cry,* A Miracle!

* *K. Hen.* O God, see'st thou this, and bear'st so long?
* *Q. Mar.* It made me laugh, to see the villain run.
* *Glo.* Follow the knave; and take this drab away.
* *Wife.* Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipt through every market town till they come to Berwick, whence they came.

[*Exeunt* Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.

* — that *cunning*—] Folio—*it* cunning. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *That* was probably contracted in the MS. y^t. MALONE.

Car.

'*Car.* Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to day.
'*Suf.* True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.
'*Glo.* But you have done more miracles than I;
'You made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly[2].

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

'*K. Hen.* What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?
'*Buck.* Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold[3].
'A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent[4],—
'Under the countenance and confederacy
'Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
'The ring-leader and head of all this rout,—
'Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
'Dealing with witches, and with conjurers:
'Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
'Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
'Demanding of king Henry's life and death,
'And other of your highness' privy council,
'As more at large your grace shall understand.
'*Car.* And so, my lord protector, by this means
Your lady is forth-coming[5] yet at London.

2 —*whole towns to fly.*] Here in the old play the king adds:
"Have done, I say; and let me hear no more of that."
MALONE.

3 *Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.* &c.] In the original play the corresponding speech stands thus; and the variation is worth noting:
"Ill news for some, my lord, and this it is,
"That proud dame Elinor, our protector's wife,
"Hath plotted treasons 'gainst the king and peers,
"By witchcrafts, sorceries, and conjurings:
"Who by such means did raise a spirit up,
"To tell her what hap should betide the state;
"But ere they had finish'd their devilish drift,
"By York and myself they were all surpriz'd,
"And here's the answer the devil did make to them."
MALONE.

4 *A* sort — lewdly *bent,*] *Lewdly,* in this place, and in some others, does not signify *wantonly,* but *wickedly.* STEEVENS.

The word is so used in old acts of parliament. *A sort* is a *company.* See Vol. II. p. 490, n. 5. MALONE.

5 *Your lady is forth-coming*—] That is, Your lady is in custody.
JOHNSON.

'This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.
[*Aside to* GLOSTER.

'*Glo.* Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart!
* Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers:
* And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
* Or to the meanest groom.

* *K. Hen.* O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones;
* Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

* *Q. Mar.* Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;
* And, look, thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

'*Glo.* Madam, for myself[6], to heaven I do appeal,
'How I have lov'd my king, and common-weal:
'And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
'Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:
'Noble she is; but, if she have forgot
'Honour, and virtue, and convers'd with such
'As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
'I banish her, my bed, and company;
'And give her, as a prey, to law, and shame,
'That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

'*K. Hen.* Well, for this night, we will repose us here:
'To-morrow, toward London, back again,
'To look into this business thoroughly,
'And call these foul offenders to their answers;
'And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
'Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

6 *Madam for myself,* &c.] Thus in the original play:
"And pardon me, my gracious sovereign,
"For here I swear unto your majesty,
"That I am guiltless of these heinous crimes,
"Which my ambitious wife hath falsely done:
"And for she would betray her sovereign lord,
"I here renounce her from my bed and board;
"And leave her open for the law to judge,
"Unless she clear herself of this foul deed." MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE II.

London. *The Duke of* York's *Garden.*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

' *York.* Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
' Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
' In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
' In craving your opinion of my title,
' Which is infallible [7], to England's crown.
* *Sal.* My lord, I long to hear it at full.
War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.
York. Then thus:—
' Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
' The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales;
' The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
' Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom,
' Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster:
' The fifth, was Edmond Langley [8], duke of York;
' The sixth, was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloster;
' William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
' Edward, the Black Prince, dy'd before his father;
' And left behind him Richard, his only son,
' Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as king;
' Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
' The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
' Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
' Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful king;
' Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
' And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know [9],
' Harmless Richard was murder'd traiterously.

* *War.*

7 *Which is infallible,*] I know not well whether he means the opinion or the title is infallible. JOHNSON.

Surely he means his *title.* MALONE.

8 *The fifth, was Edmond Langley,* &c.] The author of the original play has ignorantly enumerated Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, as Edward's fifth son; and represented the Duke of York as Edward's *second* son. MALONE.

9 *— as all you know,*] In the original play the words are, "— as you *both* know". This mode of phraseology, when the speaker addresses only

* *War.* Father, the duke hath told the truth;
* Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.
* *York.* Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
* For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
* The issue of the next son should have reign'd.
* *Sal.* But William of Hatfield dy'd without an heir.
* *York.* The third son, duke of Clarence, (from whose line
* I claim the crown,) had issue—Philippe, a daughter,
* Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March.
* Edmund had issue—Roger, earl of March:
* Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.
' *Sal.* This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
' As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
' And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
' Who kept him in captivity, till he died[1].

* But,

only two persons, is peculiar to Shakspeare. In *K. Henry IV.* P II. Act III. sc. i. the king addressing Warwick and Surrey, says,

"Why then good morrow to you *all* my lords." MALONE.

[1] *Who kept him in captivity, till he died.*] I have observed in a former note, (p. 44, n. 8.) that the historians as well as the dramatick poets have been strangely mistaken concerning this Edmond Mortimer, Earl of March, who was so far from being "kept in captivity till he died," that he appears to have been at liberty during the whole reign of King Henry V. and to have been trusted and employed by him; and there is no proof that he ever was confined, as a *state-prisoner*, by King Henry IV. Being only six years of age at the death of his father in 1398, he was delivered by Henry in ward to his son Henry Prince of Wales; and during the whole of that reign, being a minor and related to the family on the throne, both he and his brother Roger were under the particular care of the king. At the age of ten years, in 1402, he headed a body of Herefordshire men against Owen Glendower; and they being routed, he was taken prisoner by Owen, and is said by Walsingham to have contracted a marriage with Glendower's daughter, and to have been with him at the battle of Shrewsbury; but I believe the story of his being affianced to Glendower's daughter is a mistake, and that the historian has confounded Mortimer with Lord Gray of Ruthvin, who was likewise taken prisoner by Glendower, and actually did marry his daughter. Edmond Mortimer Earl of March married Anne Stafford, the daughter of Edmond Earl of Stafford. If he was at the battle of Shrewsbury he was probably brought there against his will, to grace the cause of the rebels. The Percies in the Manifesto which they

'But, to the rest.

'York. His eldest sister, Anne,

'My mother, being heir unto the crown,

'Married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was son

'To Edmund Langley, Edward the third's fifth son.

they published a little before that battle, speak of him, not as a confederate of Owen's, but as the rightful heir to the crown, whom Owen had confined, and whom, finding that the king for political reasons would not ransom him, they at their own charges had ransomed. After that battle, he was certainly under the care of the king, he and his brother in the seventh year of that reign having had annuities of two hundred pounds and one hundred marks allotted to them, for their maintenance during their minorities.

In addition to what I have already said respecting the trust reposed in him during the whole reign of K. Henry V. I may add, that in the sixth year of that king this Earl of March was with the Earl of Salisbury at the siege of Fresnes; and soon afterwards with the king himself at the siege of Melun. In the same year he was constituted LIEUTENANT OF NORMANDY. He attended Henry when he had an interview with the French King, &c. at Melun, to treat about a marriage with Catharine, and he accompanied the queen when she returned from France in 1422, with the corpse of her husband.

One of the sources of the mistakes in our old histories concerning this earl, I believe, was this: he was probably confounded with one of his kinsmen, a Sir John Mortimer, who was confined for a long time in the Tower, and at last was executed in 1424. That person however, could not have been his uncle (as has been said in p. 44, n. 8.) for he had but one legitimate uncle, and his name was *Edmond*. The Sir John Mortimer, who was confined in the Tower, was perhaps cousin german to the last Edmond Earl of March, the illegitimate son of his uncle Edmond.

I take this opportunity of correcting an inaccuracy in the note above referred to. I have said that Lionel Duke of Clarence was married to Elizabeth the daughter of the Earl of Ulster, in 1360. I have since learned that he was affianced to her in his tender years; and consequently Lionel, having been born in 1338, might have had his daughter Philippa in 1354. Philippa, I find, was married in 1370, at the age of sixteen, to Edmond Mortimer Earl of Marth, who was himself born in 1351. Their son Roger was born in 1371, and must have been married to Eleanor, the daughter of the Earl of Kent, in the year 1388, or 1389, for their daughter Anne, who married Richard Earl of Cambridge, was born in 1389. Edmond Mortimer, Roger's eldest son, (the Mortimer of Shakspeare's *K. Henry IV.* and the person who has given occasion to this tedious note,) was born in the latter end of the year 1392; and consequently when he died in his castle at Trim in Ireland, in 1424-5, he was thirty-two years old. MALONE.

'By

'By her I claim the kingdom: ſhe was heir
'To Roger, earl of March; who was the ſon
'Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
'Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence.
'So, if the iſſue of the elder ſon
'Succeed before the younger, I am king.

'*War.* What plain proceedings are more plain than this?
'Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
'The fourth ſon; York claims it from the third.
'Till Lionel's iſſue fails, his ſhould not reign:
'It fails not yet; but flouriſhes in thee,
'And in thy ſons, fair ſlips of ſuch a ſtock.—
'Then, father Saliſbury, kneel we both together;
'And, in this private plot[2], be we the firſt,
'That ſhall ſalute our rightful ſovereign
'With honour of his birth-right to the crown.

Both. Long live our ſovereign Richard, England's king!

'*York.* We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
'Till I be crown'd; and that my ſword be ſtain'd
'With heart-blood of the houſe of Lancaſter:
* And that's not ſuddenly to be perform'd;
* But with advice, and ſilent ſecrecy.
* Do you, as I do, in theſe dangerous days,
* Wink at the duke of Suffolk's inſolence,
* At Beaufort's pride, at Somerſet's ambition,
* At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
* Till they have ſnar'd the ſhepherd of the flock,
* That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey:
* 'Tis that they ſeek; and they, in ſeeking that,
* Shall find their deaths, if York can propheſy.

* *Sal.* My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.

'*War.* My heart aſſures me[3], that the earl of Warwick

2 —*private plot,*] Sequeſter'd ſpot of ground. MALONE.

3 *My heart aſſures me,*] Inſtead of this couplet, we find in the old play no leſs than *ten* lines; ſo that if we ſuppoſe that piece to be an imperfect tranſcript of this, we muſt acknowledge the tranſcriber had a good *ſprag* memory, for he remembered what he never could have either heard or ſeen. MALONE.

'Shall

' Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

' *York.* And, Nevil, this I do aſſure myſelf,—
' Richard ſhall live to make the earl of Warwick
' The greateſt man in England, but the king. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Hall of juſtice.

Trumpets ſounded. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, *and* SALISBURY; *the Dutcheſs of* GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, *and* BOLINGBROKE, *under guard.*

' *K. Hen.* Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloſter's wife:
' In ſight of God, and us, your guilt is great;
' Receive the ſentence of the law, for ſins
' Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.—
* You four, from hence to priſon back again; [*to* Jourd. &c.
* From thence [illegible] the place of execution:
* The [illegible] Smithfield ſhall be burn'd to aſhes,
* And you three ſhall be ſtrangled on the gallows.—
' You, madam, for you are more nobly born, [*to the* Dut.
' Deſpoiled of your honour in your life,
' Shall, after three days' open penance[4] done,
' Live in your country here, in baniſhment,
' With ſir John Stanley, in the iſle of Man.

' *Dutch.* Welcome is baniſhment, welcome were my death.

* *Glo.* Eleanor, the law, thou ſeeſt, hath judged thee;
* I cannot juſtify whom the law condemns.—
[*Exeunt the* Dutcheſs, *and the other Priſoners, guarded.*
' Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
' Ah, Humphrey, this diſhonour in thine age
' Will bring thy head with ſorrow to the ground!—
' I beſeech your majeſty, give me leave to go;

4 —*after* three *days' open penance*—] In the original play the king particularly ſpecifies the *mode* of penance. "Thou ſhalt *two* days do penance barefoot, in the ſtreets, with a white ſheet," &c. MALONE.

' Sorrow

' Sorrow would ſolace, and mine age would eaſe [2].
' *K. Hen.* Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloſter: ere thou go,
' Give up thy ſtaff; Henry will to himſelf
' Protector be: and God ſhall be my hope,
' My ſtay, my guide, and lantern to my feet;
' And go in peace, Humphrey; no leſs belov'd,
' Than when thou wert protector to thy king.
* *Q. Mar.* I ſee no reaſon, why a king of years
* Should be to be protected like a child.—
' God and king Henry govern England's realm [3]:
' Give up your ſtaff, ſir, and the king his realm.
' *Glo.* My ſtaff?—here, noble Henry, is my ſtaff:
' As willingly do I the ſame reſign,
' As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiouſly receive it.
' Farewel, good king: When I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne! [*Exit.*
* *Q. Mar.* Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
* And Humphrey, duke of Gloſter, ſcarce himſelf,
* That bears ſo ſhrewd a maim; two pulls at once,—
* His lady baniſh'd, and a limb lopp'd off;
* This ſtaff of honour raught [4]:—'There let it ſtand,
' Where it beſt fits to be, in Henry's hand.
* *Suf.* Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his ſprays;
* Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngeſt days [5].

2 *Sorrow would ſolace, and my age would eaſe.*] That is, Sorrow would have, ſorrow requires, ſolace, and age requires eaſe. JOHNSON.

3 *God and king Henry govern England's* realm:] The word *realm* at the end of two lines together is diſpleaſing; and when it is conſidered that much of this ſcene is written in rhyme, it will not appear improbable that the author wrote, *govern England's helm.* JOHNSON.

So, in a preceding ſcene of this play:

And you yourſelf ſhall ſteer the happy *helm.* STEEVENS.

4 *This ſtaff of honour* raught:—] *Raught* is the ancient preterite of the verb *reach*, and is frequently uſed by Spenſer. STEEVENS.

5 — *in* her *youngeſt days.*] Eleanor was certainly not a young woman. We muſt therefore ſuppoſe that the pronoun *her* refers to *pride*, and ſtands for *its*;—a licence which Shakſpeare often takes. MASON.

Or the meaning may be, in her, i. e. Eleanor's, youngeſt days *of power.* But the aſſertion, which ever way underſtood, is untrue. MALONE.

' *York.*

'*York*. Lords, let him go[6].—Please it your majesty,
' This is the day appointed for the combat;
' And ready are the appellant and defendant,
' The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
' So please your highness to behold the fight.

* *Q. Mar.* Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
* Left I the court, to see this quarrel try'd.

' *K. Hen.* O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit;
' Here let them end it, and God defend the right!

* *York.* I never saw a fellow worse bested[7],
* Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
* The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter, on one side, HORNER, *and his neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it*[8]*; a drum before him; at the other side,* PETER, *with a drum and a similar staff; accompanied by prentices drinking to him.*

1. *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack; And fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2. *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco[9].

[6] *Lords, let him go.*] i. e. Let him pass out of your thoughts. Duke Humphrey had already left the stage. STEEVENS.

[7] — *worse bested,*] In a worse plight. JOHNSON.

[8] — *with a sand-bag fastened to it;*] As, according to the old laws of duels, knights were to fight with the lance and sword; so those of inferior rank fought with an ebon staff or battoon, to the farther end of which was fixed a bag cramm'd hard with sand. To this custom Hudibras has alluded in these humourous lines:

" Engag'd with money-bags, as bold
" As men with *sand-bags* did of old." WARBURTON.

Mr. Sympson, in his notes on Ben Jonson, observes, that a passage in St. Chrysostom very clearly proves the great antiquity of this practice. STEEVENS.

[9] — *a cup of* charneco.] *Charneco* was, I believe, a sweet wine. It is very often mentioned by old writers, but none of the passages in which it is mentioned, that I have seen, ascertain either its quality, or the country where it was produced. MALONE.

3. *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you all; And a fig for Peter!

1. *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2. *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.

Pet. I thank you all: * drink, and pray for me, I pray * you; for, I think, I have taken my last draught in this * world.*—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord, bless me, I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name?

Pet. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Pet. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: * and touching the duke of York,—will take * my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen; * And therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart[1].

[1] —*as Bevis of Southampton fell upon* Ascapart.] I have added this from the old quarto. WARBURTON.

Ascapart—the giant of the story—a name familiar to our ancestors, is mentioned by Dr. Donne:

"Those *Ascaparts*, men big enough to throw
"Charing-cross for a bar," &c. JOHNSON.

The figures of these combatants are still preserved on the gates of Southampton. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare not having adopted these words, according to the hypothesis already stated, they ought perhaps not to be here introduced. However, I am not so wedded to my own opinion, as to oppose it to so many preceding editors, in a matter of so little importance, and therefore I have admitted Dr. Warburton's emendation. MALONE.

York.

* *York.* Dispatch:—this knave's tongue begins to double[2].
* Sound trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*Alarum. They fight, and* Peter *strikes down his master.*

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.
[*Dies.*

* *York.* Take away his weapon:—Fellow, thank God,
* and the good wine in thy master's way.

' *Pet.* O God! have I overcome mine enemies in this
' presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;
For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt*:
And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.—
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. A street.

Enter Gloster, *and* Servants, *in mourning cloaks.*

* *Glo.* Thus, sometimes, hath the brightest day a cloud;
* And, after summer, evermore succeeds
* Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold[3]:

2 —*this knave's tongue begins to double.*] So, in Holinshed, whose narrative Shakspeare has deserted, by making the armourer confess treason.—" When he should have come to the field fresh and fasting, his neighbours came to him, and gave him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort, that he was therewith distempered, and reeled as he went; and so was slain without guilt: as for the false servant he lived not long," &c. Steevens.

* *For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt.*] According to the ancient usage of the duel, the vanquished person not only lost his life but his reputation, and his death was always regarded as a certain evidence of his guilt. We have a remarkable instance of this in an account of the *Duellum inter Dominum Johannem Hannesly, Militem, & Robertum Katlenton, Armigerum, in quo Robertus fuit occisus.* From whence, says the historian, " *magna fuit evidentia quod militis causa erat vera, ex quo mors alterius sequebatur.*" A. Murimuth, ad ann. 1380 p. 149. Bowle.

3 *Barren* winter, *with his* wrathful *nipping cold:*] So, in Sackville's *Induction:*

" The *wrathful winter* 'proaching on apace—. Reed.

'So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet[4].—
Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

'*Glo.* Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
'To watch the coming of my punish'd dutchess:
'Uneath[5] may she endure the flinty streets,
'To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face,
With envious looks laughing at thy shame;
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
'But, soft! I think, she comes; and I'll prepare
'My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Dutchess of GLOSTER, *in a white sheet, with papers pinn'd upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; Sir* John Stanley, *a sheriff, and officers.*

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

'*Glo.* No, stir not for your lives; let her pass by[6].

Dutch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze!

4 — *as seasons* fleet.—] To *fleet* is to change. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"——— now the *fleeting* moon
"No planet is of mine." STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson in his Dictionary supposes to *fleet* (as here used) to be the same as to *flit*; that is, to be in a flux or transient state; to pass away. MALONE.

5 *Uneath*—] i. e. scarcely. POPE.

Eath is the ancient word for *ease* or *easy*. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. 6:

"More *eath* was now impression to receive."

Uneath is commonly used by the same author for *not easily*. STEEVENS.

6 *No, stir not*, &c.] In the original play thus:

"I charge you for your lives, stir not a foot;
"Nor offer once to draw a weapon here,
"But let them do their office as they should." MALONE.

' See, how the giddy multitude do point,
' And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
' Ah, Glofter, hide thee from their hateful looks;
' And, in thy clofet pent up, rue my fhame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Dutch. Ah, Glofter, teach me to forget myfelf:
For, whilft I think I am thy marry'd wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
' Methinks, I fhould not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in fhame[7], with papers on my back;
* And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
' To fee my tears, and hear my deep-fet groans.
The ruthlefs flint doth cut my tender feet;
And, when I ftart, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advifed how I tread.
' Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this fhameful yoke?
' Trow'ft thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world;
* Or count them happy, that enjoy the fun?
* No; dark fhall be my light, and night my day;
* To think upon my pomp, fhall be my hell.
Sometime I'll fay, I am duke Humphrey's wife;
And he a prince, and ruler of the land:
Yet fo he rul'd, and fuch a prince he was,
As he ftood by, whilft I, his forlorn dutchefs,
' Was made a wonder, and a pointing-ftock,
To every idle rafcal follower.
But be thou mild, and blufh not at my fhame;
Nor ftir at nothing, till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, fure, it fhortly will.
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all
' With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that falfe prieft,
Have all lim'd bufhes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canft, they'll tangle thee:
* But fear not thou, until thy foot be fnar'd,

7 *Mail'd up in fhame,*] Wrapped up; bundled up in difgrace; alluding to the fheet of penance. JOHNSON.

* Nor never ſeek prevention of thy foes.

* *Glo.* Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimeſt all awry;
* I muſt offend, before I be attainted:
* And had I twenty times ſo many foes,
* And each of them had twenty times their power,
* All theſe could not procure me any ſcathe [8],
* So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeleſs.
' Would'ſt have me reſcue thee from this reproach?
' Why, yet thy ſcandal were not wip'd away,
' But I in danger for the breach of law.
' Thy greateſt help is quiet [9], gentle Nell:
' I pray thee, ſort thy heart to patience;
' Theſe few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I ſummon your grace to his majeſty's parliament, holden at Bury the firſt of this next month.

Glo. And my conſent ne'er aſk'd herein before!
This is cloſe dealing.—Well, I will be there.
[*Exit* Herald.
My Nell, I take my leave:—and, maſter ſheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commiſſion.

' *Sher.* An't pleaſe your grace, here my commiſſion ſtays:
' And ſir John Stanley is appointed now
' To take her with him to the iſle of Man.

' *Glo.* Muſt you, ſir John, protect my lady here?

' *Stan.* So am I given in charge, may't pleaſe your grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worſe, in that I pray
You uſe her well: the world may laugh again [1];
And I may live to do you kindneſs, if

[8] —*any* ſcathe,] *Scathe* is harm, or miſchief. Chaucer, Spenſer, and all our ancient writers, are frequent in their uſe of this word. STEEVENS.

[9] *Thy greateſt help is quiet,*] The poet has not endeavoured to raiſe much compaſſion for the dutcheſs, who indeed ſuffers but what ſhe had deſerved. JOHNSON.

[1] —*the world may laugh again*;] That is, The world may look again favourably upon me. JOHNSON.

You

You do it her. And so, sir John, farewel.

Dutch. What gone, my lord; and bid me not farewel?

' *Glo.* Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* Servants.

' *Dutch.* Art thou gone too? * All comfort go with thee!
* For none abides with me: my joy is—death;
* Death, at whose name I oft have been afear'd,
* Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—
' Stanley, I pr'ythee, go, and take me hence;
' I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
' Only convey me where thou art commanded.

* *Stan.* Why, madam, that is to the isle of Man;
* There to be us'd according to your state.

* *Dutch.* That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
* And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

* *Stan.* Like to a dutchess, and duke Humphrey's lady,
* According to that state you shall be us'd.

' *Dutch.* Sheriff, farewel, and better than I fare;
' Although thou hast been conduct of my shame *!

' *Sher.* It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

' *Dutch.* Ay, ay, farewel; thy office is discharg'd.—
' Come, Stanley, shall we go?

' *Stan.* Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
' And go we to attire you for our journey.

' *Dutch.* My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
* No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
* And shew itself, attire me how I can.
* Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison [2]. [*Exeunt.*

[2] — *I long to see my prison.*] This impatience of a high spirit is very natural. It is not so dreadful to be imprisoned, as it is desireable in a state of disgrace to be sheltered from the scorn of gazers. JOHNSON.

This is one of those touches that certainly came from the hand of Shakspeare; for these words are not in the old play. MALONE.

* — conduct *of my shame!*] That is, *conductor.* See Vol. I. p. 98, n. 7. MALONE.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Abbey at Bury.

Enter to the parliament, King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, *and Others.*

‘ *K. Hen.* I muse, my lord of Gloster is not come:
‘ 'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
‘ Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.
‘ *Q. Mar.* Can you not see? or will you not observe
‘ The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
‘ With what a majesty he bears himself;
‘ How insolent of late he is become,
‘ How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?
‘ We know the time, since he was mild and affable;
‘ And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
‘ Immediately he was upon his knee,
‘ That all the court admir'd him for submission:
‘ But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
‘ When every one will give the time of day,
‘ He knits his brow, and shews an angry eye,
‘ And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
‘ Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
‘ Small curs are not regarded, when they grin;
‘ But great men tremble, when the lion roars;
‘ And Humphrey is no little man in England.
‘ First, note, that he is near you in descent;
‘ And, should you fall, he is the next will mount.
‘ Me seemeth [3] then, it is no policy,—
‘ Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
‘ And his advantage following your decease,—
‘ That he should come about your royal person,
‘ Or be admitted to your highness' council.
‘ By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;

[3] *Me seemeth*—] That is, it seemeth to me; a word more grammatical than *methinks*, which has, I know not how, intruded into its place. JOHNSON.

‘ And,

' And, when he please to make commotion,
' 'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
' Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
' Suffer them now, and they'll o'er-grow the garden,
' And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
' The reverent care, I bear unto my lord,
' Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
' If it be fond *, call it a woman's fear;
' Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
' I will subscribe, and say—I wrong'd the duke.
' My lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham,—and York,—
' Reprove my allegation, if you can;
' Or else conclude my words effectual.

' *Suf.* Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
' And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think, I should have told your grace's tale [4].
* The dutchess, by his subornation,
* Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
* Or if he were not privy to those faults,
* Yet, by reputing of his high descent [5],
* (As next the king, he was successive heir,)
* And such high vaunts of his nobility,
* Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick dutchess,
* By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep;
* And in his simple shew he harbours treason.
The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

* *Car.* Did he not, contrary to form of law,
* Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

* *If it be* fond.] Idle, foolish. See Vol. III. p. 66, n. 5. MALONE.

4 —*your grace's tale.*] Suffolk uses *highness* and *grace* promiscuously to the queen. *Majesty* was not the settled title till the time of king James the First. JOHNSON.

5 *Yet, by* reputing *of his high descent,*] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read—*repeating*. *Reputing of his high descent*, is *valuing himself upon it*. The same word occurs in the fifth act:
" And in my conscience do *repute* his grace," &c. STEEVENS.

York. And did he not, in his protectorſhip,
* Levy great ſums of money through the realm,
* For ſoldiers' pay in France, and never ſent it?
* By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.
* *Buck.* Tut! theſe are petty faults to faults unknown,
* Which time will bring to light in ſmooth duke Humphrey.
* *K. Hen.* My lords, at once: The care you have of us,
* To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
* Is worthy praiſe: But ſhall I ſpeak my conſcience?
* Our kinſman Gloſter is as innocent
* From meaning treaſon to our royal perſon
* As is the ſucking lamb, or harmleſs dove:
* The duke is virtuous, mild; and too well given,
* To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.
* *Q. Mar.* Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance!
* Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
* For he's diſpoſed as the hateful raven.
* Is he a lamb? his ſkin is ſurely lent him,
* For he's inclin'd as are the ravenous wolves.
* Who cannot ſteal a ſhape, that means deceit?
* Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
* Hangs on the cutting ſhort that fraudful man.

Enter SOMERSET.

* *Som.* All health unto my gracious ſovereign!
K. Hen. Welcome, lord Somerſet. What news from France?
' *Som.* That all your intereſt in thoſe territories
' Is utterly bereft you; all is loſt.
K. Hen. Cold news, lord Somerſet: But God's will be done!
York. Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England[6].

[6] *Cold news for me;* &c.] Theſe two lines York had ſpoken before in the firſt act of this play. He is now meditating on his diſappointment, and comparing his former hopes with his preſent loſs. STEEVENS.

* Thus are my bloſſoms blaſted in the bud,
* And caterpillars eat my leaves away:
* But I will remedy this gear[7] ere long,
* Or ſell my title for a glorious grave. [*Aſide.*

Enter GLOSTER.

* *Glo.* All happineſs unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have ſtaid ſo long.

Suf. Nay, Gloſter, know, that thou art come too ſoon,
' Unleſs thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arreſt thee of high treaſon here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk's duke *, thou ſhalt not ſee me bluſh,
Nor change my countenance for this arreſt;
* A heart unſpotted is not eaſily daunted.
* The pureſt ſpring is not ſo free from mud,
* As I am clear from treaſon to my ſovereign:
Who can accuſe me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being protector, ſtay'd the ſoldiers' pay;
By means whereof, his highneſs hath loſt France.

' *Glo.* Is it but thought ſo? What are they, that think it?
' I never robb'd the ſoldiers of their pay,
' Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
' So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—
' Ay, night by night,—in ſtudying good for England!
' That doit that e'er I wreſted from the king,
' Or any groat I hoarded to my uſe,
' Be brought againſt me at my trial day!
' No! many a pound of mine own proper ſtore,
' Becauſe I would not tax the needy commons,
' Have I diſpurſed to the garriſons,
' And never aſk'd for reſtitution.

7 —*this* gear—] *Gear* was a general word for things or matters. JOHNSON.

So, in the ſtory of *King Darius*, an interlude, 1565:
" Wyll not yet this *gere* be amended,
" Nor your ſinful acts corrected?" STEEVENS.

* *Well, Suffolk's* duke,] The folio has—Well, Suffolk, thou,—. The defect of the metre ſhews that the word was omitted, which I have ſupplied from the old play. MALONE.

* *Car.* It ſerves you well, my lord, to ſay ſo much.
* *Glo.* I ſay no more than truth, ſo help me God!
York. In your protectorſhip, you did deviſe
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.
Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
* For I ſhould melt at an offender's tears,
* And lowly words were ranſom for their fault.
' Unleſs it were a bloody murderer,
' Or foul felonious thief, that fleec'd poor paſſengers,
' I never gave them cóndign puniſhment:
' Murder, indeed, that bloody ſin, I tortur'd
' Above the felon, or what treſpaſs elſe.
' *Suf.* My lord, theſe faults are eaſy [8], quickly anſwer'd:
' But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
' Whereof you cannot eaſily purge yourſelf.
' I do arreſt you in his highneſs' name;
' And here commit you to my lord cardinal
' To keep, until your further time of trial.
' *K. Hen.* My lord of Gloſter, 'tis my ſpecial hope,
' That you will clear yourſelf from all ſuſpects [9];
My conſcience tells me, you are innocent.
Glo. Ah, gracious lord, theſe days are dangerous!
* Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
* And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;
* Foul ſubornation is predominant,
* And equity exil'd your highneſs' land.
* I know, their complot is to have my life;
' And; if my death might make this iſland happy,
' And prove the period of their tyranny,

8 —*theſe faults are* eaſy,—] *Eaſy* is ſlight, inconſiderable, as in other paſſages of this author. JOHNSON.

9 —*from all* ſuſpects;] The folio reads—*ſuſpence.* The emendation was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. The correſponding line in the original play ſtands thus:

"Good uncle, obey to this arreſt;
"I have no doubt but thou ſhalt clear thyſelf." MALONE.

So, in a following ſcene:

"If my *ſuſpect* be falſe, forgive me, God!" STEEVENS.

' I would

'I would expend it with all willingneſs:
'But mine is made the prologue to their play;
'For thouſands more, that yet ſuſpect no peril,
'Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
'Beaufort's red ſparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
'And Suffolk's cloudy brow his ſtormy hate;
'Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
'The envious load that lies upon his heart;
'And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
'Whoſe over-weening arm I have pluck'd back,
'By falſe accuſe doth level at my life:—
'And you, my ſovereign lady, with the reſt,
'Cauſeleſs have laid diſgraces on my head;
* And, with your beſt endeavour, have ſtirr'd up
* My liefeſt[1] liege to be mine enemy:—
* Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,
* Myſelf had notice of your conventicles,
* And all to make away my guiltleſs life:
'I ſhall not want falſe witneſs to condemn me,
'Nor ſtore of treaſons to augment my guilt;
'The ancient proverb will be well effected,—
A ſtaff is quickly found to beat a dog.
* *Car.* My liege, his railing is intolerable:
* If thoſe, that care to keep your royal perſon
* From treaſon's ſecret knife, and traitors' rage,
* Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
* And the offender granted ſcope of ſpeech,
* 'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.
Suf. Hath he not twit our ſovereign lady here,
'With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
'As if ſhe had ſuborned ſome to ſwear
'Falſe allegations to o'erthrow his ſtate?
'*Q. Mar.* But I can give the loſer leave to chide.
Glo. Far truer ſpoke, than meant: I loſe, indeed;—
'Beſhrew the winners, for they play'd me falſe!—
* And well ſuch loſers may have leave to ſpeak.

1 —*liefeſt*—] is *deareſt*. JOHNSON.
See p. 116, n. 6. MALONE.

Buck.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day:—
' Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.
' *Car.* Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.
Glo. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
' Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
' And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
' Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
' For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear[2].
[*Exeunt* Attendants, *with* GLOSTER.
K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.
Q. Mar. What, will your highness leave the parliament?
K. Hen. Ay, Margaret[3]; my heart is drown'd with grief,
* Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
* My body round engirt with misery;
* For what's more miserable than discontent?—
* Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
* The map of honour[4], truth, and loyalty;

[2] *Ah! that my fear were false!* &c.] The variation is here worth noting. In the original play, instead of these two lines, we have the following:

" Farewell my sovereign; long may'st thou enjoy
" Thy father's happy days, free from annoy!" MALONE.

[3] *Ay, Margaret,* &c.] Of this speech the only traces in the quarto are the following lines. In the king's speech a line seems to be lost:

Queen. What, will your highness leave the parliament?
King. Yea, Margaret; my heart is kill'd with grief;
* * * * *
Where I may sit, and sigh in endless moan,
For who's a traitor, Gloster he is none.

If therefore, according to the conjecture already suggested, these plays were originally the composition of another author, the speech before us belongs to Shakspeare. It is observable that one of the expressions in it is found in his *Richard II.* and in the *Rape of Lucrece*; and in perusing the subsequent lines one cannot help recollecting the trade which his father has by some been supposed to have followed. MALONE.

[4] *The map of honour,*—] In *K. Richard II.* if I remember right, we have the same words. Again, in *the Rape of Lucrece:*

" Shewing life's triumph in the *map* of death." MALONE.

And

* And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
* That e'er I prov'd thee falſe, or fear'd thy faith.
* What lowring ſtar now envies thy eſtate,
* That theſe great lords, and Margaret our queen,
* Do ſeek ſubverſion of thy harmleſs life?
* Thou never didſt them wrong, nor no man wrong:
* And as the butcher takes away the calf,
* And binds the wretch, and beats it when it ſtrays [5],
* Bearing it to the bloody ſlaughter-houſe;
* Even ſo, remorſeleſs, have they borne him hence.
* And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
* Looking the way her harmleſs young one went,
* And can do nought but wail her darling's loſs;
* Even ſo myſelf bewails good Gloſter's caſe,
* With ſad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
* Look after him, and cannot do him good;
* So mighty are his vowed enemies.
' His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,
' Say—*Who's a traitor*, Gloſter *he is none*. [*Exit*.

* *Q. Mar.* Free lords, cold ſnow melts with the ſun's hot beams.
* Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
* Too full of fooliſh pity: and Gloſter's ſhew
* Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
* With ſorrow ſnares relenting paſſengers;
* Or as the ſnake, roll'd in a flowering bank [7],

[5] *And as the butcher takes away the calf,*
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it ſtrays,] It is common for butchers to tie a rope or halter about the neck of a calf when they take it away from the breeder's farm, and to beat it gently if it attempts to ſtray from the direct road. The duke of Gloſter is borne away like the calf, that is, he is taken away upon his feet; but he is not carried away as a burthen on horſeback, or upon men's ſhoulders, or in their hands. TOLLET.

[6] *Free lords*, &c.] By this ſhe means (as may be ſeen by the ſequel) you, who are not bound up to ſuch preciſe regards of religion as is the king, but are men of the world, and know how to live. WARBURTON.

[7] — in *a flowering bank*,] i. e. in the flowers growing on a bank. Some of the modern editions read unneceſſarily—*on* a flowering bank. MALONE.

* With

* With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
* That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
* Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,
* (And yet, herein, I judge mine own wit good,)
' This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
' To rid us from the fear we have of him. '
* *Car.* That he should die, is worthy policy;
* But yet we want a colour for his death:
* 'Tis meet, he be condemn'd by course of law.
* *Suf.* But, in my mind, that were no policy:
* The king will labour still to save his life,
* The commons haply rise to save his life;
* And yet we have but trivial argument,
* More than mistrust, that shews him worthy death.
* *York.* So that, by this, you would not have him die.
* *Suf.* Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.
* *York.* 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death[9].—
* But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,—
* Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,—
* Wer't not all one, an empty eagle were set
* To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
* As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector?
Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.
' *Suf.* Madam, 'tis true: And wer't not madness then,
' To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
' Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
' His guilt should be but idly posted over,
' Because his purpose is not executed.

[9] *'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.*] Why York had more reason than the rest for desiring Humphrey's death, is not very clear; he had only decided the deliberation about the regency of France in favour of Somerset. JOHNSON.

York had more reason, because duke Humphrey stood between him and the crown, which he had proposed to himself as the termination of his ambitious views. So Act III. sc. v:

For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. STEEVENS.

'No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
'By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
'Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood;
'As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege[9].
'And do not stand on quillets, how to slay him:
'Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
'Sleeping, or waking, 'tis no matter how,
'So he be dead; for that is good deceit
'Which mates him first, that first intends deceit[1].
* *Q. Mar.* Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

9 *No; let him die, in that he is a fox,*
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood;
As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.] The meaning of the speaker is not hard to be discovered, but his expression is very much perplexed. He means that the fox may be lawfully killed, as being known to be by nature an enemy to sheep, even before he has actually killed them; so Humphrey may be properly destroyed, as being proved by arguments to be the king's enemy, before he has committed any actual crime.

Some may be tempted to read *treasons* for *reasons*, but the drift of the argument is to shew that there may be *reason* to kill him before any *treason* has broken out. JOHNSON.

As seems to be here used for *like*. Sir T. Hanmer reads, with some probability, As Humphrey's prov'd, &c. In the original play, instead of these lines, we have the following speech:

Suf. And so think I, madam; for as you know,
If our king Henry had shook hands with death,
Duke Humphrey then would look to be our king.
And it may be, by policy he works,
To bring to pass the thing which now we doubt.
The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb;
But if we take him ere he doth the deed,
We should not question if that he should live.
No, let him die, in that he is a fox,
Lest that in living he offend us more. MALONE.

1 —*for that is good deceit*
Which mates *him first, that first intends deceit.*] *To mate*, I believe, means here as in many other places in our author's plays, to confound or destroy, from *matar*, Span. to kill. See Vol. IV. p. 416, n. 8. MALONE.

Mates him means—that first puts an end to his moving. To *mate* is a term in chess, used when the king is stopped from moving, and an end put to the game. PERCY.

* *Suf.* Not resolute, except so much were done;
* For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:
* But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
* Seeing the deed is meritorious,
* And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
* Say but the word, and I will be his priest[2].
* *Car.* But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
* Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
* Say, you consent, and censure well the deed[3],
* And I'll provide his executioner,
* I tender so the safety of my liege.
* *Suf.* Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.
* *Q. Mar.* And so say I.
* *York.* And I: and now we three have spoke it,
* It skills not[4] greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

' *Mes.* Great lords[5], from Ireland am I come amain,
' To signify—that rebels there are up,

2 *— I will be his priest.*] I will be the attendant on his last scene, I will be the last man whom he will see. JOHNSON.

3 *—and censure well the deed,*] That is, approve the deed, judge the deed good. JOHNSON.

4 *It skills not—*] It is of no importance. JOHNSON.

So, in Sir T. More's *Utopia,* translated by R. Robinson, 1624: "I will describe to you one or other of them, for *it skilleth* not greatly which." MALONE.

5 *Great Lords, &c.*] I shall subjoin this speech as it stands in the quarto:

"Madam, I bring you news from Ireland;
"The wild Onele, my lord, is up in arms,
"With troops of Irish kerns, that uncontroll'd
"Doth plant themselves within the English pale,
"And burn and spoil the country, as they go."

Surely here is not an imperfect exhibition of the lines in the folio, hastily taken down in the theatre by the ear or in short-hand, as I once concurred with others in thinking to be the case. We have here an original and distinct draught; so that we must be obliged to maintain that Shakspeare wrote *two* plays on the present subject, a hasty sketch, and a more finished performance; or else must acknowledge, that he formed the piece before us on a foundation laid by another writer. MALONE.

' And

‘ And put the Engliſhmen unto the ſword:
* Send ſuccours, lords, and ſtop the rage betime,
* Before the wound do grow uncurable;
* For, being green, there is great hope of help.
 * *Car.* A breach, that craves a quick expedient * ſtop!
‘ What counſel give you in this weighty cauſe?
 ‘ *York.* That Somerſet be ſent as regent thither:
‘ 'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd;
‘ Witneſs the fortune he hath had in France.
 ‘ *Som.* If York, with all his far-fet policy,
‘ Had been the regent there inſtead of me,
‘ He never would have ſtaid in France ſo long.
 ‘ *York.* No, not to loſe it all, as thou haſt done:
‘ I rather would have loſt my life betimes,
* Than bring a burden of diſhonour home,
* By ſtaying there ſo long, till all were loſt.
* Shew me one ſcar character'd on thy ſkin:
* Men's fleſh preſerv'd ſo whole, do ſeldom win.
 * *Q. Mar.* Nay then, this ſpark will prove a raging fire,
* If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:—
* No more, good York;—ſweet Somerſet, be ſtill;—
* Thy fortune, York, hadſt thou been regent there,
* Might happily have prov'd far worſe than his.
 York. What, worſe than naught? nay, then a ſhame take all!
 ‘ *Som.* And, in the number, thee, that wiſheſt ſhame!
 ‘ *Car.* My lord of York, try what your fortune is.
‘ The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,
‘ And temper clay with blood of Engliſhmen:
‘ To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
‘ Collected choicely, from each county ſome,
‘ And try your hap againſt the Iriſhmen?
 * *York.* I will, my lord, ſo pleaſe his majeſty.
 * *Suf.* Why, our authority is his conſent;
* And, what we do eſtabliſh, he confirms:
* Then, noble York, take thou this taſk in hand.
 ‘ *York.* I am content: Provide me ſoldiers, lords,

* —*expedient*—] i . expeditious. See Vol. IV. p. 494, n. 5; and Vol. V. p. 27, n. MALONE.

‘ Whiles

'Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.
' *Suf.* A charge, lord York, that I will fee perform'd[6].
' But now return we to the falfe duke Humphrey.
' *Car.* No more of him; for I will deal with him,
' That, henceforth, he fhall trouble us no more.
' And fo break off; the day is almoft fpent:
' Lord Suffolk, you and I muft talk of that event.
' *York.* My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
' At Briftol I expect my foldiers;
' For there I'll fhip them all for Ireland.
' *Suf.* I'll fee it truly done, my lord of York.
[*Exeunt all but* York.
' *York.* Now, York, or never, fteel thy fearful thoughts,
' And change mifdoubt to refolution:
* Be that thou hop'ft to be; or what thou art
* Refign to death, it is not worth the enjoying:
* Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
* And find no harbour in a royal heart.
* Fafter than fpring-time fhowers, comes thought on thought;
* And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.
* My brain, more bufy than the labouring fpider,
* Weaves tedious fnares to trap mine enemies.
* Well, nobles, well; 'tis politickly done,
* To fend me packing with an hoft of men:
* I fear me, you but warm the ftarved fnake,
* Who, cherifh'd in your breafts, will fting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
' I take it kindly; yet, be well affur'd

6 —*that I will fee perform'd.*] In the old play this office is given to Buckingham:

Queen. —— my lord of Buckingham,
Let it be your charge to mufter up fuch foldiers,
As fhall fuffice him in thefe needful wars.
Buck. Madam, I will; and levy fuch a band
As foon fhall overcome thofe Irifh rebels:
But York, where fhall thofe foldiers ftay for thee?
York. At Briftol I'll expect them ten days hence.
Buck. Then thither fhall they come, and fo farewell.
[*Exit* Buck.

Here again we have a very remarkable variation. MALONE.

' You

' You put sharp weapons in a mad man's hands.
' Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
* I will stir up in England some black storm,
* Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell:
* And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
* Until the golden circuit on my head [7],
* Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
* Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw [8].
' And, for a minister of my intent,
' I have seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
' John Cade of Ashford,
' To make commotion, as full well he can,
' Under the title of John Mortimer.
* In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
* Oppose himself against a troop of kerns;
* And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
* Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine:
* And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen him
* Caper upright like a wild Morisco [9],

* Shaking

7 *Until the* golden circuit *on my head,*] So, in *Macbeth*:
" All that impedes thee from the *golden round,*
" Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
" To have thee *crown'd* withall."
Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:
" ——— a sleep,
" That from this *golden rigol* hath divorc'd
" So many English kings." MALONE.

8 —*mad-bred* flaw.] *Flaw* is a sudden violent gust of wind. JOHNSON.

9 —*a wild Morisco,*] A Moor in a military dance, now called Morris, that is, a Moorish dance. JOHNSON.

In *Albion's Triumph*, a masque, 1631, the seventh entry consists of *mimicks* or *Moriscos.*

The *Morris dance* was the *Tripudium Mauritanicum,* a kind of hornpipe. Junius describes it thus: " —faciem plerunque inficiunt fuligine, et peregrinum vestium cultum assumunt, qui ludicris talibus indulgent, ut Mauri esse videantur, aut e longius remotâ patriâ credantur advolasse, atque insolens recreationis genus advexisse."

In the churchwardens' accompts of the parish of St. Helen's in Abington, Berkshire, from the first year of the reign of Philip and Mary, to the thirty-fourth of queen Elizabeth, the *Morrice* bells are mentioned. Anno 1560, the third of Elizabeth,—" For two dossin of

 Morres

* Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
* Full often, like a ſhag-hair'd crafty kern [1],
* Hath he converſed with the enemy;
* And undiſcover'd come to me again,
* And given me notice of their villainies.
* This devil here ſhall be my ſubſtitute;
* For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
* In face, in gait, in ſpeech he doth reſemble:
' By this I ſhall perceive the commons' mind,
' How they affect the houſe and claim of York.
' Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured;
' I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,
' Will make him ſay—I mov'd him to thoſe arms.
' Say, that he thrive, (as 'tis great like he will,)
' Why, then from Ireland come I with my ſtrength,
' And reap the harveſt which that raſcal ſow'd:
' For, Humphrey being dead [2], as he ſhall be,
' And Henry put apart, the next for me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II [3].

Bury. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter certain Murderers, *haſtily.*

* 1. *Mur.* Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know,
* We have diſpatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

* 2. *Mur.*

Morres bells." As theſe appear to have been purchaſed by the community, we may ſuppoſe this diverſion was conſtantly practiſed at their publick feſtivals. See the plate of *Morris-dancers* at the end of the firſt part of *K. Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's remarks annexed to it. STEEVENS.

1 — *like a* ſhag-hair'd *crafty kern,*] See Vol. IV. p. 398, n. 2; and p. 267, n. 1. MALONE.

2 *For, Humphrey being dead,* &c.] Inſtead of this couplet we find in the old play theſe lines:

" And then Duke Humphrey, he well made away,
" None then can ſtop the light to England's crown,
" But York can tame, and headlong pull them down."
MALONE.

3 *Scene II.*] This ſcene, and the directions concerning it, ſtand thus in the quarto edition:

Then

* 2. *Mur.* O, that it were to do!—What have we done?
* Didſt ever hear a man ſo penitent?

Enter SUFFOLK.

' 1. *Mur.* Here comes my lord.
' *Suf.* Now, ſirs, have you diſpatch'd this thing?
' 1. *Mur.* Ay, my good lord, he's dead.
' *Suf.* Why, that's well ſaid. Go, get you to my houſe;
' I will reward you for this venturous deed.
' The king and all the peers are here at hand:—
' Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
' According as I gave directions?
' 1. *Mur.* 'Tis, my good lord.
' *Suf.* Away, be gone! [*Exeunt* Murderers.

Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, *Lords, and Others.*

' *K. Hen.* Go, call our uncle to our preſence ſtraight:
' Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
' If he be guilty, as 'tis publiſhed.
' *Suf.* I'll call him preſently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*
' *K. Hen.* Lords, take your places;—And, I pray you all,
' Proceed no ſtraiter 'gainſt our uncle Gloſter;
' Than from true evidence, of good eſteem,
' He be approv'd in practice culpable.
* *Q. Mar.* God forbid, any malice ſhould prevail,
* That faultleſs may condemn a nobleman!
* Pray God, he may acquit him of ſuſpicion!

Then the curtaines being drawne, Duke Humphrey is diſcovered in his bed, and two men lying on his breſt, and ſmothering him in his bed. And then enter the Duke of Suffolk to them.

Suff. How now, ſirs! what have you diſpatch'd him?
One. Yea, my lord; he's dead, I warrant you.
Suff. Then ſee the cloathes laid ſmooth about him ſtill,
That when the king comes, he may perceive
No other, but that he died of his own accord.
2. All things is handſome now, my lord.
Suff. Then draw the curtains again, and get you gone,
And you ſhall have your firm reward anon. [*Exit* Murtherers.

STEEVENS.

* *K. Hen.* I thank thee, Margaret[4]; these words content me much.—

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

' How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
' Where is our uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?
Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Glofter is dead.
* *Q. Mar.* Marry, God forefend!
* *Car.* God's secret judgment:—I did dream to-night,
* The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.
[*The king swoons.*
' *Q. Mar.* How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.
* *Som.* Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.
* *Q. Mar.* Run, go, help, help!—O, Henry, ope thine eyes!
* *Suf.* He doth revive again;—Madam, be patient.
* *K. Hen.* O heavenly God!
* *Q. Mar.* How fares my gracious lord?
Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!
K. Hen. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now[5] to sing a raven's note,
* Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
' By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
' Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
* Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.
* Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
* Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!

4 *I thank thee,* Margaret;] The folio reads—I thank thee, *Nell*; and Mr. Theobald, conceiving that "there can be no reason why the king should forget his own wife's name," reads—"*Well,* these words," &c. which the subsequent editors too hastily adopted. Though the king could not well forget his wife's name, either Shakspeare or the transcriber might. That *Nell* is not a mistake of the press for *Well* is clear from a subsequent speech of the *queen's* in this scene, where *Eleanor*, the name of the Dutchess of Glofter, is again *three times* printed instead of *Margaret*. No reason can be assigned why the proper correction should be made in all those places, and not here. MALONE.

5 —*right now*—] Just now, even now. JOHNSON.

' Upon

' Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
' Sits, in grim majesty, to fright the world.
' Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:—
' Yet do not go away;—Come, basilisk *,
' And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
* For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
* In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead.
Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?
* Although the duke was enemy to him,
* Yet he, most christian-like, laments his death:
* And for myself,—foe as he was to me,
* Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
* Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
* I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
* Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking sighs [6],
* And all to have the noble duke alive.
' What know I how the world may deem of me?
' For it is known, we were but hollow friends;
' It may be judg'd, I made the duke away:
* So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
* And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
* This get I by his death: Ah me, unhappy!
* To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!
' *K. Hen.* Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!
Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is [7].
What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper, look on me.
* What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf [8]?

* Be

* *Come, basilisk,* &c.] So Mantuanus, a writer very popular at this time.

"Natus in ardente Lydiæ basiliscus arena,
"Vulnerat aspectu, luminibusque nocet." MALONE.

6 — *with* blood-drinking *sighs,*] So, in another of Shakspeare's plays:

"— dry sorrow drinks my blood." MALONE.

7 *Be woe for me,*] That is, Let not woe be to thee for Gloster, but for me. JOHNSON.

8 *What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?*] This allusion which has been borrowed by many writers from the Proverbs of Solomon, and Psalm lviii. may receive an odd illustration from the following passage in *Gower de Confessione Amantis,* B. I. fol. x.

 "A serpent,

* Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
* Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
* Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
* Erect his statue then, and worship it,
* And make my image but an ale-house sign.
Was I, for this, nigh wreck'd upon the sea;
' And twice by aukward wind[9] from England's bank
' Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well-fore-warning wind
Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
* Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
* What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,
* And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves;
* And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
* Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
* Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
* But left that hateful office unto thee:
* The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;
* Knowing, that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore
* With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness:

" A serpent, whiche that aspidis
" Is cleped, of his kinde hath this,
" That he the stone noblest of all,
" The whiche that men carbuncle call,
" Beareth in his heed above on hight;
" For whiche whan that a man by flight
" (The stone to wynne, and him to dante)
" With his carecte him wolde enchante,
" Anone as he perceiveth that,
" *He leyeth downe his one eare all plat*
" *Unto the grounde, and halt it fast:*
" *And eke that other eare als faste*
" *He stoppeth with his taille so sore*
" *That he the wordes, lasse or more,*
" *Of his enchantement ne hereth:*
" And in this wise him selfe he skiereth,
" So that he hath the wordes wayved,
" And thus his eare is nought deceived."

Shakspeare has the same allusion in *Troilus and Cressida*: "Have ears more *deaf* than *adders*, to the voice of any true decision." STEEVENS.

9 —*aukward wind*—] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read *adverse winds*. STEEVENS.

* The

* The ſplitting rocks cowr'd in the ſinking ſands[1],
* And would not daſh me with their ragged ſides;
* Becauſe thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
* Might in thy palace periſh Margaret[2].
* As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
* When from the ſhore the tempeſt beat us back,
* I ſtood upon the hatches in the ſtorm:
* And when the duſky ſky began to rob
* My earneſt-gaping ſight of thy land's view,
* I took a coſtly jewel from my neck,—
* A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
* And threw it towards thy land; the ſea receiv'd it;
* And ſo, I wiſh'd, thy body might my heart:
* And even with this, I loſt fair England's view,
* And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
* And call'd them blind and duſky ſpectacles,
* For loſing ken of Albion's wiſhed coaſt.
* How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
* (The agent of thy foul inconſtancy)
* To ſit and witch me[3], as Aſcanius did,
* When he to madding Dido, would unfold
* His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?
* Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not falſe like him?
* Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!
* For Henry weeps, that thou doſt live ſo long.

[1] *The ſplitting rocks, &c.*] The ſenſe ſeems to be this.—The rocks hid themſelves in the ſands, which ſunk to receive them into their boſom. STEEVENS.

[2] *Might in thy palace periſh Margaret.*] The verb *periſh* is here uſed actively. So, in the *Maid's Tragedy*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:
" ——— let not my ſins
" *Periſh* your noble youth." STEEVENS.

[3] *To ſit and witch me,*] The old copy has—*watch* me. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, who obſerves that the poet forgot the paſſage in the Æneid, the hiſtory of the deſtruction of Troy being related to Dido, not by Aſcanius, but Æneas.

It may be remarked, that this miſtake was certainly the miſtake of Shakſpeare, whoever may have been the original author of the firſt ſketch of this play; for this long ſpeech of Margaret's is founded on one in the quarto, conſiſting only of ſeven lines, in which there is no alluſion to Virgil. MALONE.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK, *and* SALISBURY. *The Commons press to the door.*

' *War.* It is reported, mighty sovereign,
' That good duke Humphrey traiterously is murder'd
' By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.
' The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
' That want their leader, scatter up and down,
' And care not who they sting in his revenge.
' Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
' Until they hear the order of his death.
K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
But how he died, God knows, not Henry[4]:
' Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
' And comment then upon his sudden death.
War. That I shall do, my liege:—Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, till I return.
[Warwick *goes into an inner room, and Salisbury retires.*
* *K. Hen.* O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts;
* My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,
* Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
* If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
* For judgment only doth belong to thee!
* Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
* With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain[5]
* Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;
* To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
* And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
* But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
* And, to survey his dead and earthy image,
* What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

4 —*not Henry*:] The poet commonly uses Henry as a word of three syllables. JOHNSON.

5 —*and to drain*—] This is one of our poet's harsh expressions. As when a thing is *drain'd*, drops of water issue from it, he licentiously uses the word here in the sense of *dropping*, or *distilling*. MALONE.

[*The*

The folding doors of an inner chamber are opened, and GLOSTER *is discovered dead in his bed:* WARWICK *and Others standing by it* [6].

* *War.* Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

* *K. Hen.* That is to see how deep my grave is made:
* For, with his soul, fled all my worldly solace;
* For seeing him, I see my life in death [7].

' *War.* As surely as my soul intends to live
' With that dread King, that took our state upon him
' To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
' I do believe that violent hands were laid
' Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
' What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?

' *War.* See, how the blood is settled in his face!
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost [8],

' Of

6 This stage-direction I have inserted as best suited to the exhibition. The stage-direction in the quarto is—"Warwick draws the curtaines, [i. e. draws them open] and shews Duke Humphry in his bed." In the folio: "A bed with Gloster's body put forth." These are some of the many circumstances which prove, I think, decisively, that the theatres of our author's time were unfurnished with scenes. In those days, as I conceive, curtains were occasionally hung across the middle of the stage on an iron rod, which, being drawn open, formed a second apartment, when a change of scene was required. The direction in the folio, "to put forth a bed," was merely to the property-man to thrust a bed forwards behind those curtains, previous to their being drawn open. See the *Account of the ancient Theatres*, Vol. I. MALONE.

7 *For seeing him, I see my life in death.*] I think the meaning is, I see my life in the arms of death; I see my *life expiring*, or rather *expired*. The conceit is much in our author's manner. So, in *Macbeth*:
"— the *death* of each day's *life*." MALONE.

The poet's meaning is, *I see my life destroyed or endangered by his death*. PERCY.

8 *Oft have I seen a* timely-*parted* ghost, &c.] All that is true of the body of a dead man, is here said by Warwick of the soul. I would read:
Oft have I seen a timely-parted corse.

I cannot but stop a moment to observe that this horrible description is scarcely the work of any pen but Shakspeare's. JOHNSON.

A *timely*-parted ghost means a *body* that has become inanimate in the common course of nature; to which violence has not brought a

timeless

'Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless,
'Being all * descended to the labouring heart;

timeless end. The opposition is plainly marked afterwards, by the words—"As guilty of duke Humphrey's *timeless death*."

The corresponding lines appear thus in the quarto, by which, if the notion that has been already suggested be well founded, the reader may see how much of this deservedly admired speech is original, and how much super-induced:

"Oft have I seen a timely-parted *ghost*,
"Of ashy semblance, pale, and bloodless:
"But, lo! the blood is settled in his face,
"More better coloured than when he liv'd.
"His well proportion'd beard made rough and stern;
"His fingers spread abroad, as one that grasp'd
"For life, yet was by strength surpriz'd. The least
"Of these are probable. It cannot choose
"But he was murthered."

In a subsequent passage, also in the original play, which Shakspeare was not transferred into his piece, the word *ghost* is again used as here. Young Clifford addressing himself to his father's *dead body*, says,

"O dismal sight! see, where he breathless lies,
"All smear'd and welter'd in his luke-warm blood!
"Sweet father, to thy *murder'd ghost* I swear," &c.

Our author therefore is not chargeable here with any impropriety, or confusion. He has only used the phraseology of his time. MALONE.

This is not the first time that Shakspeare has confounded the terms that signify *body* and *soul*, together. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"——— damned *spirits* all,
"That in cross-ways and floods have *burial*."

It is surely the *body* and not the *soul* that is committed to the earth, or whelm'd in the water. The word *ghost*, however, is licentiously used by our ancient writers. In Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. viii. Sir *Guyon* is in a swoon, and two knights are about to strip him, when the *Palmer* say:

"——— no knight so rude I weene,
"As to doen outrage to a sleeping *ghost*."

Again, in the short copy of verses printed at the conclusion of the three first books of Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, 1596:

"And grones of *buried ghostes* the heavens did perse."

Again, in our author's *K. Richard II*:

"The *ghosts* they have depos'd."

Again, in *Certain secret wonders of nature*, by Edward Fenton, 4to. bl. l. 1569: "—astonished at the view of the mortified *ghost* of him that lay dead." STEEVENS.

* *Being all*—] That is, the blood being all descended, the substantive being comprized in the adjective *bloodless*. MASON.

'Who,

'Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
'Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
'Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
'To blush and beautify the cheek again.
'But, see, his face is black, and full of blood;
'His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
'Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:
'His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
'His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
'And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.
'Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;
'His well proportion'd beard[9] made rough and rugged,
'Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
'It cannot be, but he was murder'd here;
'The least of all these signs were probable.

'*Suf.* Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
'Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection;
'And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

'*War.* But both of you were vow'd duke Humphrey's foes;
'And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
''Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend;
'And 'tis well seen, he found an enemy.

'*Q. Mar.* Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
'As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloody'd beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

'*Q. Mar.* Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men;

[9] *His well proportion'd beard*—] His beard nicely trim'd and adjusted. See Vol. V. p. 524, n. 2. MALONE.

But

But here's a vengeful ſword, ruſted with eaſe,
That ſhall be ſcoured in his rancorous heart,
That ſlanders me with murder's crimſon badge:—
Say, if thou dar'ſt, proud lord of Warwickſhire,
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.
[*Exeunt* Cardinal, SOM. *and Others.*
War. What dares not Warwick, if falſe Suffolk dare him?
Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious ſpirit,
Nor ceaſe to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thouſand times.
War. Madam, be ſtill; with reverence may I ſay;
For every word, you ſpeak in his behalf,
Is ſlander to your royal dignity.
' *Suf.* Blunt witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord ſo much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some ſtern untutor'd churl, and noble ſtock
Was graft with crab-tree ſlip; whoſe fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.
War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I ſhould rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thouſand ſhames,
And that my ſovereign's preſence makes me mild,
I would, falſe murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy paſſed ſpeech,
And ſay—it was thy mother that thou meant'ſt,
That thou thyſelf waſt born in baſtardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and ſend thy ſoul to hell,
Pernicious blood-ſucker of ſleeping men!
Suf. Thou ſhalt be waking, while I ſhed thy blood,
If from this preſence thou dar'ſt go with me.
War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
* Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
* And do ſome ſervice to duke Humphrey's ghoſt.
[*Exeunt* SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK.
* *K. Hen.* What ſtronger breaſt-plate than a heart untainted?
* Thrice

* Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just * ;
* And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
* Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
[*A noise within.*

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK, *with their weapons drawn.*

' *K. Hen.* Why, how now, lords? your wrathful weapons drawn
' Here in our presence? dare you be so bold?—
' Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?
Suf. The traiterous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY.

* *Sal.* Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.—
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
' They will by violence tear him from your palace,
' And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;
' They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
' And mere instinct of love, and loyalty,—
' Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
' As being thought to contradict your liking,—
' Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
* They say, in care of your most royal person,
* That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
* And charge—that no man should disturb your rest,
* In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
* Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
* Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
* That slily glided towards your majesty,
* It were but necessary you were wak'd;

* *Thrice is he arm'd,* &c.] So, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion:*
" Come, Moor; I'm *arm'd* with more than cómplete *steel,*
" The *justice* of my *quarrel.*" MALONE.

* Lest,

* Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
* The mortal worm[9] might make the sleep eternal:
* And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
* That they will guard you, whe'r you will, or no,
* From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
* With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
* Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
* They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [*within.*] An answer from the king, my lord of Salisbury.

Suf. 'Tis like, the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To shew how quaint an orator[1] you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
Is—that he was the lord ambassador,
Sent from a sort[2] of tinkers to the king.

Commons [*within.*] An answer from the king, or we will all break in.

' *K. Hen.* Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me.
' I thank them for their tender loving care:
' And had I not been 'cited so by them,
' Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
' For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
' Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
' And therefore,—by his majesty I swear,
' Whose far unworthy deputy I am,—
' He shall not breathe infection in this air[3]

9 *The mortal* worm—] Serpents in general, were anciently called *worms*. So, in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607, Pope Alexander says when he takes off the aspicks from the young princes:

"How now, proud *worms?* how tastes yon princes' blood?"

STEEVENS.

Mortal is here, as in many other places, *deadly*. MALONE.

1 —*how* quaint *an orator*—] *Quaint* for *dextrous, artificial*. So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*: "—a ladder *quaintly* made of cords." MALONE.

2 —*a sort*—] Is a *company*. JOHNSON.

See Vol. II. p. 490. n. 5. MALONE.

3 *He shall not breath infection in this air*] That is, he shall not contaminate this air with his infected breath. MALONE.

'But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit* SALISBURY.

'*Q. Mar.* O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

'*K. Hen.* Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.
'No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,
'Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
'Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
'But, when I swear, it is irrevocable:—
'If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found
'On any ground that I am ruler of,
'The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—
'Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
'I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt* K. HENRY, WARWICK, *Lords*, &c.

'*Q. Mar.* Mischance, and sorrow, go along with you [3]!
'Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
'Be play-fellows to keep you company!
'There's two of you; the devil make a third!
'And three-fold vengeance tend upon your steps!

'*Suf.* Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
'And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

'*Q. Mar.* Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!
'Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan [4],
'I would invent as bitter searching terms,
'As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
'With full as many signs of deadly hate,

[3] *Mischance and sorrow*, &c.] In the original play the queen is still more violent:

"Hell-fire and vengeance go along with you!" MALONE.

[4] *Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,*] The fabulous accounts of the plant called a *mandrake* give it an inferior degree of animal life, and relate, that when it is torn from the ground it groans, and that this groan being certainly fatal to him that is offering such unwelcome violence, the practice of those who gather mandrakes is to tie one end of a string to the plant, and the other to a dog, upon whom the fatal groan discharges its malignity. JOHNSON.

As

As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathſome cave:
My tongue ſhould ſtumble in mine earneſt words;
Mine eyes ſhould ſparkle like the beaten flint;
My hair be fix'd on end, as one diſtract;
Ay, every joint ſhould ſeem to curſe and ban:
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curſe them. Poiſon be their drink[5]!
Gall, worſe than gall, the daintieſt that they taſte!
Their ſweeteſt ſhade, a grove of cypreſs trees[6]!
Their chiefeſt proſpect, murdering baſiliſks!
Their ſofteſt touch, as ſmart as lizards' ſtings[7]!
Their muſick, frightful as the ſerpent's hiſs;
And boding ſcritch-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-ſeated hell—

Q. Mar. Enough, ſweet Suffolk; thou torment'ſt thyſelf;
* And theſe dread curſes—like the ſun 'gainſt glaſs,
* Or like an over-charged gun,—recoil,
* And turn the force of them upon thyſelf.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave[8]?
Now, by the ground that I am baniſh'd from,
Well could I curſe away a winter's night,
Though ſtanding naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let graſs grow,
And think it but a minute ſpent in ſport.

5 —*Poiſon be their drink!*] Moſt of theſe execrations are uſed, in the very words of Shakſpeare, by Lee, in his *Cæſar Borgia*, Act IV. STEEVENS.

6 —*a* cypreſs *tree!*] *Cypreſs* was employed in the funeral rites of the Romans, and hence is always mentioned as an ill-boding plant. STEEVENS.

7 —*murdering* baſiliſks!—lizard's *ſtings!*] It has been ſaid of the *baſiliſk* that it had the power of deſtroying by a ſingle glance of its eye. A *lizard* has no ſting, but is quite inoffenſive. STEEVENS.
See p. 181, n. *. MALONE.

8 *You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?*] This inconſiſtency is very common in real life. Thoſe who are vexed to impatience are angry to ſee others leſs diſturbed than themſelves; but when others begin to rave, they immediately ſee in them what they could not find in themſelves, the deformity and folly of uſeleſs rage. JOHNSON.

* *Q. Mar.* O, let me entreat thee cease[9]! Give me thy hand,
* That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
* Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
* To wash away my woeful monuments.
* O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand; [*kisses his hand.*
* That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
* Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee[1]!
* So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
* 'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
* As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
* I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
* Adventure to be banished myself:
* And banished I am, if but from thee.
* Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.—
* O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd
* Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
* Lother a hundred times to part than die.
* Yet now farewel; and farewel life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
* 'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
* A wilderness is populous enough,
* So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
* For where thou art, there is the world itself,
* With every several pleasure in the world;
* And where thou art not, desolation.

9 *O, let me entreat thee,* &c.] Instead of the first four lines of this speech, we find in the old play these, which Shakspeare has availed himself of elsewhere:

"No more, sweet Suffolk, hie thee hence to France;
"Or live where thou wilt within this world's globe,
"I'll have an Irish [Iris] that shall find thee out." MALONE.

1 *That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs,* &c.] That by the impression of my kiss for ever remaining on thy hand thou mightest think on those lips through which a thousand sighs will be breathed for thee. JOHNSON.

See the song introduced in *Measure for Measure:*

"But my *kisses* bring again,
"*Seals* of love, but seal'd in vain."

Of this image our author appears to have been fond, having introduced it in several places. There is no trace of it in the old play. MALONE.

* I can no more:—Live thou to joy thy life;
* Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

'*Q. Mar.* Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I pr'ythee?

'*Vaux.* To signify unto his majesty,
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
' For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
' That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
' Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
' Sometime, he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost
' Were by his side; sometime, he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
* The secrets of his over-charged soul[1]:
' And I am sent to tell his majesty,
' That even now he cries aloud for him.

'*Q. Mar.* Go, tell this heavy message to the king.
[*Exit* Vaux.

' Ah me! what is this world? what news are these[2]?
' But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss[3],
' Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
' Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
' And with the southern clouds contend in tears;
' Theirs for the earth's increase*, mine for my sorrows?

1 *And whispers to his pillow, as to him,*
The secrets, &c.] The first of these lines is in the old play. The second is unquestionably our author's. The thought appears to have struck him; for he has introduced it again in *Macbeth*:

" ——— Infected minds
" To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets." MALONE.

2 *Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?*] Instead of this line, the quarto reads:

Oh! what is worldly pomp? all men must die,
And woe am I for Beaufort's heavy end. STEEVENS.

3 *— at an hour's poor loss,*] I believe the poet's meaning is, *Wherefore do I grieve that Beaufort has died an hour before his time,* who, being an old man, could not have had a long time to live? STEEVENS.

This certainly may be the meaning; yet I rather incline to think that the queen intends to say, "Why do I lament a circumstance, the impression of which will pass away in the short period of an hour; while I neglect to think on the loss of Suffolk, my affection for whom no time will efface?" MALONE.

* *—for the earth's* increase,] See Vol. II. p. 467, n. 8. MALONE.

' Now,

' Now, get thee hence: The king, thou know'st, is coming;
' If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.
' *Suf.* If I depart from thee, I cannot live:
' And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
' As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
Where, from thy sight [4], I should be raging mad,
' And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
' To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
' So should'st thou either turn my flying soul [5],
' Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
From thee to die, were torture more than death:
O, let me stay, befall what may befall.
' *Q. Mar.* Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive [6],
' It is applied to a deathful wound.
' To France, sweet Suffolk: Let me hear from thee;
' For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris [7] that shall find thee out.
Suf. I go.
Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.
Suf. A jewel lock'd into the woful'st cask

4 Where, *from thy sight*,—] In the preambles of almost all the statutes made during the first twenty years of queen Elizabeth's reign, the word *where* is used instead of *whereas*. It is so used here. MALONE.

5 —*turn my flying soul*,] Perhaps Mr. Pope was indebted to this passage in his *Eloisa to Abelard*, where he makes that votarist of exquisite sensibility say:

" See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
" Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul." STEEV.

6 *Away! though parting be a fretful* corrosive,] This word was generally, in our author's time, written, and, I suppose, pronounced, *corsive*; and the metre shews that it ought to be so pronounced here. So, in *The Alchymist*, " *corsive* waters." Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

" His son distrest, a *corsive* to his heart." MALONE.

7 *I'll have an* Iris—] *Iris* was the messenger of Juno. JOHNSON.
So, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

" ——— this distemper'd messenger of wet,
" The many-colour'd *Iris*,—". STEEVENS.

That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me. [*Exeunt, severally.*

SCENE III.

London. *Cardinal* Beaufort's *Bed-chamber.*

Enter King HENRY[8], SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and Others. The* Cardinal *in bed*; *Attendants with him.*

* *K. Hen.* How fares my lord[9]? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

[8] *Enter* King Henry, *&c.*] The quarto offers the following stage directions. *Enter King and Salisbury, and then the curtaines be drawne, and the cardinal is discovered in his bed, raving and staring as if he were mad.* STEEVENS.

This description did not escape our author, for he has availed himself of it elsewhere. See the speech of Vaux in p. 194. MALONE.

[9] *How fares my lord,* &c.] This scene, and that in which the dead body of the duke of Gloster is described, are deservedly admired. Having already submitted to the reader the lines on which the former scene is founded, I shall now subjoin those which gave rise to that before us:

" *Car.* O death, if thou wilt let me live but one whole year,
" I'll give thee as much gold as will purchase such another island.
" *King.* O see, my lord of Salisbury, how he is troubled.
" Lord Cardinal, remember, Christ must have thy soul.
" *Car.* Why, dy'd he not in his bed?
" What would you have me to do then?
" Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
" Sirrah, go fetch me the strong poison, which
" The 'pothecary sent me.
" O, see where duke Humphrey's ghost doth stand,
" And stares me in the face! Look; look; comb down his hair.
" So now, he's gone again. Oh, oh, oh.
" *Sal.* See how the pangs of death doth gripe his heart.
" *King.* Lord Cardinal, if thou diest assured of heavenly bliss,
" Hold up thy hand, and make some sign to me.
[*The Cardinal dies.*
" O see, he dies, and makes no sign at all.
" O God, forgive his soul!
" *Sal.* So bad an end did never none behold;
" But as his death, so was his life in all.
" *King* Forbear to judge, good Salisbury, forbear;
" For God will judge us all. Go take him hence,
" And see his funerals be perform'd." [*Exeunt.* MALONE.

Car.

' *Car.* If thou be'ſt death, I'll give thee England's treaſure [1],
' Enough to purchaſe ſuch another iſland,
' So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
* *K. Hen.* Ah, what a ſign it is of evil life,
* When death's approach is ſeen ſo terrible!
* *War.* Beaufort, it is thy ſovereign ſpeaks to thee.
* *Car.* Bring me unto my trial when you will.
' Dy'd he not in his bed? where ſhould he die?
' Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no [2]?—
* O! torture me no more, I will confeſs.—
' Alive again? then ſhew me where he is;
' I'll give a thouſand pound to look upon him.—
* He hath no eyes, the duſt hath blinded them *.—
' Comb down his hair; look! look! it ſtands upright,

[1] *If thou be'ſt death, I'll give thee England's treaſure,* &c.] The following paſſage in Hall's *Chronicle,* Henry VI. fol. 70, b. ſuggeſted the correſponding lines to the author of the old play: "During theſe doynges, Henry Beaufford, byſhop of Wincheſter, and called the riche Cardynall, departed out of this worlde.—This man was—haut in ſtomach and hygh in countenance, ryche above meaſure of all men, and to fewe liberal; diſdaynful to his kynne, and dreadful to his lovers. His covetous inſaciable and hope of long lyfe made hym bothe to forget God, his prynce, and hymſelfe, in his latter dayes; for Doctor John Baker, his pryvie counſailer and his chapellayn, wrote, that lying on his death bed, he ſaid theſe words. 'Why ſhould I dye, havyng ſo muche riches? If the whole realme would ſave my lyfe, I am able either by pollicie to get it, or by ryches to bye it. Fye, will not death be hyered, nor will money do nothynge? When my nephew of Bedford died, I thought my ſelfe halfe up the whele, but when I ſawe myne other nephew of Glouceſter diſceaſed, then I thought my ſelfe able to be equal with kinges, and ſo thought to increaſe my treaſure in hope to have worne a trypple croune But I ſe nowe the worlde fayleth me, and ſo I am deceyved; praying you all to pray for me." MALONE.

[2] *Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?*] So, in *King John:*

" We cannot hold mortality's ſtrong hand:—
" Why do you bend ſuch ſolemn brows on me?
" Think you, I bear the ſhears of deſtiny?
" Have I commandment on the pulſe of life?" MALONE.

* *He hath no eyes,* &c.] So, in *Macbeth:*

" Thou haſt no ſpeculation in thoſe eyes,
" Which thou doſt glare with."

' Like lime-twigs ſet to catch my winged ſoul!—
' Give me ſome drink; and bid the apothecary
' Bring the ſtrong poiſon that I bought of him.
* *K. Hen.* O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
* Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
* O, beat away the buſy meddling fiend,
* That lays ſtrong ſiege unto this wretch's ſoul,
* And from his boſom purge this black deſpair!
' *War.* See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.
* *Sal.* Diſturb him not, let him paſs peaceably.
* *K. Hen.* Peace to his ſoul, if God's good pleaſure be!
' Lord cardinal, if thou think'ſt on heaven's bliſs,
' Hold up thy hand[3], make ſignal of thy hope.—
' He dies, and makes no ſign; O God, forgive him!
' *War.* So bad a death argues a monſtrous life.
' *K. Hen.* Forbear to judge, for we are ſinners all[4].—
' Cloſe up his eyes, and draw the curtain cloſe;
' And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt*[5].

3 *Hold up thy hand,*] Thus in the old play of *King John*, 1591, Pandulph ſees the king dying, and ſays:

" Then, good my lord, if you forgive them all,
" *Lift up your hand*, in token you forgive."

Again:

" *Lift up thy hand*, that we may witneſs here,
" Thou dieſt the ſervant of our Saviour Chriſt:—
" Now joy betide thy ſoul!" STEEVENS.

4 *Forbear to judge, for we are ſinners all.*—]

" Peccantes culpare cave, nam labimur omnes,
" Aut ſumus, aut fuimus, vel poſſumus eſſe quod hic eſt."

JOHNSON.

5 *Exeunt.*] This is one of the ſcenes which have been applauded by the criticks, and which will continue to be admired when prejudice ſhall ceaſe, and bigotry give way to impartial examination. Theſe are beauties that riſe out of nature and of truth; the ſuperficial reader cannot miſs them, the profound can image nothing beyond them.

JOHNSON.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.[6]

Kent. *The Sea-ſhore near* Dover.

Firing heard at ſea[7]. *Then enter from a boat, a* Captain, *a* Maſter, *a* Maſter's-Mate, Walter Whitmore, *and Others; with them* SUFFOLK, *and other Gentlemen priſoners.*

* *Cap.* The gaudy, blabbing, and remorſeful day[8]
* Is crept into the boſom of the ſea;

* And

6 The circumſtance on which this ſcene is founded, is thus related by Hall in his Chronicle:—"But fortune wold not that this flagitious perſon [the Duke of Suffolk, who being impeached by the Commons was baniſhed from England for five years] ſhoulde ſo eſcape; for when he ſhipped in Suffolke, entendynge to be tranſported into France, he was encontered with a ſhippe of warre appertaynyng to the Duke of Exceſter, the Conſtable of the Towre of London, called *the Nicholas of the Towre*. The capitaine of the ſame bark with ſmall fight entered into the duke's ſhyppe, and perceyving his perſon preſent, brought him to Dover rode, and there on the one ſyde of a cocke-bote, cauſed his head to be ſtryken of, and left his body with the head upon the ſandes of Dover; which corſe was there founde by a chapelayne of his, and conveyed to Wyngfielde college in Suffolke, and there buried." MALONE.

7 *Firing heard at ſea.*] Perhaps Ben Jonſon was thinking of this play, when he put the following declaration into the mouth of Moroſe in the *Silent Woman*. "Nay, I would ſit out a play that were nothing but *fights at ſea*, drum, trumpet, and target." STEEVENS.

8 *The gaudy,* blabbing, *and* remorſeful *day.*] The epithet *blabbing* applied to the day by a man about to commit murder, is exquiſitely beautiful. Guilt is afraid of light, conſiders darkneſs as a natural ſhelter, and makes night the confidante of thoſe actions which cannot be truſted to the *tell-tale day*. JOHNSON.

Remorſeful is pitiful. So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

" —— a gentleman
" Valiant, wiſe, *remorſeful*, well accompliſh'd."

The ſame idea occurs in *Macbeth*:

" Scarf up the tender eye of *pitiful day*." STEEVENS.

This ſpeech is an amplification of the following one in the firſt part of *The Whole Contention*, &c. quarto, 1600:

" Bring forward theſe priſoners that ſcorn'd to yield;
" Unlade their goods with ſpeed, and *ſink their ſhip*.

 " Here

* And now loud-howling wolves arouſe the jades
* That drag the tragick melancholy night;
* Who with their drowſy, ſlow, and flagging wings
* Clip dead men's graves [9], and from their miſty jaws
* Breathe foul contagious darkneſs in the air.
* Therefore, bring forth the ſoldiers of our prize;
* For, whilſt our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
* Here ſhall they make their ranſom on the ſand,
* Or with their blood ſtain this diſcolour'd ſhore.—
' Maſter, this priſoner freely give I thee;—
' And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
' The other, [*pointing to* Suffolk.] Walter Whitmore, is thy ſhare.

' 1. *Gent.* What is my ranſom, maſter? let me know.

' *Maſt.* A thouſand crowns, or elſe lay down your head.

' *Mate.* And ſo much ſhall you give, or off goes yours.

* *Cap.* What, think you much to pay two thouſand crowns,
* And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—
* Cut both the villains' throats;—for die you ſhall;
* The lives of thoſe which we have loſt in fight,

" Here maſter, this priſoner I give to you,
" This other the maſter's mate ſhall have;
" And Walter Whickmore, thou ſhalt have this man;
" And let them pay their ranſome ere they paſs.
" *Suff.* Walter!" [*he ſtarteth.*

Had Shakſpeare's play been taken down by the ear, or an imperfect copy otherwiſe obtained, his lines might have been multilated, or imperfectly repreſented; but would a new circumſtance (like that of *ſinking* Suffolk's *ſhip*) not found in the original, have been *added* by the copyiſt?—On the other hand, if Shakſpeare new modelled the work of another, ſuch a circumſtance might will be *omitted.* MALONE.

9 ——— *the jades*
That drag the tragick melancholy night,
Who with their drowſy, ſlow, and flagging wings
Clip dead men's graves,] The wings of the jades that drag night appears an unnatural image, till it is remembered that the chariot of the night is ſuppoſed, by Shakſpeare, to be drawn by dragons. JOHNSON.

See Vol. II. p. 505, n. 8. MALONE.

* Cannot

• Cannot be counter-pois'd[1] with such a petty sum.
* 1. *Gent.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.
* 2. *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.
• ' *Whit.* I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
' And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die; [*to* Suf.
' And so should these, if I might have my will.
* *Cap.* Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.
' *Suf.* Look on my George[2], I am a gentleman;
' Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.
' *Whit.* And so am I; my name is—Walter Whitmore.
' How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?
' *Suf.* Thy name affrights me[3], in whose sound is death.
' A cunning man did calculate my birth,
' And told me—that by *Water* I should die[4]:
' Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
' Thy name is—*Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.
' *Whit.* *Gualtier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;
' Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name *,

' But

[1] Cannot *be counterpois'd*—] I suspect that a line has been lost, preceding—"The lives of those," &c. and that this speech belongs to *Whitmore*; for it is inconsistent with what the captain says afterwards. The word *cannot* is not in the folio. The old play affords no assistance. The word now added is necessary to the sense, and is a less innovation on the text than what has been made in the modern editions—*Nor can those lives*, &c. MALONE.

[2] *Look on my* George,] In the first edition it is *my ring*. WARBURT. Here we have another proof of what has been already so often observed. A *ring* and a *George* could never have been confounded either by the eye or the ear. So, in the original play the ransom of each of Suffolk's companions is a hundred pounds, but here a thousand crowns. MALONE.

[3] *Thy name affrights me*—] But he had heard his name before, without being startled by it. In the old play, as soon as ever the captain has consigned him to "*Walter Whickmore*," Suffolk *immediately* exclaims, *Walter!* Whickmore asks him, why he fears him, and Suffolk replies, "It is thy name affrights me."—Our author has here, as in some other places, fallen into an impropriety, by sometimes following and sometimes deserting his original. MALONE.

[4] — *by* Water—] See the fourth scene of the first act of this play. STEEVENS.

* *Ne'er yet did base dishonour*, &c.] This and the following lines are founded on these two in the old play:

"And therefore ere I merchant-like sell blood for gold,
"Then *cast me headlong down into the sea*."

The

' But with our ſword we wip'd away the blot;
' Therefore, when merchant-like I ſell revenge,
' Broke be my ſword, my arms torn and defac'd,
' And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!
[*lays hold on* Suffolk.

' *Suf.* Stay, Whitmore; for thy priſoner is a prince,
The duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

' *Whit.* The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!

Suf. Ay, but theſe rags are no part of the duke;
Jove ſometime went diſguis'd, And why not I [5]?

Cap. But Jove was never ſlain, as thou ſhalt be.

' *Suf.* Obſcure and lowly ſwain [6], king Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaſter,
' Muſt not be ſhed by ſuch a jaded groom [7].
Haſt thou not kiſs'd thy hand, and held my ſtirrop?
' Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
' And thought thee happy when I ſhook my head?
' How often haſt thou waited at my cup,
' Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,

The new image which Shakſpeare has introduced into this ſpeech, "— my arms torn and defac'd,"—is found alſo in *King Richard II*:

"From my own windows *torn my houſehold coat*,
"Raz'd out my impreſs; leaving me no ſign,—
"Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
"To ſhew the world I am a gentleman."

See the notes on that paſſage, Vol. V. p. 51, n. [illegible] S. MALONE.

5 *Jove ſometime went diſguis'd, &c.*] This verſe is omitted in all but the firſt old edition, [quarto, 1600,] without which what follows is not ſenſe. The next line alſo,

Obſcure and lowly ſwain, king Henry's blood,

was falſly put in the Captain's mouth. POPE.

6 — lowly *ſwain,*] The folio reads—*lowſy* ſwain. STEEVENS.

The quarto *lowly*. In a ſubſequent paſſage the folio has the word right:

By ſuch a *lowly* vaſſal as thyſelf.

Lowſy was undoubtedly an errour of the preſs. MALONE.

7 — *a* jaded *groom.*] I ſuppoſe he means a low fellow, fit only to attend upon horſes; which in our author's time were frequently termed *iades*. The original play has *jady*, which conveys this meaning (the only one that the words ſeem to afford,) more clearly, *jaded* being liable to an equivoque. MALONE.

' When

' When I have feasted with queen Margaret?
* Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;
* Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride[8]:
* How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
* And duly waited for my coming forth?
' This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
' And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue*.

* *Whit*. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?
* *Cap*. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.
* *Suf*. Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so art thou.
' *Cap*. Convey him hence, and on our long boat's side
' Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.
Cap. Yes, Poole.
Suf. Poole[9]?
Cap. Poole? Sir Poole? lord[1]?
' Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
' Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
' Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,

8 — *abortive pride*:] Pride that has had birth too soon, pride issuing before its time. JOHNSON.

* — charm *thy riotous tongue*.] i. e. restrain thy licentious talk; compel thee to be silent See Vol. III. p. 320, n. 3, and Mr. Steevens's note in *Othello*, Act V. sc. ult. where Iago uses the same expression. It occurs frequently in the books of our author's age. MALONE.

9 Cap. *Yes, Poole*.
Suf. *Poole?*] These two little speeches are found in the quarto, but not in the folio. It is clear from what follows that these speeches were not intended to be rejected by Shakspeare, but accidentally omitted at the press. I have therefore restored them. See p. 202 n. 5. MALONE.

I think the two intermediate speeches should be inserted in the text, to introduce the captain's repetition of *Poole*, &c. STEEVENS.

1 *Poole? Sir Poole? lord?*] The dissonance of this broken line makes it almost certain that we should read with a kind of ludicrous climax:

Poole? Sir Poole? lord Poole?

He then plays upon the name *Poole, kennel, puddle*. JOHNSON.

In the old play the reply of the captain is—

" Yea, Poole, puddle, kennell, sink and dirt." MALONE.

' For

' For ſwallowing [9] the treaſure of the realm:
' Thy lips, that kiſs'd the queen, ſhall ſweep the ground;
' And thou, that ſmil'dſt at good duke Humphrey's death,
' Againſt the ſenſeleſs winds ſhalt grin in vain [1],
* Who, in contempt, ſhall hiſs at thee again:
* And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
* For daring to affy [2] a mighty lord
* Unto the daughter of a worthleſs king,
* Having neither ſubject, wealth, nor diadem.
* By deviliſh policy art thou grown great,
* And, like ambitious Sylla, over-gorg'd
* With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
* By thee, Anjou and Maine were ſold to France;
* The falſe revolting Normans, thorough thee,
* Diſdain to call us lord; and Picardy
* Hath ſlain their governors, ſurpriz'd our forts,
* And ſent the ragged ſoldiers wounded home.
* The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,—
* Whoſe dreadful ſwords were never drawn in vain,—
* As hating thee, are riſing [3] up in arms:
* And now the houſe of York—thruſt from the crown,
* By ſhameful murder of a guiltleſs king,
* And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,—
* Burns with revenging fire; whoſe hopeful colours
* Advance our half-fac'd ſun [4], ſtriving to ſhine,
* Under the which is writ—*Invitis nubibus.*
* The commons here in Kent are up in arms:

9 For *ſwallowing*—] He means, perhaps, ſo as to prevent thy ſwallowing, &c. So, in the *Puritan*, 1607: "—he is now in huckſter's handling *for* running away." I have met with many other inſtances of this kind of phraſeology. The more obvious interpretation, however, may be the true one. MALONE.

1 —*ſhalt grin in vain,*] From hence to the end of this ſpeech is undoubtedly the original compoſition of Shakſpeare, no traces of it being found in the elder play. MALONE.

2 —*to* affy—] To *affy* is to betroth in marriage. STEEVENS.

3 —are *riſing*—] Old Copy—*and* riſing. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

4 —*whoſe hopeful colours*
Advance our half-fac'd ſun,] "Edward III. bare for his device the rays of the ſun diſperſing themſelves out of a cloud." Camden's *Remaines*. MALONE.

* And,

* And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
* Is crept into the palace of our king,
* And all by thee :—Away ! convey him hence.
  * *Suf.* O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
* Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges !
* Small things make base men proud : ' this villain here,
' Being captain of a pinnace [5], threatens more
' Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate [6].
' Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
' It is impossible, that I should die
' By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
' Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me *:
' I go of message from the queen to France ;
' I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.
  ' *Cap.* Walter,—
  ' *Whit.* Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

5 *Being captain of a* pinnace,] A *pinnace* did not anciently signify, as at present, a man of war's boat, but a ship of small burthen. So, in *Winwood's Memorials*, Vol. III. p. 118 : " The king (James I.) naming the great ship, Trade's Increase ; and the prince, a *pinnace* of 250 tons (built to wait upon her) Pepper-corn." STEEVENS.

6 *Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.*] " *Bargulus, Illyrius latro, de quo est apud Theopompum, magnas opes habuit,*" Cicero *de Officiis*, lib. ii cap. 11. WARBURTON.

Dr. Farmer observes that Shakspeare might have met with this pirate in two translations. Robert Whytinton, 1533, calls him " Bargulus, a pirate upon the see of Illiry ;" and Nicholas Grimald, about twenty-three years afterwards, " Bargulus, the Illyrian robber."

Bargulus does not make his appearance in the quarto, but we meet with another hero in his room. The Captain, says Suffolk,

Threatens more plagues than mighty *Abradas*,
The great Macedonian pirate.

I know nothing more of this *Abradas*, than that he is mentioned by Greene in his *Penelope's Web*, 1601 : " *Abradas*, the great Macedonian pirat, thought every one had a letter of mart that bare sayles in the ocean." STEEVENS.

Here we see another proof of what has been before suggested. See p. 153, n. 3 ; and p. 201, n. 2. MALONE.

* *Thy words move rage, and not remorse in me* :] This line Shakspeare has injudiciously taken from the Captain, to whom it is attributed in the original play, and given it to Suffolk ; for what *remorse*, that is, *pity*, could Suffolk be called upon to shew to his *assailant* ; whereas the Captain might with propriety say to his *captive*,—thy haughty language exasperates me, instead of exciting my *compassion*. MALONE.

* *Suf.*

* *Suf. Pene gelidus timor occupat artus*[7]:—'tis thee I
I fear.

' *Whit.* Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.
' What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

' 1. *Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

' *Suf.* Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
' Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
' Far be it, we should honour such as these
' With humble suit: no, rather let my head
' Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
' Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;
' And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
' Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
* True nobility is exempt from fear:—
* More can I bear, than you dare execute[8].

' *Cap.* Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

' *Suf.* Come, soldiers, shew what cruelty ye can*,
' That

7 Pene *gelidus timor occupat artus*:] The folio, where alone this line is found, reads—*Pine*, &c. a corruption, I suppose, of the word that I have substituted in its place. I know not what other word could have been intended. The editor of the second folio, and all the modern editors, have escaped the difficulty, by suppressing the word. The measure is of little consequence, for no such line, I believe, exists in any classick author. Dr. Grey refers us to "Ovid de *Trist.* 313, and *Metamorph.* 247:" a very wide field to range in; however with some trouble I found out what he meant. The line is *not* in Ovid; (nor I believe in any other poet;) but in his *De Tristibus*, lib. I. El. iii. 113, we find

Navita, confessus *gelido* pallore *timorem*,—

and in his *Metamorph.* Lib. IV. 247, we meet with these lines:

Ille quidem *gelidos* radiorum viribus *artus*,
Si queat, in vivum tentat revocare calorem. MALONE.

8 *More can I bear, than you dare execute.*] So, in *K. Henry VIII*:

" ——I am able now, methinks,
" (Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
" To endure more miseries, and greater far,
" Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer."

Again, in *Othello*:

" Thou hast not half that power to do me harm,
" As I have to be hurt." MALONE.

* *Come soldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.*] In the folio this line is given the Captain by the carelessness of the printer or transcriber. The present regulation was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer, and followed by Dr. Warburton. See the latter part of note 5, p. 202. MALONE.

Surely this line belongs to Suffolk. No cruelty was meditated beyond decollation;

'That this my death may never be forgot!—
'Great men oft die by vile bezonians[9]:
'A Roman ſworder[1] and banditto ſlave
'Murder'd ſweet Tully; Brutus' baſtard hand[2]
'Stabb'd Julius Cæſar; ſavage iſlanders,
'Pompey the great[3]: and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit* SUF. *with* Whitmore *and others.*

Cap. And as for theſe whoſe ranſom we have ſet,
It is our pleaſure, one of them depart:—
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the first Gentleman.*

Re-enter WHITMORE, *with* Suffolk's *body.*

'*Whit.* There let his head and lifeleſs body lie,

decollation; and without ſuch an introduction, there is an obſcure abruptneſs in the beginning of his reply to the captain. STEEVENS.

9 — *bezonians.*] *Biſogniſo*, is a mean low man. So, in Markham's *Engliſh Huſbandman*, p. 4: "The ordinary tillers of the earth, ſuch as we call huſbandmen; in France peſants, in Spaine *beſonyans*, and generally the cloutſhoe." See Vol. V. p. 429, n. 8. STEEVENS.

1 *A Roman ſworder*, &c.] i. e. Herennius a centurion, and Popilius Laenas, tribune of the ſoldiers. STEEVENS.

2 — *Brutus' baſtard hand*—] Brutus was the ſon of Servilia, a Roman lady, who had been concubine to Julius Cæſar. STEEVENS.

3 *Pompey the great*;] The poet ſeems to have confounded the ſtory of Pompey with ſome other JOHNSON.

This circumſtance might be advanced as a ſlight proof, in aid of many ſtronger, that our poet was no claſſical ſcholar. Such a one could not eaſily have forgotten the manner in which the life of Pompey was concluded. Spenſer likewiſe abounds with deviations from eſtabliſhed hiſtory and fable. STEEVENS.

Pompey being killed by Achillas and Septimius at the moment that the Egyptian fiſhing-boat in which they were, reached the coaſt, and his head being thrown into the ſea, (a circumſtance which Shakſpeare found in North's tranſlation of Plutarch) his miſtake does not appear more extraordinary than ſome others which have been remarked in his works.

It is remarkable that the introduction of Pompey was among Shakſpeare's additions to the old play: This may account for the claſſical error, into which probably the original author would not have fallen. In the quarto the lines ſtand thus:

"A ſworder, and banditto ſlave
"Murdered ſweet Tully;
"Brutus' baſtard hand ſtabb'd Julius Cæſar,
"And Suffolk dies by pirates on the ſeas." MALONE.

'Until

'Until the queen his miſtreſs bury it[4]. [Exit.

'1. *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody ſpectacle!
'His body will I bear unto the king:
'If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
'So will the queen, that living held him dear.
[*Exit, with the body.*

SCENE II.

Blackheath.

Enter George Bevis *and* John Holland.

'*Geo.* Come, and get thee a ſword[5], though made of 'a lath; they have been up theſe two days.

'*John.* They have the more need to ſleep now then.

'*Geo.* I tell thee[6], Jack Cade the clothier means to 'dreſs the commonwealth, and turn it, and ſet a new 'nap upon it.

'*John.* So he had need, for 'tis thread-bare. Well, I ſay, it was never merry world in England, ſince gentlemen came up.

* *Geo.* O miſerable age! Virtue is not regarded in * handycrafts-men.

'*John.* The nobility think ſcorn to go in leather a-'prons.

* *Geo.* Nay more, the king's council are no good work-* men.

* *John.* True; And yet it is ſaid,—Labour in thy vo-

4 *There let his head,* &c.] Inſtead of this ſpeech the quarto gives us the following:

Cap. Off with his head, and ſend it to the queen,
And ranſomleſs this priſoner ſhall go free,
To ſee it ſafe delivered unto her. STEEVENS.

See p. 205, n. 6, and the notes there referred to. MALONE.

5 — *get thee a ſword,*] The quarto reads—Come away *Nick,* and *put a long ſtaff in thy pike,* &c. STEEVENS.

So afterwards, inſtead of "Cade the *clothier,*" we have in the quarto "Cade the *dyer* of *Aſhford.*" See the notes above referred to. MALONE.

6 *I tell thee,*—] In the original play this ſpeech is introduced more naturally. *Nick* aſks George "Sirra George, what's the matter?" to which George replies, "Why marry, Jack Cade, the *dyer* of Aſhford here," &c. MALONE.

* cation:

* cation: which is as much to ſay, as,—let the magiſtrates
* be labouring men; and therefore ſhould we be magi-
* ſtrates.

* *Geo.* Thou haſt hit it: for there's no better ſign of a
* brave mind, than a hard hand.

* *John.* I ſee them! I ſee them! There's Beſt's ſon,
* the tanner of Wingham;—

* *Geo.* He ſhall have the ſkins of our enemies, to make
* dog's leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher[7],—

* *Geo.* Then is ſin ſtruck down like an ox, and iniqui-
* ty's throat cut like a calf.

* *John.* And Smith the weaver:—

* *Geo.* *Argo*, their thread of life is ſpun.

* *John.* Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. *Enter* CADE, DICK *the butcher*, SMITH *the weaver, and others in great number.*

'*Cade.* We John Cade, ſo term'd of our ſuppoſed
' father,—

Dick. Or rather, of ſtealing a cade of herrings[8]. [*Aſide.*

* '*Cade.* —for our enemies ſhall fall before us[9], inſpired
' with

7 *And Dick the butcher,—*] In the firſt copy thus:
"Why there's Dick the butcher, and *Robin the ſadler*, and *Will that came a wooing to our Nan laſt Sunday, and Harry and Tom, and Gregory that ſhould have your parnell, and a great ſort more, is come from Rocheſter and from Maidſtone, and Canterbury, and all the towns here-abouts, and we muſt all be lords, or ſquires, as ſoon as Jack Cade is king.*"
See p. 127, n. 2; p. 133, n. 3; p. 201, n. 2; and p. 205, n. 6. MALONE.

8 — *a cade of herrings.*] That is, a barrel of herrings. I ſuppoſe the word *keg*, which is now uſed, is *cade* corrupted. JOHNSON.

Naſh ſpeaks of having weighed one of Gabriel Harvey's books againſt *a cade of herrings*, and ſays, "That the rebel Jacke Cade was the firſt that deviſed to put redde herrings in *cades*, and from him they have their name." *Praiſe of the Red Herring*, 1599. STEEVENS.

9 — *our enemies ſhall fall before us,*] He alludes to his name *Cade*, from *cado*, Lat. *to fall.* He has too much learning for his character. JOHNSON.

We John Cade, &c.] This paſſage, I think, ſhould be regulated thus:
Cade. We John Cade, ſo term'd of our ſuppoſed father, for our enemies ſhall fall before us;—
Dick. Or rather of ſtealing a cade of herrings.
Cade. Inſpired with the ſpirit, &c. TYRWHITT.

'with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,—
'Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer. [*Aside.*

'*Cade.* My mother a Plantagenet,—

'*Dick.* I knew her well, she was a midwife. [*Aside.*

'*Cade.* My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces. [*Aside.*

'*Smith.* But, now of late, not able to travel with her 'furr'd pack [1], she washes bucks here at home. [*Aside.*

'*Cade.* Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage *. [*Aside.*

* *Cade.* Valiant I am.

* *Smith.* 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant. [*Aside.*

Cade. I am able to endure much.

In the old play the corresponding passage stands thus:

Cade. I John Cade, so named *for* my valiancy,—

Dick. Or rather *for* stealing of a cade of sprats.

The transposition recommended by Mr. Tyrwhitt is so plausible, that I had once regulated the text accordingly. But Dick's quibbling on the word *of* (which is used by Cade, according to the phraseology of our author's time, for *by*, and as employed by Dick signifies—*on account of*,) is so much in Shakspeare's manner, that no change ought, I think, to be made. If the words "Or rather of stealing," &c. be postponed to—"For our enemies shall fall before us," Dick then, as at present, would assert—that Cade is not so called on account of his enemies *falling* before him, but on account of a particular theft; which indeed would correspond sufficiently with the old play; but the quibble on the word *of*, which appears very like a conceit of Shakspeare, would be destroyed. Cade, as the speeches stand in the folio, proceeds to assign the origin of his name without paying any regard to what Dick has said. MALONE.

[1] —*furr'd pack*,] A wallet or knapsack of skin with the hair outward. JOHNSON.

In the original play the words are—"and now being not able to *occupy* her furred pack,"— under which perhaps "more was meant than meets the ear." MALONE.

* —*but the* cage.] A cage was formerly a term for a prison. See Minsheu, in v. We yet talk of jail-*birds*. MALONE.

Dick.

Dick. No queſtion of that; for I have ſeen him whipp'd three market days together. [*Aſide*.

• *Cade*. I fear neither ſword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the ſword, for his coat is of proof[2]. [*Aſide*.

Dick. But, methinks, he ſhould ſtand in fear of fire, being burnt i'the hand for ſtealing of ſheep. [*Aſide*.

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There ſhall be, in England, ſeven half-penny loaves ſold for a penny: the three-hoop'd pot ſhall have ten hoops[3]; and I will make it felony, to drink ſmall beer: all the realm ſhall be in common, and in Cheapſide ſhall my palfry go to graſs. And, when I am king, (as king I will be)—

All. God ſave your majeſty!

' *Cade*. I thank you, good people:—there ſhall be no ' money[4]; all ſhall eat and drink on my ſcore; and ' I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may ' agree like brothers, and worſhip me their lord.

' *Dick*. The firſt thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

• *Cade*. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing[5], that of the ſkin of an innocent lamb ſhould be made parchment? that parchment, being ſcribbled o'er, ſhould undo a man? Some ſay, the bee ſtings: but I ſay, 'tis

2 —*for his coat is of* proof.] A quibble between two ſenſes of the word; one as being able to reſiſt, the other as being *well tried*, that is, long worn. HANMER.

3 —*the* three-hoop'd *pot ſhall have ten* hoops;] See Naſh's *Pierce Pennileſſe his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592: "I believe *hoopes* in quart pots were invented to that end, that every man ſhould take his *hoope*, and no more." It appears from a paſſage in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonſon, that "burning of cans" was one of the offices of a city magiſtrate. I ſuppoſe he means ſuch as were not of ſtatutable meaſure. STEEVENS.

4 —*there ſhall be no money*;] To mend the world by baniſhing money is an old contrivance of thoſe who did not conſider that the quarrels and miſchiefs which ariſe from money, as the ſign or ticket of riches, muſt, if money were to ceaſe, ariſe immediately from riches themſelves, and could never be at an end till every man was contented with his own ſhare of the goods of life. JOHNSON.

5 *Is not this a lamentable thing*, &c.] This ſpeech was tranſpoſed by Shakſpeare, it being found in the old play in a ſubſequent ſcene. MALONE.

the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now? who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies*.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. H'as a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations [6], and write court-hand.

' *Cade.* I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, on ' mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. ' —Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: What is ' thy name?

Clerk. Emanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters [7];—'Twill go hard with you.

' *Cade.* Let me alone:—Dost thou use to write thy

* *We took him*, &c.] We must suppose that Smith had taken the Clerk some time before, and left him in the custody of those who now bring him in. In the old play *Will* the *weaver* enters with the Clerk, though he has not long before been conversing with Cade. Perhaps it was intended that Smith should go out after his speech—ending, "for his coat is of proof:" but no *Exit* is marked in the old copy. It is a matter of little consequence.—It is, I think, most probable that *Will* was the true name of this character, as in the old play, (so Dick, George, John, &c.) and that *Smith*, the name of some low actor, has crept into the folio by mistake. MALONE.

6 —*obligations*,] That is, *bonds*. MALONE.

7 — *on the top of letters*;] i. e. of letters missive, and such like publick acts. See Mabillon's *Diplomata*. WARBURTON.

In the old anonymous play, called *The famous Victories of Henry V. containing the honourable Battell of Agincourt*, I find the same circumstance. The archbishop of Burges (i. e. Bruges) is the speaker, and addresses himself to king Henry:

"I beseech your grace to deliver me your safe
"Conduct; under your broad seal *Emanuel*."

The king in answer says:

"——— deliver him safe conduct
"Under our broad seal *Emanuel*." STEEVENS.

' name?

'name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest 'plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

'*All.* He hath confess'd: away with him; he's a vil-'lain, and a traitor.

'*Cade.* Away with him, I say: hang him with his 'pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[*Exeunt some with the* Clerk.

Enter MICHAEL.

'*Mich.* Where's our general?

'*Cade.* Here I am, thou particular fellow.

'*Mich.* Fly, fly, fly! sir Humphrey Stafford and his 'brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

'*Cade.* Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down: 'He shall be encounter'd with a man as good as him-'self: He is but a knight, is 'a?

'*Mich.* No.

'*Cade.* To equal him, I will make myself a knight 'presently; Rise up sir John Mortimer. Now have at him[8].

Enter Sir Humphrey STAFFORD, *and* William *his Brother, with drum and forces.*

* *Staf.* Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
* Mark'd for the gallows,—lay your weapons down,
* Home to your cottages, forsake this groom;—
* The king is merciful, if you revolt.

* *W. Staf.* But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
* If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not[9];
It is to you, good people, that I speak,

8 — *have at him.*] After this speech the old play has the following words:

— Is there any more of them that be knights?
Tom. Yea, his brother.
Cade. Then kneel down, Dick Butcher; rise up sir Dick Butcher. Sound up the drum.

See p. 201, n. 2; and p. 205, n. 6. MALONE.

9 — *I pass not*;] I pay them no regard. JOHNSON.

So, in Drayton's *Quest of Cynthia:*

"Transform me to what shape you can,
"I *pass not* what it be." STEEVENS.

* O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;
* For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

' *Staf.* Villain, thy father was a plaisterer;
' And thou thyself, a shearman, Art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

' *W. Staf.* And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, earl of March,
Married the duke of Clarence' daughter; Did he not?

' *Staf.* Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

W. Staf. That's false.

' *Cade.* Ay, there's the question; but, I say, 'tis true:
' The elder of them, being put to nurse,
' Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;
' And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
' Became a bricklayer, when he came to age:
' His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore, deny it not.

* *Staf.* And will you credit this base drudge's words,
* That speaks he knows not what?

* *All.* Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

* *Cade.* He lies, for I invented it myself. [*Aside.*]—Go to, sirrah, Tell the king from me, that—for his father's sake, Henry the fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns,—I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

' *Dick.* And, furthermore, we'll have the lord Say's
' head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

' *Cade.* And good reason; for thereby is England
' maim'd [1], and fain to go with a staff, but that my puis-
' sance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you, that that

[1] —*is England* maim'd,] The folio has—*main'd.* The correction was made from the old play. I am not, however, sure that a blunder was not intended. Daniel has the same conceit; C. W. 1595:

"Anjou and *Maine*, the *maim* that foul appears—." MALONE.

'lord Say hath gelded the common-wealth [2], and made it 'an eunuch: and more than that, he can ſpeak French, 'and therefore he is a traitor.

* ' *Staf.* O groſs and miſerable ignorance!

' *Cade.* Nay, anſwer, if you can: The Frenchmen are 'our enemies: go to then, I aſk but this; Can he, that 'ſpeaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good coun-'ſellor, or no?

* *All.* No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

* *W. Staf.* Well, ſeeing gentle words will not prevail,
* Aſſail them with the army of the king.

' *Staf.* Herald, away: and, throughout every town,
' Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
' That thoſe, which fly before the battle ends,
' May, even in their wives' and children's ſight,
' Be hang'd up for example at their doors:—
' And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two* STAFFORDS, *and forces.*

* *Cade.* And you, that love the commons, follow me.—
* Now ſhew yourſelves men, 'tis for liberty.
* We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
* Spare none, but ſuch as go in clouted ſhoon;
* For they are thrifty honeſt men, and ſuch
* As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

* *Dick.* They are all in order, and march toward us.

* *Cade.* But then are we in order, when we are moſt
* out of order. Come, march forward [3]. [*Exeunt.*

2 —*hath* gelded *the common-wealth,*] Shakſpeare hath here tranſgreſſed a rule laid down by Tully, *De Oratore:* "Nolo morte dici Africani *caſtratam* eſſe rempublicam." The character of the ſpeaker, however, may countenance ſuch indelicacy. In other places our author, leſs excuſeably, talks of *gelding* purſes, patrimonies, and continents. STEEVENS.

This peculiar expreſſion is Shakſpeare's own, not being found in the old play. In *K. Richard II.* Roſs ſays that Henry of Bolingbroke has been—

"Bereft and *gelded of* his patrimony."

So Cade here ſays, that the commonwealth is *bereft of* what it before poſſeſſed, namely, certain provinces in France. MALONE.

3 *Come, march forward.*] In the firſt copy, inſtead of this ſpeech, we have only—Come, Sirs, *St. George for us, and Kent.* See p. 153, n. 3; p. 201, n. 2; and p. 205, n. 6. MALONE.

SCENE III.

Another Part of Blackheath.

Alarums. The two parties enter, and fight, and both the Staffords *are slain.*

'*Cade.* Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

'*Dick.* Here, sir.

'*Cade.* They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and 'thou behav'dst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own 'slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee,— 'The Lent shall be as long again as it is[4]; and thou 'shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

'*Dick.* I desire no more.

* *Cade.* And, to speak truth, thou deserv'st no less. * This monument of the victory will I bear[5]; and the bo- * dies shall be dragg'd at my horse' heels, till I do come * to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne * before us.

* *Dick.* If we mean to thrive and do good, break open * the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

* *Cade.* Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's * march towards London. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, *reading a supplication; the duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *and lord* SAY *with him: at a distance,* *Queen* MARGARET, *mourning over* SUFFOLK'S *head.*

* *Q. Mar.* Oft have I heard—that grief softens the mind,
* And makes it fearful and degenerate;
* Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.

4 *—as long* again *as it is;*] The word *again,* which was certainly omitted in the folio by accident, was restored from the old play, by Mr. Steevens, on the suggestion of Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

5 *This monument of the victory will I bear;*] Here Cade must be supposed to take off Stafford's armour. So, Holinshed:

"Jack Cade, upon victory against the Staffords, apparelled himself in sir Humphrey's brigandine, set full of gilt nails, and so in some glory returned again toward London." STEEVENS.

* But

* But who can ceaſe to weep, and look on this?
* Here may his head lie on my throbbing breaſt:
* But where's the body that I ſhould embrace?
‘ *Buck.* What anſwer makes your grace to the rebels'
‘ ſupplication [6]?
* *K. Hen.* I'll ſend ſome holy biſhop to entreat [7]:
‘ For God forbid, ſo many ſimple ſouls
‘ Should periſh by the ſword! And I myſelf,
‘ Rather than bloody war ſhall cut them ſhort,
‘ Will parly with Jack Cade their general.—
‘ But ſtay, I'll read it over once again.
* *Q. Mar.* Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
* Rul'd, like a wandering planet [8], over me;
* And could it not enforce them to relent,
* That were unworthy to behold the ſame?
‘ *K. Hen.* Lord Say, Jack Cade hath ſworn to have thy head.
‘ *Say.* Ay, but I hope, your highneſs ſhall have his.

6 —*to the rebels' ſupplication?*] "And to the entent that the cauſe of this glorious capitaynes comyng thither might be ſhadowed from the king and his counſayll, he ſent to him an humble *ſupplication*,—affirmyng his commyng not be againſt him, but againſt divers of his counſayl," &c. Hall, Henry VI. fol. 77. MALONE.

7 *I'll ſend ſome* holy biſhop *to entreat:*] Here, as in ſome other places, our author has fallen into an inconſiſtency, by ſometimes following and ſometimes deſerting his original. In the old play, the king ſays not a word of ſending any *biſhop* to the rebels; but ſays, he will himſelf come and parly with them, and in the mean while orders *Clifford* and *Buckingham* to gather an army and to go to them. See p. 218, n. 9. Shakſpeare, in new modelling this ſcene, found in Holinſhed's Chronicle the following words: "—to whome [Cade] were ſent from the king, the *Archbiſhop of Canterburie* and Humphrey duke of Buckingham, to common with him of his griefs and requeſts." This gave birth to the line before us; which our author afterwards forgot, having introduced in ſcene viii. only Buckingham and Clifford, *conformably to the old play.* MALONE.

8 *Rul'd, like a wandering planet,*] Predominated irreſiſtibly over my paſſions, as the planets over the lives of thoſe that are born under their influence. JOHNSON.

The old play led Shakſpeare into this ſtrange exhibition; a queen with the head of her murdered paramour on her boſom, in the preſence of her huſband! MALONE.

K. Hen.

K. Hen. How now, madam? Still
Lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear, my love *, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

* *K. Hen.* How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

' *Mes.* The rebels are in Southwark; Fly, my lord!
' Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,
' Descended from the duke of Clarence' house;
' And calls your grace usurper, openly,
' And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
' His army is a ragged multitude
' Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
' Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
' Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
' All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
' They call—false caterpillars, and intend their death.

* *K. Hen.* O graceless men! they know not what they do [9].

' *Buck.* My gracious lord, retire to Kenelworth,
' Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

* *Q. Mar.* Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive,
* These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.

' *K. Hen.* Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
' Therefore away with us to Kenelworth.

' *Say.* So might your grace's person be in danger;
' The sight of me is odious in their eyes:
' And therefore in this city will I stay,
' And live alone as secret as I may.

* *I fear, my love,*] The folio has here—I fear *me*, love, which is certainly sense; but as we find " *my* love" in the old play, and these lines were adopted without retouching, I suppose the transcriber's ear deceived him. MALONE.

9 —*what they do.*] Instead of this line, in the old copy we have—
" Go, bid Buckingham and Clifford gather
" An army up, and meet with the rebels." MALONE.

Enter

Enter another Meſſenger.

* 2. *Meſ.* Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge; the citizens
* Fly and forſake their houſes:
* The raſcal people, thirſting after prey,
* Join with the traitor; and they jointly ſwear,
* To ſpoil the city, and your royal court.
* *Buck.* Then linger not, my lord; away, take horſe.
* *K. Hen.* Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will ſuccour us.
* *Q. Mar.* My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.
* *K. Hen.* Farewel, my lord; [*to Lord* Say.] truſt not the Kentiſh rebels.
* *Buck.* Truſt no body, for fear you be betray'd[1].
' *Say.* The truſt I have is in mine innocence,
' And therefore am I bold and reſolute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The ſame. The Tower.

Enter Lord Scales, *and Others, on the walls. Then enter certain* Citizens, *below.*

Scales. How now? is Jack Cade ſlain?

1. *Cit.* No, my lord, nor likely to be ſlain; for they have won the bridge, killing all thoſe that withſtand them: The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can ſpare, you ſhall command;
But I am troubled here with them myſelf,
The rebels have aſſay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will ſend you Matthew Gough:
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And ſo farewel, for I muſt hence again. [*Exeunt.*

[1] — be *betray'd.*] *Be,* which was accidentally omitted in the old copy, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

The same. Cannon-Street.

Enter Jack Cade, *and his followers. He strikes his staff on London-stone.*

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than—lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, *running.*

Sol. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there [3]. [*They kill him.*

* *Smith.* If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you

* Jack Cade more; I think, he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gather'd together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire [4]; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The same. Smithfield.

Alarum. Enter, on one side, CADE *and his company; on the other, Citizens, and the king's forces, headed by* Matthew Gough. *They fight; the citizens are routed, and* Matthew Gough [5] *is slain.*

Cade. So, sirs:—Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick.

[3] *Knock him down there.*] So, Holinshed, p. 634: "He also put to execution in Southwark diverse persons, some for breaking his ordinance, and other being his old acquaintance, lest they should bewraie his base linage, disparaging him for his usurped surname of Mortimer." STEEVENS.

[4] —*set* London bridge *on fire*;] At that time *London bridge* was made of wood. "After that, (says Hall) he entered London and cut the ropes of the *draw*-bridge." The houses on London-bridge were in this rebellion burnt, and many of the inhabitants perished. MALONE.

[5] —*Matthew Gough*—] "A man of great wit and much experience

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shall have it for that word.

' *Dick.* Only, that the laws of England may come out ' of your mouth [5].

' *John.* Mass, 'twill be sore law then; for he was ' thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet. [*Aside.*

' *Smith.* Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his ' breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. [*Aside.*

' *Cade.* I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, ' burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be ' the parliament of England.

* *John.* Then we are like to have biting statutes, un- * less his teeth be pull'd out. [*Aside.*

* *Cade.* And henceforward all things shall be in com- * mon.

Enter a Messenger.

' *Mes.* My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the lord Say, ' which sold the towns in France; * he that made us pay * one and twenty fifteens [6], and one shilling to the pound, * the last subsidy.

Enter George Bevis, *with the Lord* Say.

' *Cade.* Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—

ence in feats of chivalrie, the which in continuall warres had spent his time in service of the king and his father." Holinshed, p. 635. Steevens.

5 —*that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.*] This alludes to what Holinshed has related of *Wat Tyler*, p. 432. "It was reported indeed, that he should saie with great pride, putting his hands to his lips, that within four daies *all the lawes of England should come foorth of his mouth.*" Tyrwhitt.

6 —*one and twenty* fifteens,] "This capteine [Cade] assured them —if either by force or policie they might get the king and queene into their hands, he would cause them to be honourably used, and take such order for the punishing and reforming of the misdemeanours of their bad councellours, that neither *fifteens* should hereafter be demanded, nor anie impositions or taxes be spoken of." Holinshed, Vol. II. p. 632. A *fifteen* was the fifteenth part of all the moveables or personal property of each subject. Malone.

' Ah,

'Ah, thou say, thou serge[7], nay, thou buckram lord!
'now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal.
'What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up
'of Normandy unto mounsieur Basimecu[8], the dauphin of
'France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even
'the presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that
'must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art.
'Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the
'realm, in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas,
'before, our fore-fathers had no other books but the score
'and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used[9];
'and,

7 — *thou* say, *thou serge*,] It appears from Minsheu's DICT. 1617, that *say* was a kind of serge. It is made entirely of wool. There is a considerable manufactory of *say* at Sudbury near Colchester. This stuff is frequently dyed green, and is yet used by some mechanicks in aprons. MALONE.

8 — *mounsieur* Basimecu,] Shakspeare probably wrote *Baisermycu*, or, by a designed corruption, *Basemycu*, in imitation of his original, where also we find a word half French, half English,—"Monsier *Bussminecu*." MALONE.

9 — *printing to be used*;] Shakspeare is a little too early with this accusation. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare might have been led into this mistake by Daniel, in the fifth book of his *Civil Wars*, who introduces *printing* and *artillery* as contemporary inventions:

"Let there be found two fatal instruments,
"The one to publish, th' other to defend
"Impious contention, and proud discontents;
"Make that *instamped characters* may send
"Abroad to thousands thousand men's intents;
"And, in a moment, may dispatch much more
"Than could a world of pens perform before."

Shakspeare's absurdities may always be countenanced by those of writers nearly his contemporaries.

In the tragedy of *Herod and Antipater*, by Gervase Markham and William Sampson, who were both scholars, is the following passage:

"Though *cannons* roar, yet you must not be deaf."

Spenser mentions *cloth* made at Lincoln during the ideal reign of K. Arthur, and has adorn'd a castle at the same period "with cloth of *Arras* and of *Toure*." Chaucer introduces *guns* in the time of Antony and Cleopatra, and (as Mr. Warton has observed) Salvator Rosa places a *cannon* at the entrance of the tent of Holofernes. STEEVENS.

Mr. Meerman in his *Origines Typographicæ* hath availed himself of this

'and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity *,
'thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy
'face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk
'of a noun, and a verb; and such abominable words, as
'no christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appoint-
'ed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about
'matters they were not able to answer [1]. Moreover, thou
'hast put them in prison; and, because they could not
'read, thou hast hang'd them [2]; when, indeed, only for
'that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost
'ride on a foot-cloth [3], dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse wear a cloak [4], when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

* *Dick*. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for
* example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

'*Say*. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens* [5].

'*Cade*.

this passage in Shakspeare, to support his hypothesis, that printing was introduced into England (before the time of Caxton) by Frederick Corsellis, a workman from Haerlem, in the time of Henry VI. BLACKSTONE.

* —*contrary to the king, his crown*, &c.] "Against the peace of the said lord the now king, his crown, and dignity," is the regular language of indictments. MALONE.

1 —*to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer*.] The old play reads, with more humour,—"to hang honest men that *steal for their living*." MALONE.

2 —*because they could not read, thou hast hang'd them*;] That is, they were hanged because they could not claim the benefit of clergy. JOHNSON.

3 *Thou dost ride on a* footcloth,] A *footcloth* was a kind of housing, which covered the body of the horse, and almost reached the ground. It was sometimes made of velvet, and bordered with gold lace. MALONE.

4 —*to let thy horse wear a cloak*,] This is a reproach truly characteristical. Nothing gives so much offence to the lower ranks of mankind as the sight of superfluities merely ostentatious. JOHNSON.

5 —*bona terra, mala gens*.] After this line the quarto proceeds thus:

"*Cade*.

' *Cade.* Away with him, away with him! he speaks
' Latin.

* *Say.* Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.
' Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
' Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle[6]:
' Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
' The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
' Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
' I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
* Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
* Justice with favour have I always done;
* Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
* When have I aught exacted at your hands,
* Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you?
* Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
* Because my book preferr'd me to the king[7]:

* And

" *Cade. Bonum terrum,* what's that?
" *Dick.* He speaks French.
" *Will.* No, 'tis Dutch.
" *Nick.* No, 'tis Outalian: I know it well enough."

Holinshed has likewise stigmatized the Kentish men, p. 677. "The *Kentish-men,* in this season (whose minds be ever moveable at the change of princes) came," &c. STEEVENS.

6 *Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:*] So, in Cæsar's *Comment.* B. V. "Ex his omnibus sunt humanissimi qui *Cantium* incolunt." The passage is thus translated by Arthur Golding, 1590. "Of all the inhabitantes of this isle, the *civilest* are the Kentishfolke." STEEVENS.

So, in Lilly's *Euphues and his England,* 1580, a book which the author of the *Whole Contention,* &c. probably, and Shakspeare certainly, had read: "Of all the inhabitants of this isle the *Kentishmen* are the *civilest.*" MALONE.

7 *When have I aught exacted at your hands,*
Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you?
* *Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,*
Because my book preferr'd me to the king.] This passage I know not well how to explain. It is pointed [in the old copy] so as to make Say declare that he preferred clerks to maintain Kent and the king. This is not very clear; and besides he gives in the following line another reason of his bounty, that learning raised him, and therefore he supported learning. I am inclined to think Kent slipped into this passage by chance, and would read:

When

* And—seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
* Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,—
* Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
* You cannot but forbear to murder me.
* This tongue hath parly'd unto foreign kings
* For your behoof,—

* *Cade.* Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

* *Say.* Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
* Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

* *Geo* O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks!

* *Say.* These cheeks are pale for watching for your good[8].

* *Cade.* Give him a box o'the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

* *Say.* Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
* Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

* *Cade.* Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the
* help of a hatchet[9].

When have I aught exacted at your hands,
But *to maintain the king, the realm, and you?* JOHNSON.

I concur with Dr. Johnson in believing the word *Kent* to have been shuffled into the text by accident. Lord Say, as the passage stands [in the folio], not only declares he had preferred men of learning *to maintain Kent, the king, the realm,* but adds tautologically *you*; for it should be remembered that they are Kentish men to whom he is now speaking. I would read, *Bent* to maintain, &c. i. e. *strenuously resolved to the utmost, to,* &c. STEEVENS.

The punctuation to which Dr. Johnson alludes, is that of the folio:
When have I aught exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you,
Large gifts, have I bestow'd on learned clerks, &c.
I have pointed the passage differently, the former punctuation appearing to me to render it nonsense. I suspect, however, with the preceding editors, that the word *Kent* is a corruption. MALONE.

8 —for *watching*—] That is, in consequence of watching. So Sir John Davies.
"And shuns it still, although *for* thirst she die."
The second folio and all the modern editions read—*with* watching. MALONE.

9 — *and the help of* a *hatchet.*] I suppose, to cut him down after he has been hanged, or perhaps to cut off his head. The article (*a* hatchet) was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

' *Dick.* Why dost thou quiver, man [1] ?

' *Say.* The palsy, and not fear, provokes me?

' *Cade.* Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

* *Say.* Tell me, wherein have I offended most?
* Have I affected wealth, or honour; speak?
* Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
* Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
* Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?
* These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding [2],
* This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
* O, let me live!

* *Cade.* I feel remorse in myself with his words: but I'll bridle it; he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life [3]. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue [4]; he speaks not o'God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

' *All.* It shall be done.

1 *Why dost thou quiver, man?* &c.] Otway has borrowed this thought in *Venice Preserved:*

" *Spinosa.* You are trembling, sir.
" *Renault.* 'Tis a cold night indeed, and I am aged,
" Full of decay and natural infirmities." STEEVENS.

2 *These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,*] I formerly imagined that the word *guiltless* was misplaced, and that the poet wrote—

These hands are guiltless, free from blood-shedding.

But change is unnecessary. *Guiltless* is not an epithet to *blood-shedding*, but to *blood*. These hands are free from shedding *guiltless* or *innocent* blood. So, in *K. Henry VIII:*

" For then my *guiltless blood* must cry against them." MALONE.

3 — *he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life.*] This sentiment is not merely designed as an expression of ferocious triumph, but to mark the eternal enmity which the vulgar bear to those of more liberal education and superior rank. The vulgar are always ready to depreciate the talents which they behold with envy, and insult the eminence which they despair to reach. STEEVENS.

4 — *a familiar under his tongue*;] A *familiar* is a dæmon who was supposed to attend at call. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost:*

" Love is a *familiar*; there is no angel but love." STEEVENS.

* *Say.*

' * *Say*. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,
* God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
* How would it fare with your departed souls?
* And therefore yet relent, and save my life.
* *Cade*. Away with him, and do as I command ye.
[*Exeunt some, with Lord* SAY.

' The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on ' his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not ' a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maiden- ' head ere they have it [5]: Men shall hold of me *in capite* [6]; ' and we charge and command, that their wives be as ' free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell *.

' *Dick*. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and ' take up commodities upon our bills [7]?

' *Cade*.

5 —*shall pay to me her maidenhead*, &c.] Alluding to an ancient usage on which B. and Fletcher have founded their play called the *Custom of the Country*. See Mr. Seward's note at the beginning of it. STEEVENS.

See Blount's GLOSSOGRAPHIA, 8vo, 1681, in v. *Marcheta*. Hector Boethius and Skene both mention this custom as existing in Scotland till the time of Malcolm the Third, A.D. 1057. MALONE.

Blount's account of this custom has received the sanction of several eminent antiquaries; but a learned writer, Sir David Dalrymple, controverts the fact, and denies the actual existence of the custom. See *Annals of Scotland*. Judge Blackstone, in his *Commentaries*, is of opinion it never prevailed in *England*, though he supposes it certainly did in Scotland. REED.

6 —*in* capite;] This equivoque, for which the author of the old play is answerable, is too learned for Cade. MALONE.

* — *or tongue can tell*.] After this, in the old play, Robin enters to inform Cade that London bridge is on fire and Dick enters with a serjeant; i. e. a bailiff; and there is a dialogue consisting of seventeen lines, of which Shakspeare has made no use whatsoever. MALONE.

7 —*take up commodities upon our* bills?] Perhaps this is an equivoque alluding to the *brown bills*, or halberds, with which the commons were anciently armed. PERCY.

Thus, in the original play:

" *Nick*. But when shall we take up those commodities which
" you told us of?
" *Cade*. Marry, he that will lustily stand to it, shall take up
" these commodities following: Item, a gown, a kirtle, a pet-
" ticoat, and a smocke."

If the *Whole Contention*, &c. printed in 1600, was an imperfect transcript of Shakspeare's Second and Third Part of *K. Henry VI*. (as it

'*Cade* Marry, presently.

'*All.* O brave!

Re-enter Rebels, *with the heads of Lord* SAY *and his son-in-law.*

'*Cade.* But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one another[8]; for they loved well, when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and, at every corner, have them kiss.—Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Southwark.

Alarum. Enter CADE, *and all his rabblement.*

* *Cade.* Up Fish-street! down saint Magnus' corner!
* kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!—

[*A parley sounded, then a retreat.*

* What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound
* retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM, *and old* CLIFFORD, *with forces.*

'*Buck.* Ay, here they be that dare, and will disturb thee:
'Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king

has hitherto been supposed to be,) we have here another extraordinary proof of the *inventive* faculty of the transcriber.—It is observable that the equivoque which Dr. Percy has taken notice of, is *not* found in the old play, but *is* found in Shakspeare's *Much ado about nothing:*

"*Ber.* We are likely to prove a goodly *commodity*, being taken
"up of these men's *bills*.
"*Con.* A *commodity* in question, I warrant you."

See Vol. II. p. 262. MALONE.

[8] *Let them kiss one another;*] This is from the *Mirrour for Magistrates*, in the legend of *Jack Cade:*

"With these two heads I made a pretty play,
"For pight on poles I bore them through the strete,
"And for my sport made *each kisse other* swete." FARMER.

It is likewise found in Holinshed, p. 634: "—and as it were in a spite caused them in every street *to kisse* together." STEEVENS.

So also in Hall, Henry VI. folio 78. MALONE.

'Unto

Unto the commons, whom thou haſt miſled;
' And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
' That will forſake thee, and go home in peace.
' *Clif.* What ſay ye, countrymen[9]? will ye relent,
' And yield to mercy, whilſt 'tis offer'd you;
' Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
' Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
' Fling up his cap, and ſay—God ſave his majeſty!
' Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
' Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,
' Shake he his weapon at us, and paſs by.
' *All.* God ſave the king! God ſave the king!
' *Cade.* What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye ſo ' brave?—And you, baſe peaſants, do ye believe him? ' will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about ' your necks? Hath my ſword therefore broke through ' London gates, that you ſhould leave me at the White-' hart in Southwark? I thought, ye would never have ' given out theſe arms, till you had recover'd your anci-' ent freedom: but you are all recreants, and daſtards; ' and delight to live in ſlavery to the nobility. Let them ' break your backs with burdens, take your houſes over ' your heads, raviſh your wives and daughters before ' your faces: For me,—I will make ſhift for one; and ' ſo—God's curſe 'light upon you all!

9 *Clif. What ſay ye, countrymen?* &c.] The variation in the original play is worth noting:

Why countrymen, and warlike friends of Kent,
What means this mutinous rebellion,
That you in troops do muſter thus yourſelves,
Under the conduct of this traitor, Cade?
To riſe againſt your ſovereign lord and king,
Who mildly hath this pardon ſent to you,
If you forſake this monſtrous rebel here.
If honour be the mark whereat you aim,
Then haſte to France, that our forefathers won,
" And win again that thing which now is loſt,
" And leave to ſeek your country's overthrow.
" *All.* A Clifford, a Clifford. [*They forſake* Cade.

Here we have preciſely the ſame verſification which we find in all the tragedies and hiſtorical dramas that were written before the time of Shakſpeare. MALONE.

'*All.* We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.

'*Clif.* Is Cade the ſon of Henry the fifth,
'That thus you do exclaim—you'll go with him?
'Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
'And make the meaneſt of you earls and dukes?
'Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
'Nor knows he how to live, but by the ſpoil,
'Unleſs by robbing of your friends, and us.
'Wer't not a ſhame, that, whilſt you live at jar,
'The fearful French, whom you late vanquiſhed,
'Should make a ſtart o'er ſeas, and vanquiſh you?
'Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
'I ſee them lording it in London ſtreets,
'Crying—*Villageois* *! unto all they meet.
'Better, ten thouſand baſe-born Cades miſcarry,
'Than you ſhould ſtoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
'To France, to France, and get what you have loſt;
'Spare England, for it is your native coaſt:
'Henry hath money [1], you are ſtrong and manly;
'God on our ſide, doubt not of victory.

'*All.* A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king,
'and Clifford.

'*Cade.* Was ever feather ſo lightly blown to and fro, 'as this multitude? the name of Henry the fifth hales 'them to an hundred miſchiefs, and makes them leave 'me deſolate. I ſee them lay their heads together, to 'ſurprize me: my ſword make way for me [2], for here is 'no ſtaying.—In deſpight of the devils and hell, have 'through the very midſt of you! and heavens and honour 'be witneſs, that no want of reſolution in me, but only

* —*Villageois!*] Old Copy—*Villiago.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

1 *Henry hath money,*] Dr. Warburton reads—Henry hath *mercy,* but he does not ſeem to have attended to the ſpeaker's drift, which is to lure them from their preſent deſign by the hope of French plunder. He bids them ſpare England, and go to France, and encourages them by telling them that all is ready for their expedition; that they have *ſtrength,* and the king has *money.* JOHNSON.

2 —*my ſword make way for me,*] In the original play Cade employs a more vulgar weapon: "My *ſtaff* ſhall make way through the midſt of you, and ſo a pox take you all!" MALONE.

'my

'my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me
'betake me to my heels. [Exit.

'*Buck.* What, is he fled? go some, and follow him;
'And he, that brings his head unto the king,
'Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—
[*Exeunt some of them.*
'Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean
'To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Kenelworth *Castle.*

Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *and* SOMERSET, *on the terrace of the Castle.*

* *K. Hen.* Was ever king, that joy'd an earthly throne,
* And could command no more content than I?
* No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
* But I was made a king, at nine months old[3]:
* Was never subject long'd to be a king,
* As I do long and wish to be a subject[4].

Enter BUCKINGHAM, *and* CLIFFORD.

* *Buck.* Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty!
* *K. Hen.* Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpriz'd?

3 —*I was made a king at nine months old:*] So all the historians agree. And yet in Part I. p. 67, king Henry is made to say:

"I do remember how my father said,"—

a plain proof that the whole of that play was not written by the same hand as this. BLACKSTONE.

4 *to be a subject.*] In the original play before the entry of Buckingham and Clifford, we have the following short dialogue, of which Shakspeare has here made no use:

"*King.* Lord Somerset, what news hear you of the rebel Cade?
"*Som.* This, my gracious lord, that the lord Say is done to
"death, and the city is almost sack'd.
"*King.* God's will be done; for as he hath decreed,
"So it must be; and be it as he please,
"To stop the pride of these rebellious men.
Queen. Had the noble duke of Suffolk been alive,
"The rebel Cade had been suppress'd ere this,
"And all the rest that do take part with him."

This sentiment he has attributed to the queen in sc. iv. MALONE.

* Or is he but retir'd to make him ſtrong?

Enter, below, a great number of Cade's *followers, with halters about their necks.*

' *Clif.* He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
' And humbly thus with halters on their necks
' Expect your highneſs' doom, of life, or death.
' *K. Hen.* Then, heaven, ſet ope thy everlaſting gates[5],
' To entertain my vows of thanks and praiſe!—
' Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
' And ſhew'd how well you love your prince and country:
' Continue ſtill in this ſo good a mind,
' And Henry, though he be infortunate,
' Aſſure yourſelves, will never be unkind:
' And ſo, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
' I do diſmiſs you to your ſeveral countries.
All. God ſave the king! God ſave the king!

Enter a Meſſenger.

* *Meſ.* Pleaſe it your grace to be advertiſed,
* The duke of York is newly come from Ireland:
* And with a puiſſant and a mighty power,
* Of galloglaſſes, and ſtout kerns[6],

[5] *Then, heaven,* &c.] Thus, in the original play:
" *King.* Stand up, you ſimple men, and give God praiſe,
" For you did take in hand you know not what;
" And go in peace, obedient to your king,
" And live as ſubjects; and you ſhall not want,
" Whilſt Henry lives and wears the Engliſh crown.
" *All.* God ſave the king, God ſave the king." MALONE.

[6] *Of* galloglaſſes, *and ſtout* kerns,] Theſe were two orders of foot ſoldiers among the Iriſh. See Dr. Warburton's note on the ſecond ſcene of the firſt act of *Macbeth.* STEEVENS.

"The *galloglaſſe* uſeth a kind of pollax for his weapon. Theſe men are grim of countenance, tall of ſtature, big of limme, luſty of body, wel and ſtrongly timbered. The *kerne* is an ordinary ſouldier, uſing for weapon his ſword and target, and ſometimes his peece, being commonly good markmen. Kerne [Kigheyren] ſignifieth a ſhower of hell, becauſe they are taken for no better than for rake-hells, or the devils blacke garde." Stanihurſt's *Deſcription of Ireland,* Ch. 8. f. 28. BOWLE.

* Is

' Is marching hitherward in proud array;
' And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
' His arms are only to remove from thee
' The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.
* *K. Hen.* Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd;
* Like to a ship, that, having 'scap'd a tempest,
* Is straitway calm, and boarded with a pirate[7]:
* But now[8] is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;
* And now is York in arms, to second him.—
* I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him;
* And ask him, what's the reason of these arms.
* Tell him, I'll send duke Edmund to the Tower;—
* And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
* Until his army be dismiss'd from him.
* *Som.* My lord,
* I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
* Or unto death, to do my country good.
* *K. Hen.* In any case, be not too rough in terms;
* For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.
* *Buck.* I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal,
* As all things shall redound unto your good.

7 *Is straitway* calm, *and boarded with a pirate:*] Thus the first folio, where alone this passage is found. The editor of the second folio, who appears to have been wholly unacquainted with Shakspeare's phraseology, changed *calm* to *claim'd*. The editor of the third folio changed *claim'd* to *calm'd*; and the latter word has been adopted, unnecessarily in my apprehension, by the modern editors. Many words were used in this manner in our author's time, and the import is precisely the same as if he had written *calm'd*. So, in *King Henry IV.* "— what a *candy* deal of courtesy," which Mr. Pope altered improperly to— "what a deal of *candy'd* courtesy." See Vol. V. p. 142, n. 8, and 9.

By *my state* Henry, I think, means, *his realm*; which had recently become quiet and peaceful by the defeat of Cade and his rabble. "*With* a pirate," agreeably to the phraseology of Shakspeare's time, means, "*by* a pirate." MALONE.

I believe *calm'd* [not *claim'd*] is right. The commotion raised by Cade was over, and the mind of the king was subsiding into a *calm*, when York appeared in arms, to raise fresh disturbances, and deprive it of its momentary peace. STEEVENS.

8 But *now*—] *But* is here not adversative.—It was only *just now*, says Henry, that Cade and his followers were routed. MALONE.

* *K. Hen.*

* *K. Hen.* Come, wife, let's in [9], and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.
[*Exeunt*.

SCENE X.

Kent. Iden's *Garden* [1].

Enter CADE.

* *Cade.* Fie on ambition! fie on myself; that have a
* sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days
* have I hid me in these woods; and durst not peep out,
* for all the country is lay'd for me; but now am I so
* hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a
* thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on
* a brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden; to see if
* I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which
* is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather.
* And, I think, this word sallet was born to do me good:
* for, many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan [2] had
* been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time, when
* I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath served
* me

9 *Come, wife, let's in, &c.*] In the old play the king concludes the scene thus:

"Come, let us haste to London now with speed,
"That solemn processions may be sung,
"In laud and honour of the God of heaven,
"And triumph of this happy victory." MALONE.

1 *Kent. Iden's garden.*] Holinshed, p. 635, says: "—a gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Eden, awaited so his time, that he tooke the said Cade in a garden in *Sussex*, so that there he was slaine at Hothfield, &c."

Instead of the soliloquy with which the present scene begins, the quarto has only this stage-direction. *Enter Jack Cade at one doore, and at the other M. Alexander Eyden and his men, and Jack Cade lies down picking of hearbs, and eating them.* STEEVENS.

2 — *but for a* sallet, *my brain pan, &c.*] A *sallet* is a helmet. Minshieu conjectures that it is derived a "*salut*, Gal. because it keepeth the head whole from breaking." He adds, "alias *salade* dicitur, a G. *salade*, idem; utrumque vero *celando*, quod caput tegit."

The word undoubtedly came to us from the French. In the Stat. 4 and 5 Ph. and Mary, ch. 2. we find—"twentie haquebuts, and twentie morians or *salets*." MALONE.

So,

'me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the
'word sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN, *with Servants.*

'*Iden.* Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
'And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
'This small inheritance, my father left me,
'Contenteth me, and is worth a monarchy.
'I seek not to wax great by others[2] waining[3];
'Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy[4];
'Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state,
'And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

'*Cade.* Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for 'a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah, 'villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns 'of the king for carrying my head to him; but I'll make 'thee eat iron like an ostridge, and swallow my sword 'like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

'*Iden.* Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
'I know thee not; Why then should I betray thee?
'Is't not enough, to break into my garden,

[2] So, in Sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*: "—One of the company seeing Brutus athirst also, he ran to the river for water, and brought it in his *sallet*." STEEVENS.

Brain-pan for *skull*, occurs, I think, in Wickliff's translation of Judges, xix. 53. WHALLEY.

3 — *by others'* waining;] The folio reads—*warning*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. *Is* in the preceding line was supplied by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

4 *Or gather wealth, I care not with what* envy;] Or accumulate riches, without regarding the odium I may incur in the acquisition, however great that odium may be. *Envy* is often used in this sense by our author and his contemporaries. It may, however, have here its more ordinary acceptation.

This speech in the old play stands thus:

"Good Lord, how pleasant is this country life!
"This little land my father left me here,
"With my contented mind, serves me as well,
"As all the pleasures in the court can yield,
"Nor would I change this pleasure for the court."

Here surely we have not a hasty transcript of our author's lines, but the distinct composition of a preceding writer. The versification must at once strike the ear of every person who has perused any of our old dramas. MALONE.

'And

'And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
'Climbing my walls in spight of me the owner,
'But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail[5], I pray God, I may never eat grass more.

'*Iden.* Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
'Oppose thy stedfast-gazing eyes to mine[6],
'See if thou canst out-face me with thy looks.
'Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
'Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
'Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon;
'My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
'And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
'Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
'As for words, whose greatness answers words,
'Let this my sword report what speech forbears[7].

* *Cade.* By my valour, the most complete champion * that ever I heard.—' Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut ' not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou

5 *—as dead as a door-nail,*] See *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act V. sc. iii. [Vol. V. p. 429.] STEEVENS.

6 *Oppose thy stedfast-gazing eyes to mine,* &c.] This and the following nine lines are an amplification by Shakspeare on these three of the old play:

"Look on me, my limbs are equal unto thine,
"And every way as big: then hand to hand
"I'll combat with thee. Sirra, fetch me weapons,
"And stand you all aside." MALONE.

7 *As for words, whose greatness answers words,*
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.] *For more words,* whose pomp and tumour may answer words, and only words, I shall forbear them, *and refer the rest to my sword.* JOHNSON.

So, in the third part of *K. Henry VI:*

"I will not bandy with thee, word for word,
"But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one."

More (As for *more* words) was an arbitrary and unnecessary addition made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

'sleep

'sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God[8] on my knees, thou 'may'st be turn'd to hobnails. [*They fight.* Cade *falls.*
'O, I am slain! famine, and no other, hath slain me: 'let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me 'but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. 'Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to 'all that do dwell in this house, because the unconqer'd 'soul of Cade is fled.

'*Iden.* Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
'Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
'And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead[9]:

8 —*I beseech* God—] The folio reads—I beseech *Jove.* This heathen deity, with whom Cade was not likely to be much acquainted, was undoubtedly introduced by the editor of the folio to avoid the penalty of the statute, 3 Jac. I. ch. 21. In the old play 1600, he says, "I beseech *God* thou might'st fall into some *smith's hand*, and be turned to hobnails." This the editor of the *second* edition of the quarto play, no date, but printed in 1619, changed (from the same apprehension) to "I *would* thou might'st fall," &c. These alterations fully confirm my note on *King Henry V.* Vol. V. p. 556, n. 2.—Contrary to the general rule which I have observed in printing this play, I have not adhered in the present instance to the reading of the folio; because I am confident that it proceeded not from Shakspeare, but his editor, who, for the reason already given, makes Falstaff say to Prince Henry—"I knew ye as well as he that made ye," instead of—"*By the Lord*, I knew ye," &c. MALONE.

9 —*when I am dead:*] How Iden was to hang a sword over his own tomb, after he was dead, it is not easy to explain. The sentiment is more correctly expressed in the quarto:

Oh sword, I honour thee for this, and in my chamber
Shalt thou hang, as a monument to after age,
For this great service thou hast done to me. STEEVENS.

Here again we have a single thought considerably amplified. Shakspeare in new moulding this speech, has used the same mode of expression that he has employed in the *Winter's Tale:* "If thou'lt see a thing to *talk on*, when *thou art dead* and rotten, come hither." i. e. for people to talk of. So again, in a subsequent scene of the play before us:

"And *dead men's cries* do fill the empty air."

Which of our author's plays does not exhibit expressions equally bold as "I will hang thee," to express "I will have thee hung?"

I must just observe, that most of our author's *additions* are strongly characteristick of his manner. The making Iden's sword wear the stains of Cade's blood on its point, and comparing those stains to a herald's coat, declare at once the pen of Shakspeare. MALONE.

* Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
* But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
* To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

' *Cade.* Iden, farewel; and be proud of thy victory:
' Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and ex-
' hort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never fear'd
' any, am vanquish'd by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*

* *Iden.* How much thou wrong'st me[1], heaven be my judge.
* Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!
* And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
* So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell[2].
' Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels

[1] *How much thou wrong'st me,*] That is, in supposing that I am proud of my victory. JOHNSON.

An anonymous writer suggests that the meaning may be, that Cade wrongs Iden by undervaluing his prowess, and declaring that he was subdued by famine, not by the valour of his adversary.—I think Dr. Johnson's is the true interpretation. MALONE.

[2] *So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.*] Not to dwell upon the wickedness of this horrid wish, with which Iden debases his character, the whole speech is wild and confused. To draw a man by the heels, headlong, is somewhat difficult; nor can I discover how the dunghill would be his grave, if his trunk were left to be fed upon by crows. These I conceive not to be the faults of corruption but negligence, and therefore do not attempt correction. JOHNSON.

The quarto is more favourable both to Iden's morality and language. It omits this savage wish, and makes him only add, after the lines I have just quoted:

I'll drag him hence, and with my sword
Cut off his head, and bear it with me.

The player editors seem to have preferred want of humanity and common sense, to fewness of lines, and defect of versification. STEEVENS.

By *headlong* the poet undoubtedly meant, with his head trailed along the ground. By saying, "the dunghill shall be thy grave," Iden means, the dunghill shall be the place where thy *dead body shall be laid*: the dunghill shall be the *only* grave which thou shalt have. Surely in poetry this is allowable. So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——— our monuments
" Shall be the maws of kites."

After what has been already stated, I fear it must be acknowledged, that this faulty *amplification* was owing rather to our author's desire to expand a scanty thought of a preceding writer, than to any want of judgment in the player editors. MALONE.

'Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
'And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
'Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
'Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.
[*Exit, dragging out the body.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The same. Fields between Dartford *and* Blackheath.

The King's Camp on one side. On the other, enter YORK *attended, with drum and colours: his forces at some distance.*

'*York.* From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
'And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
'Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
'To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?
'Let them obey, that know not how to rule;
'This hand was made to handle nought but gold:
'I cannot give due action to my words,
'Except a sword, or scepter, balance it[3].
'A scepter shall it have, have I a soul[4];
'On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter

3 —*balance it.*] That is, Balance my hand. JOHNSON.

4 *A scepter shall it have, have I a soul;*] I read:
A scepter shall it have, have I a sword.
York observes that his hand must be employed with a sword or scepter; he then naturally observes, that he has a sword, and resolves that if he has a sword he will have a scepter. JOHNSON.

I rather think York means to say—If I have a *soul*, my hand shall not be without a scepter. STEEVENS.

This certainly is a very natural interpretation of these words, and being no friend to alteration merely for the sake of improvement, we ought, I think, to acquiesce in it. But some difficulty will still remain; for if we read, with the old copy, *soul*, York threatens to "toss the flower-de-luce of France on his *scepter*," which sounds but oddly. To toss it on his *sword*, was a threat very natural for a man who had already triumphed over the French. So, in *K. Henry VI. P. III:*
"The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes."

However,

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

'Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
'The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.
'*Buck.* York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.
'*York.* Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
'Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?
'*Buck.* A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
'To know the reason of these arms in peace;
'Or why, thou—being a subject as I am[5],—
'Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
'Should'st raise so great a power without his leave,
'Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.
'*York.* Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great[6].
'O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
'I am so angry at these abject terms;
'And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
'On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury!
'I am far better born than is the king;
'More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:
'But I must make fair weather yet a while,
'Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.— } *Aside*

However, in the licentious phraseology of our author, York may mean, that he will *wield his sceptre*, (that is, exercise his royal power,) when he obtains it, so as to abase and destroy the French.—The following line also in *King Henry VIII.* adds support to the old copy:
"Sir, *as I have a soul*, she is an angel." MALONE.

5 — *being a subject as I am*,] Here again in the old play we have the style and versification of our author's immediate predecessors:
"Or that thou, being a subject as I am,
"*Should'st thus approach so near with colours spread,*
"*Whereas the person of the king doth keepe.*" MALONE.

6 *Scarce can I speak*, &c.] The first nine lines of this speech are founded on the following in the old play:
"A subject as he is!
"O, how I hate these spiteful abject terms!
"But York dissemble, *till thou meet thy sonnes,*
"Who now in arms expect their father's fight,
"And not far hence I know they cannot be." MALONE.

'O Buck-

'O Buckingham[7], I pr'ythee, pardon me,
'That I have given no anſwer all this while;
'My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
'The cauſe why I have brought this army hither,
'Is—to remove proud Somerſet from the king,
'Seditious to his grace, and to the ſtate.
'*Buck.* That is too much preſumption on thy part:
'But if thy arms be to no other end,
'The king hath yielded unto thy demand;
'The duke of Somerſet is in the Tower.
York. Upon thine honour, is he priſoner?
Buck. Upon mine honour, he is priſoner.
'*York.* Then, Buckingham, I do diſmiſs my powers.—
'Soldiers, I thank you all; diſperſe yourſelves;
'Meet me to-morrow in ſaint George's field,
'You ſhall have pay, and every thing you wiſh.—
* And let my ſovereign, virtuous Henry,
* Command my eldeſt ſon,—nay, all my ſons,
* As pledges of my fealty and love,
* I'll ſend them all as willing as I live;
* Lands, goods, horſe, armour, any thing I have
* Is his to uſe, ſo Somerſet may die.
'*Buck.* York, I commend this kind ſubmiſſion:
'We twain will go into his highneſs' tent[8].

Enter King HENRY, *attended.*

'*K. Hen.* Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
'That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?
* *York.* In all ſubmiſſion and humility,
* York doth preſent himſelf unto your highneſs.
* *K. Hen.* Then what intend theſe forces thou doſt bring?

7 *O Buckingham,*] *O,* which is not in the authentick copy, was added, to ſupply the metre, by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

8 *We twain will go into his highneſs' tent.*] Shakſpeare has here deviated from the original play without much propriety.—He has followed it in making Henry come to Buckingham and York, inſtead of their going to him;—yet without the introduction found in the quarto, where the lines ſtand thus:

Buck. Come, York, thou ſhalt go ſpeak unto the king;—
But ſee, his grace is coming to meet with us. MALONE.

'*York.* To heave the traitor Somerset from hence [9];
'And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
'Who since I hear'd to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, *with* Cade's *head.*

'*Iden.* If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
'May pass into the presence of a king,
'Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
'The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

'*K. Hen.* The head of Cade [*]?—Great God, how just art thou!—
'O, let me view his visage being dead,
'That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
'Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

'*Iden.* I was, an't like your majesty.

'*K. Hen.* How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

'*Iden.* Alexander Iden, that's my name;
'A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

* *Buck.* So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
* He were created knight for his good service.

'*K. Hen.* Iden, kneel down; [*he kneels.*] Rise up a knight.
'We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
'And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

'*Iden.* May Iden live to merit such a bounty,

9 York. *To heave the traitor Somerset from hence*;] The corresponding speech to this is given in the old play to Buckingham, who acquaints the king with the plea that York had before made to him for his rising: "To heave the duke of Somerset," &c. This variation could never have arisen from copyists, short-hand writers, or printers. MALONE.

* *The head of Cade?*] The speech corresponding to this in the first part of the *Whole Contention*, &c. 1600, is alone sufficient to prove that piece the work of another poet:

King. First, thanks to heaven, and next, to thee, my friend,
That hast subdu'd that wicked traitor thus.
O, let me see that head, that in his life
Did work me and my land such cruel spight.
A visage stern; coal-black his curled locks;
Deep trenched furrows in his frowning brow,
Presageth warlike humours in his life.
Here take it hence, and thou for thy reward
Shalt be immediately created knight:
Kneel down, my friend, and tell me what's thy name. MALONE.

'And never live but true unto his liege[1]!
'*K. Hen.* See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen;
'Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen MARGARET, *and* SOMERSET.

'*Q. Mar.* For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
'But boldly stand, and front him to his face.
'*York.* How now! is Somerset at liberty[2]?
'Then, York, unloose thy long imprison'd thoughts,
'And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
'Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—
'False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
'Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
'King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;
'Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
'Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
'That head of thine doth not become a crown;
'Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
'And not to grace an awful princely scepter.
'That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
'Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
'Is able with the change to kill and cure[3].

[1] *May Iden, &c.*] Iden has said before:
Lord! who would live turmoiled in a court,
And may enjoy, &c.
Shakspeare makes Iden rail at those enjoyments which he supposes to be out of his reach; but no sooner are they offered to him but he readily accepts them. ANONYMOUS.

In Iden's eulogium on the happiness of rural life, and in his acceptance of the honours bestowed by his majesty, Shakspeare has merely followed the old play. MALONE.

[2] *How now! &c.*] This speech is greatly amplified, and in other respects very different from the original, which consists of but ten lines. MALONE.

[3] —— *like to Achilles' spear,*
Is able with the change to kill and cure.]
Mysus et Æmonia juvenis qua cuspide vulnus
Senserat, hac ipsa cuspide sensit opem. PROPERT. Lib. II. El. I.
Greene in his *Orlando Furioso*, 1599, has the same allusion:
'Where I took hurt, there have I heal'd myself;
'As those that with Achilles' launce were wounded,
'Fetch'd help at self-same pointed speare.' MALONE.

‘ Here is a hand to hold a ſcepter up,
‘ And with the ſame to act controlling laws.
‘ Give place; by heaven, thou ſhalt rule no more
‘ O'er him, whom heaven created for thy ruler.
‘ *Som.* O monſtrous traitor!—I arreſt thee, York,
‘ Of capital treaſon 'gainſt the king and crown:
* Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.
* *York.* Would'ſt have me kneel? firſt let me aſk of theſe [4],
* If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—
* Sirrah, call in my ſons to be my bail; [*Exit an* Attend.
* I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
* They'll pawn their ſwords for my enfranchiſement.
‘ *Q. Mar.* Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain, [*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.
* To ſay, if that the baſtard boys of York
* Shall be the ſurety for their traitor father.
* *York.* O blood-beſpotted Neapolitan,
* Out-caſt of Naples, England's bloody ſcourge!
‘ The ſons of York, thy betters in their birth,
‘ Shall be their father's bail; and bane to thoſe
‘ That for my ſurety will refuſe the boys.

Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *with forces, at one ſide; at the other, with forces alſo, old* CLIFFORD *and his ſon.*

* See, where they come; I'll warrant, they'll make it good.
* *Q. Mar.* And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.
‘ *Clif.* Health and all happineſs to my lord the king! [*Kneels.*

4 —*firſt let me aſk of* theſe,] By *theſe* Mr. Tyrwhitt ſuppoſes York means his knees, "on which he lays his hands, or at leaſt points to them." I have no doubt that York means either his ſons, whom he mentions in the next line, or his troops, to whom he may be ſuppoſed to point. Dr. Warburton tranſpoſed the lines, placing that which is now the middle line at the beginning of the ſpeech. But, like many of his emendations, it appears to have been unneceſſary. The folio reads —*of thee.* The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. *Sons* was ſubſtituted for *ſon* by the editor of the ſecond folio. The correction is juſtified both by the context and the old play. "*For* my enfranchiſement," inſtead of—*of* my, &c. was likewiſe his correction. MALONE.

‘ *York.*

'*York*. I thank thee, Clifford: Say, what news with thee?
'Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
'We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
'For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.
'*Cliff*. This is my king, York, I do not mistake;
'But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do:—
'To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?
'*K. Hen*. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour[5]
'Makes him oppose himself against his king.
'*Clif*. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
'And chop away that factious pate of his.
Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey;
'His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.
'*York*. Will you not, sons?
Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.
'*Rich*. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.
* *Clif*. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!
* *York*. Look in a glass, and call thy image so;
* I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—
'Call hither to the stake my two brave bears[6],
* That, with the very shaking of their chains,
* They may astonish these fell lurking curs[7];
* Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me[8].

Drums.

5 —*a* bedlam *and ambitious humour*—] The word *bedlam* was not used in the reign of king Henry the Sixth, nor was Bethlehem Hospital (vulgarly called Bedlam) converted into a house or hospital for lunaticks till the reign of king Henry the Eighth, who gave it to the city of London for that purpose. GREY.

Shakspeare was led into this anachronism by the author of the elder play. MALONE.

6 *Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,—*
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come—] The Nevils, earls of Warwick, had a *bear and ragged staff* for their cognizance. SIR J. HAWK.

7 — fell lurking *curs*:] *Curs* who are at once a compound of *cruelty* and *treachery*. STEEVENS.

8 *Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.*] Here in the old play the following lines are found:

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.
York. Call Buckingham and all the friends thou hast;
Both thou and they shall curse this fatal hour.

Drums. Enter WARWICK *and* SALISBURY, *with forces.*

' *Clif.* Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
' And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
' If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.
* *Rich.* Oft have I seen a hot o'er-weening cur
* Run back and bite, because he was withheld[9];
* Who, being suffer'd * with the bear's fell paw,
* Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd:
* And such a piece of service will you do,
* If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.
* *Clif.* Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
* As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!
* *York.* Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.
* *Clif.* Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.
* *K. Hen.* Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?—
* Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,
* Thou mad mis-leader of thy brain-sick son!—
* What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
* And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?—
* O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
* If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
* Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—
* Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
* And shame thine honourable age with blood?
* Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
* Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
* For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,

Buckingham accordingly enters immediately with his forces. Shakspeare, we see, has not introduced him in the present scene, but has availed himself of those lines below. MALONE.

9 *Oft have I seen,* &c.] Bear-baiting was anciently a royal sport. See Stow's Account of Queen Elizabeth's amusements of this kind; and Langham's *Letter concerning that Queen's Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle.* PERCY.

* *—being* suffer'd—] Being suffer'd to approach to the bear's fell paw. Such may be the meaning. I am not however sure but the poet meant, being in a state of *sufferance* or pain. MALONE.

* That

* That bows unto the grave with mickle age.
* *Sal.* My lord, I have consider'd with myself
* The title of this most renowned duke;
* And in my conscience do repute his grace
* The rightful heir to England's royal seat.
* *K. Hen.* Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?
* *Sal.* I have.
* *K. Hen.* Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?
* *Sal.* It is great sin, to swear unto a sin[1];
* But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.
* Who can be bound by any solemn vow
* To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
* To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
* To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
* To wring the widow from her custom'd right;
* And have no other reason for this wrong,
* But that he was bound by a solemn oath?
* *Q. Mar.* A subtle traitor needs no sophister.
'*K. Hen.* Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.
'*York.* Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
'I am resolv'd for death, or dignity[2].
'*Clif.* The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.
'*War.* You were best to go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.
Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet[3],

[1] *It is great sin, to swear unto a sin*; &c.] We have the same sentiment in *Love's Labour's Lost*:
"It is religion, to be thus forsworn."
Again, in *King John*:
"It is religion that doth make vows kept;
"But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
"And most forsworn to keep what thou dost swear." MALONE.

[2] —*for death, or dignity.*] The folio reads—*and* dignity. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[3] —*burgonet,*] is a *helmet*. JOHNSON.

Might I but know thee by thy houſhold badge[4].
War. Now by my father's badge, old Nevil's creſt,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged ſtaff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain top the cedar ſhews,
That keeps his leaves in ſpight of any ſtorm,)
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.
Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
' Deſpight the bear-ward that protects the bear.
' *Y. Clif.* And ſo to arms, victorious father,
' To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.
Rich. Fie! charity, for ſhame! ſpeak not in ſpight,
For you ſhall ſup with *Jeſu Chriſt* to-night.
' *Y. Clif.* Foul ſtigmatick[5], that's more than thou canſt tell.
' *Rich.* If not in heaven, you'll ſurely ſup in hell.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II.

Saint Albans.

Alarums; Excurſions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!
And if thou doſt not hide thee from the bear,
Now,—when the angry trumpet ſounds alarm,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,—
Clifford, I ſay, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarſe with calling thee to arms.

4 —*thy* houſhold *badge.*] The folio has *houſed* badge, owing probably to the tranſcriber's ear deceiving him. The true reading is found in the old play. MALONE.

5 *Foul* ſtigmatick,] A *ſtigmatick* is one on whom nature has ſet a mark of deformity, a ſtigma. STEEVENS.

This certainly is the meaning here. A *ſtigmatick* originally and properly ſignified a perſon who has been branded with a hot iron for ſome crime. See Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616. MALONE.

Enter

Enter YORK.

' How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot?
' *York.* The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
' But match to match I have encounter'd him,
' And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
' Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well [6].

Enter CLIFFORD.

' *War.* Of one or both of us the time is come.
York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chace,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.
' *War.* Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.—
' As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.
[*Exit* WARWICK.
' *Clif.* What seest thou in me, York [7]? why dost thou pause?
' *York.* With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
' But that thou art so fast mine enemy.
' *Clif.* Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
' But that 'tis shewn ignobly, and in treason.

6 *Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.*] In the old play:
"The bonniest gray, that e'er was bred in North." MALONE.

7 *What see'st thou in me, York?* &c.] Instead of this and the ten following lines, we find these in the old play, and the variation is worth noting:

York. Now, Clifford, since we are singled here alone,
Be this the day of doom to one of us;
For now my heart hath sworn immortal hate
To thee and all the house of Lancaster.
Clif. And here I stand, and pitch my foot to thine,
Vowing ne'er to stir till thou or I be slain;
For never shall my heart be safe at rest,
Till I have spoil'd the hateful house of York:
[*Alarums, and they fight, and* York *kills* Clifford.
York. Now Lancaster, sit sure; thy sinews shrink.
Come, fearful Henry, grovelling on thy face,
Yield up thy crown unto the prince of York. [*Exit* York.
MALONE.

' *York.*

'*York.* So let it help me now against thy sword,
' As I in justice and true right express it!

' *Clif.* My soul and body on the action both!—

' *York.* A dreadful lay [8]!—address thee instantly.

[*They fight, and* Clifford *falls.*

' Clif. *La fin couronne les oeuvres* [9]. [*Dies* [1].

' *York.* Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
' Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! [*Exit.*

Enter young CLIFFORD.

* *Y. Clif.* Shame and confusion! all is on the rout [2];
* Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds

* Where

[8] *A dreadful lay!—*] A dreadful wager; a tremendous stake. JOHNSON.

[9] *La fin couronne les oeuvres.*] The players read:

La fin corrone les eumenes. STEEVENS.

Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[1] *Dies.*] Our author, in making Clifford fall by the hand of York, has departed from the truth of history, a practice not uncommon to him when he does his utmost to make his characters considerable. This circumstance however serves to prepare the reader or spectator for the vengeance afterwards taken by Clifford's son on York and Rutland.

It is remarkable, that at the beginning of the third part of this historical play, the poet has forgot this occurrence, and there represents Clifford's death as it really happened:

" *Lord Clifford and lord Stafford all abreast*
" *Charg'd our main battle's front; and breaking in,*
" *Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.*" PERCY.

For this inconsistency the elder poet must answer; for these lines are in the *True tragedie of Richard Duke of York,* &c. on which, as I conceive, the third part of *King Henry VI.* was founded. MALONE.

[2] *Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;* &c.] Instead of this long speech, we have the following lines in the old play:

Y. Clifford. Father of Cumberland!
Where may I seek my aged father forth?
O dismal sight! see where he breathless lies,
All smear'd and welter'd in his luke-warm blood!
Ah, aged pillar of all Cumberland's true house!
Sweet father, to thy murder'd ghost I swear
Immortal hate unto the house of York;
Nor never shall I sleep secure one night,
Till I have furiously reveng'd thy death,
And left not one of them to breathe on earth.

[*He takes him up on his back.*

And

* Where it ſhould guard. O war, thou ſon of hell,
* Whom angry heavens do make their miniſter,
* Throw in the frozen boſoms of our part
* Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no ſoldier fly:
* He, that is truly dedicate to war,
* Hath no ſelf-love; nor he, that loves himſelf,
* Hath not eſſentially, but by circumſtance,
* The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end,

[*ſeeing his dead father.*

* And the premiſed flames[3] of the laſt day
* Knit earth and heaven together!
* Now let the general trumpet blow his blaſt,
* Particularities and petty ſounds
* To ceaſe[4]!—Waſt thou ordain'd, dear father,
* To loſe thy youth in peace, and to atchieve[5]
* The ſilver livery of adviſed age[6];
* And, in thy reverence[7], and thy chair-days, thus
* To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this ſight,
* My heart is turn'd to ſtone[*]: and, while 'tis mine,
* It ſhall be ſtony. York not our old men ſpares;
* No more will I their babes: tears virginal
* Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;

And thus as old Anchiſes' ſon did bear
His aged father on his manly back,
And fought with him againſt the bloody Greeks,
Even ſo will I;—but ſtay, here's one of them,
To whom my ſoul hath ſworn immortal hate. MALONE.

3 *And the* premiſed *flames*—] *Premiſed*, for ſent before their time. The ſenſe is, let the flames reſerved for the laſt day be ſent now. WARBURTON.

4 *To* ceaſe!] is to *ſtop*, a verb active. So, in *Timon of Athens*:
" ——— be not *ceas'd*
" With ſlight denial—." STEEVENS.

5 —*to atchieve*] is, to obtain. JOHNSON.

6 — *of* adviſed *age*;] *Adviſed* is wiſe, experienced. MALONE.

7 *And, in thy* reverence,] In that period of life, which is entitled to the reverence of others. Our author has uſed the word in the ſame manner in *As you like it*, where the younger brother ſays to the elder, (ſpeaking of their father,) " thou art indeed nearer to his *reverence*." MALONE.

* *My heart is turn'd to ſtone*:] So, in *Othello*: " —my heart is turn'd to ſtone; I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand." MALONE.

* And

* And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
* Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax [8].
* Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity:
* Meet I an infant of the house of York,
* Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
* As wild Medea young Absyrtus did *:
* In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
* Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;
[*Taking up the body.*
* As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
* So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders [9];
* But then Æneas bare a living load,
* Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [*Exit.*

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET *and* SOMERSET, *fighting, and* SOMERSET *is killed.*

Rich. So, lie thou there;—

[8] —*to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.*] So, in *Hamlet*:
"To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
"And melt in her own fire." STEEVENS.

* *As wild Medea,* &c.] When Medea fled with Jason from Colchos, she murdered her brother Absyrtus, and cut his body into several pieces, that her father might be prevented for some time from pursuing her. See Ovid, *Trist.* Lib. III. El. 9.

—divellit, divulsaque membra per agros
Dissipat, in multis invenienda locis:—
Ut genitor luctuque novo tardetur, et artus
Dum legit extinctos, triste moretur iter. MALONE.

[9] The quarto copy has these lines:
Even so will I.—But stay, here's one of them,
To whom my soul hath sworn immortal hate.
Enter Richard, *and then* Clifford *lays down his father, fights with him, and* Richard *flies away again.*
Out, crook-back'd villain, get thee from my sight!
But I will after thee, and once again
(When I have borne my father to his tent)
I'll try my fortune better with thee yet.
[*Exit young* Clifford, *with his father.*
STEEVENS.

This is to be added to all the other circumstances which have been urged to shew that the quarto play was the production of an elder writer than Shakspeare. The former's description of Æneas is different. See p. 250, n. 2. MALONE.

'For,

* For, underneath an ale-house' paltry sign[1],
The Castle in saint Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death[2].—
* Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
* Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Excursions. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *and others, retreating.*

* *Q. Mar.* Away, my lord[3], you are slow; for shame, away!

* *K. Hen.* Can we out-run the heavens? good Margaret, stay.

* *Q. Mar.*

[1] *For, underneath an ale-house' paltry sign,*] Dr. Johnson justly observes that the particle *for* seems to be used here without any apparent inference. The corresponding passage in the old play induces me to believe that a line has been omitted, perhaps of this import:

"*Behold, the prophecy is come to pass;*
"For, underneath—" &c.

We have had already two similar omissions in this play. MALONE.

Thus the passage stands in the quarto:

Rich. So lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood!
What's here? the sign of the Castle?
Then the prophecy is come to pass;
For Somerset was forewarned of castles,
The which he always did observe; and now,
Behold, under a paltry ale-house sign,
The Castle in saint Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous by his death. STEEVENS.

[2] —*famous in his death.*—] The death of Somerset here accomplishes that equivocal prediction given by Jourdain, the witch, concerning this duke; which we meet with at the close of the first act of this play:

Let him shun castles:
Safer shall be be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles, mounted, *stand.*

i. e. the representation of a *castle*, mounted for a *sign*. THEOBALD.

[3] *Away, my lord,* &c.] Thus, in the old play:

Queen. Away, my lord, and fly to London straight;
Make haste, for vengeance comes along with them;
Come, stand not to expostulate: let's go.
King. Come then, fair queen, to London let us haste,
And summon a parliament with speed,
To stop the fury of these dire events. [*Exeunt* King *and* Queen.

Previous to the entry of the king and queen, there is the following stage-direction:

"*Alarums*

* *Q. Mar.* What are you made of? you'll nor fight, nor fly:
* Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
* To give the enemy way; and to secure us
* By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum afar off.*
* If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
* Of all our fortunes[4]: but if we haply scape,
* (As well we may, if not through your neglect,)
* We shall to London get; where you are lov'd;
* And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
* May readily be stopp'd.

Enter young CLIFFORD.

* *Y. Clif.* But that my heart's on future mischief set,
* I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
* But fly you must; uncurable discomfit
* Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts[5].
* Away, for your relief! and we will live
* To see their day, and them our fortune give:
* Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

"*Alarums again, and then enter three or four bearing* the Duke of Buckingham wounded to his tent. *Alarums still, and then enter the king and queen.*" See p. 133, n. 3, and p. 140, n. 8. MALONE.

4 *If you be ta'en, we then should* see the bottom
Of all our fortunes:] Of this expression, which is undoubtedly Shakspeare's, he appears to have been fond. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.
"—— for therein should we read
"The very *bottom* and the soul of hope,
"The very list, the very utmost bound
"*Of all our fortunes.*"
Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"Which *sees into the bottom* of my grief."
Again, in *Measure for Measure:*
"To *look* into *the bottom* of my place." MALONE.

5 —*all our present* parts.] Should we not read?—*party.* TYRWHITT.

The text is undoubtedly right. So, before:
"Throw in the frozen bosoms of our *part*
"Hot coals of vengeance."
I think I have met with *part* for *party* in other books of that time
MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Fields near Saint Albans.

Alarum. Retreat. Flouriſh; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, *and Soldiers, with drum and colours.*

' *York.* Of Saliſbury, who can report of him[6];
* That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets
* Aged contuſions and all bruſh of time[7];
* And, like a gallant in the brow of youth[8],
* Repairs him with occaſion? this happy day
* Is not itſelf, nor have we won one foot,
* If Saliſbury be loſt.
' *Rich.* My noble father,
' Three times to-day I holp him to his horſe,

[6] *Of Saliſbury*, &c.] The correſponding ſpeeches to this and the following, are theſe, in the original play:

York. How now, boys! fortunate this fight hath been,
I hope to us and ours, for England's good,
And our great honour, that ſo long we loſt,
Whilſt faint-heart Henry did uſurp our rights.
But did you ſee old Saliſbury, ſince we
With bloody minds did buckle with the foe?
I would not for the loſs of this right hand
That aught but well betide that good old man.
Rich. My lord, I ſaw him in the thickeſt throng,
Charging his launce with his old weary arms;
And thrice I ſaw him beaten from his horſe,
And thrice this hand did ſet him up again;
And ſtill he fought with courage 'gainſt his foes;
The boldeſt-ſprited man that e'er mine eyes beheld.
MALONE.

[7] —*bruſh of time*;] The gradual detrition of time. So, in *Timon of Athens*: "—one winter's *bruſh*—." STEEVENS.

[8] —*gallant in the* brow *of* youth,] The *brow* of *youth*, is the *height* of youth, as the *brow* of a hill is its ſummit. So, in *Othello*:
"——— the head and *front* of my offending."
Again, in *K. John*:
"Why here walk I in the black *brow* of night." STEEVENS.

' Three times bestrid him [9], thrice I led him off,
' Persuaded him from any further act:
' But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
' And like rich hangings in a homely house,
' So was his will in his old feeble body.
' But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

' *Sal.* Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day [1];
' By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:
' God knows, how long it is I have to live;
' And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
' You have defended me from imminent death.—
' Well, lords, we have not got that which we have [2];
' 'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
' Being opposites of such repairing nature [3].

' *York.*

9 *Three times bestrid him,*] That is, Three times I saw him fallen, and, striding over him, defended him till he recovered. JOHNSON.

See Vol. V. p. 245, n. 9. Of this act of friendship, which Shakspeare has frequently noticed in other places, no mention is made in the old play, as the reader may find at the other side of this page; and its introduction here is one of the numerous minute circumstances, which when united form almost a decisive proof that the piece before us was constructed on foundations laid by a preceding writer. MALONE.

1 *Well hast thou fought, &c.*] The variation between this speech and that in the original play deserves to be noticed:

Sal. Well hast thou fought this day, thou valiant duke;
And thou brave bud of York's increasing house,
The small remainder of my weary life,
I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arm
Three times this day thou hast preserv'd my life. MALONE.

2 *Well, lords, we have not got that which we have;*] i. e. we have not secured, we are not sure of retaining, that which we have acquir'd. In our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, a poem very nearly contemporary with the present piece, we meet with a similar expression:

"That oft they have not that which they possess." MALONE.

3 *Being* opposites *of such* repairing *nature.*] Being enemies that are likely so soon to rally and recover themselves from this defeat. See Vol. IV. p. 57, n. 5.

T

'*York*. I know, our ſafety is to follow them;
'For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
'To call a preſent court of parliament[4].
'Let us purſue him, ere the writs go forth:—
'What ſays lord Warwick, ſhall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now by my faith[5], lords, 'twas a glorious day:
Saint Albans' battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—
Sound, drums and trumpets;—and to London all:
And more ſuch days as theſe to us befall! [*Exeunt*.

To *repair* in our author's language is, *to renovate*. So, in *Cymbeline*:
"O, diſloyal thing!
"That ſhould'ſt *repair* my youth,—."
Again, in *All's well that ends well*:
"—— It much *repairs* me,
"To talk of your good father." MALONE.

4 *To call a preſent court of parliament*.] The king and queen left the ſtage only juſt as York entered, and have not ſaid a word about calling a parliament. Where then could York hear this?—The fact is, as we have ſeen, that in the old play the king does ſay, "he will call a parliament," but our author has omitted the lines. He has, therefore, here as in ſome other places, fallen into an impropriety, by ſometimes following and at others deſerting his original. MALONE.

5 *Now by my faith*,] The firſt folio reads—Now by my *hand*. This undoubtedly was one of the many alterations made by the editors of that copy, to avoid the penalty of the Stat 3 Jac. I. c. 21. See p. 237, n. 8. The true reading I have reſtored from the old play. MALONE.

KING HENRY VI.

PART III.

Perſons Repreſented.

King Henry *the Sixth:*
Edward, *Prince of* Wales, *his ſon.*
Lewis XI. *King of* France.

Duke of Somerſet,
Duke of Exeter,
Earl of Oxford,
Earl of Northumberland,
Earl of Weſtmoreland,
Lord Clifford,
} *Lords on King* Henry's *ſide.*

Richard Plantagenet, *Duke of* York.

Edward, *Earl of* March, *afterwards King* Edward IV.
Edmund, *Earl of* Rutland,
George, *afterwards Duke of* Clarence,
Richard, *afterwards Duke of* Glocester,
} *his ſons.*

Duke of Norfolk,
Marquis of Montague,
Earl of Warwick,
Earl of Pembroke,
Lord Haſtings,
Lord Stafford,
} *of the Duke of* York's *party.*

Sir John Mortimer,
Sir Hugh Mortimer,
} *uncles to the Duke of* York.

Henry, *Earl of* Richmond, *a Youth.*
Lord Rivers, *brother to lady* Grey. *Sir* William Stanley.
Sir John Montgomery. *Sir* John Somerville.
Tutor to Rutland. *Mayor of* York. *Lieutenant of the* Tower.
A Nobleman. Two Keepers. A Huntſman.
A ſon that has killed his father.
A father that has killed his ſon.

Queen Margaret.
Lady Grey, *afterwards queen to* Edward IV.
Bona, *ſiſter to the* French *queen.*

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry *and* King Edward, *Meſſengers, Watchmen, &c.*

SCENE, during part of the third act, in France; *during all the reſt of the play, in* England.

THIRD PART OF
KING HENRY VI[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. The Parliament-House.

Drums. Some Soldiers of York's *party break in. Then, Enter the Duke of* YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and Others, with white roses in their hats.*

War. I wonder, how the king escap'd our hands.

York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,

He

[1] The action of this play (which was at first printed under this title, *The true Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the good King Henry the Sixth*; *or, The Second Part of the Contention of York and Lancaster)* opens just after the first battle at Saint Albans, [May 23, 1455,] wherein the York faction carried the day; and closes with the murder of king Henry VI. and the birth of prince Edward, afterwards king Edward V. [November 4, 1471.] So that this history takes in the space of full sixteen years. THEOBALD.

I have never seen the quarto copy of the *Second* part of THE WHOLE CONTENTION, &c. printed by *Valentine Simmes* for Thomas Millington, 1600; but the copy printed by W. W. for Thomas Millington, 1600, is now before me, and it is not precisely the same with that described by Mr. Pope and Mr. Theobald, nor does the undated edition (printed in fact, in 1619) correspond with their description. The title of the piece printed in 1600, by W. W. is as follows: *The true Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt: With the whole contention between the two houses Lancaster and Yorke: as it was sundry times acted by the Right Honourable* the Earle of Pembrooke his Servants. *Printed at London by W. W. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe under St. Peter's Church in Cornewall,* 1600." On this piece Shakspeare, as I conceive, in 1591 formed the drama before us. See p. 115, n. 1, and the Essay at the end of this play. MALONE.

The present historical drama was altered by Crowne, and brought on the stage in the year 1680, under the title of *The Miseries of Civil War.*

Surely

He ſlily ſtole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whoſe warlike ears could never brook retreat,
' Chear'd up the drooping army; and himſelf,
' Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breaſt,
' Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
' Were by the ſwords of common ſoldiers ſlain [2].

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,
' Is either ſlain, or wounded dangerous:
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow;
' That this is true, father, behold his blood.
[*ſhewing his bloody ſword.*

Mont. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltſhire's blood, [*to York, ſhewing his.*
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.
[*throwing down the duke of* Somerſet's *head.*

* *York.* Richard hath beſt deſerv'd of all my ſons.—
What, is your grace [3] dead, my lord of Somerſet?

Norf.

Surely the works of Shakſpeare could have been little read at that period; for Crowne in his prologue, declares the play to be entirely his own compoſition:

" For by his feeble ſkill 'tis built alone,
" The divine Shakſpeare *did not lay one ſtone.*"

whereas the very firſt ſcene is that of Jack Cade copied almoſt verbatim from the ſecond part of *K. Henry VI.* and ſeveral others from this third part, with as little variation. STEEVENS.

This play is only divided from the former for the convenience of exhibition; for the ſeries of action is continued without interruption, nor are any two ſcenes of any play more cloſely connected than the firſt ſcene of this play with the laſt of the former. JOHNSON.

[2] *Were by the ſwords of common ſoldiers ſlain.*] Dr. Percy in a note on the preceding play, (p. 250, n. 1.) has pointed out the inconſiſtency between this account, and the repreſentation there, Clifford being killed on the ſtage by the duke of York, the preſent ſpeaker. Shakſpeare was led into this inconſiſtency by the author of the original plays: if indeed there was but one author, for this circumſtance might lead us to ſuſpect that the *firſt* and *ſecond* part of *The Contention*, &c. were not written by the ſame hand.—However, this is not deciſive; for the author, whoever he was, might have been inadvertent, as we find Shakſpeare undoubtedly was. MALONE.

[3] *What, is your grace—*] The folio reads—*But* is your grace, &c.

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!
Rich. Thus do I hope to ſhake king Henry's head.
War. And ſo do I.—Victorious prince of York,
Before I ſee thee ſeated in that throne
Which now the houſe of Lancaſter uſurps,
I vow by heaven, theſe eyes ſhall never cloſe.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
' And this the regal ſeat: poſſeſs it, York;
For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.
York. Aſſiſt me then, ſweet Warwick, and I will;
' For hither we have broken in by force.
Norf. We'll all aſſiſt you; he, that flies, ſhall die.
York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk,—Stay by me, my lords;—
' And, ſoldiers, ſtay, and lodge by me this night.
War. And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,
' Unleſs he ſeek to thruſt you out by force. [*They retire.*
* *York.* The queen, this day, here holds her parliament;
* But little thinks, we ſhall be of her council:
* By words, or blows, here let us win our right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's ſtay within this houſe.
War. The bloody parliament ſhall this be call'd,
Unleſs Plantagenet, duke of York, be king;
And baſhful Henry depos'd, whoſe cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.
' *York.* Then leave me not, my lords; be reſolute;
I mean to take poſſeſſion of my right.
War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him beſt,
' The proudeſt he that holds up Lancaſter,
Dares ſtir a wing, if Warwick ſhake his bells[4].
' I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:—

It was evidently a miſtake of the tranſcriber, the word in the old play being *Wout*, which ſuits ſufficiently with York's exultation; whereas *Out* affords no ſenſe whatſoever. MALONE.

4 —*if Warwick ſhake his bells.*] The alluſion is to falconry. The hawks had ſometimes little bells hung upon them, perhaps to *dare* the birds; that is, to fright them from riſing. JOHNSON.

Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.
[Warwick *leads* York *to the throne, who seats himself.*

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, *and Others, with red roses in their hats.*

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state! belike, he means,
(Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,)
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;—
And thine, lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.
'*North.* If I be not, heavens, be reveng'd on me!
Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.
West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:
'My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.
K. Hen. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.
Clif. Patience is for poltroons, such as he:
He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.
North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.
K. Hen. Ah, know you not, the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?
Exe. But, when[5] the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.
K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—
[*They advance to the duke*
Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.

5 Exe. *But when*, &c.] This line is by the mistake of the compositor given to Westmoreland. The king's answer shews that it belongs to Exeter, to whom it is assigned in the old play. MALONE.

York.

York. Thou art deceiv'd [6], I am thine.

Exe. For shame, come down; he made thee duke of York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was [7].

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow, but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard [8], duke of York.

'*K. Hen.* And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

'*York.* It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

War. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king.

West. He is both king and duke of Lancaster;
And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those, which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace-gates.

'*North.* Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

'*West.* Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

'*Clif.* Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,

[6] *Thou art deceiv'd,*] These words, which are not in the folio, were restored from the old play. The defect of the metre in the folio, makes it probable that they were accidentally omitted. The measure is, however, still faulty. MALONE.

[7] *'Twas my inheritance, as the* earldom *was.*] York means, I suppose, that the dukedom of York was his inheritance from his father, as the earldom of March was his inheritance from his mother, Anne Mortimer, the wife of the earl of Cambridge; and by naming the earldom, he covertly asserts his right to the crown; for his title to the crown was not as duke of York, but earl of March.

In the original play the line stands thus:

"'Twas my inheritance, as *the kingdom is,*"—

and why Shakspeare altered it, it is not easy to say; for the new line only exhibits the same meaning more obscurely. MALONE.

[8] —and *that's Richard,*] The word *and,* which was accidentally omitted in the first folio, is found in the old play. MALONE.

I send

I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death, before I stir.

'*War*. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats:

York. Will you, we shew our title to the crown?
' If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York [9];
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March:
I am the son of Henry the fifth [1],
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,—
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose:—
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, [*to* York.] as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

York. Sons, peace!

K. Hen. Peace thou! and give king Henry leave to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first:—hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he, that interrupts him, shall not live.

9 *Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York*;] This is a mistake, into which Shakspeare was led by the author of the old play. The father of Richard duke of York was earl of Cambridge, and was never duke of York, being beheaded in the life time of his elder brother Edward duke of York, who fell in the battle of Agincourt. The folio, by an evident error of the press, reads—*My* father. The true reading was furnished by the old play. MALONE.

1 *I am the son of Henry the fifth*,] The military reputation of Henry the Fifth is the sole support of his son. The name of Henry the Fifth dispersed the followers of Cade. JOHNSON.

' *K. Hen*.

'*K. Hen.* Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly throne[2],
Wherein my grandsire, and my father, sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
'Ay, and their colours—often borne in France;
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—
Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords?
'My title's good, and better far than his.

War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king[3].

K. Hen. Henry the fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

K. Hen. I know not what to say; my title's weak.
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then?

'*K. Hen.* An if he may, then am I lawful king:
'For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the fourth;
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his crown[4]?

Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Hen. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

2 *Think'st thou, &c.*] The old play here exhibits four lines that are not in the folio. They could not have proceeded from the *imagination* of the transcriber, and therefore they must be added to the many other circumstances that have been already urged, to shew that these plays were not originally the production of Shakspeare:

"Ah Plantagenet, why seek'st thou to depose me?
"Are we not both Plantagenets by birth,
"And from two brothers lineally discent?
"Suppose by right and equity thou be king,
"Think'st thou," &c. MALONE.

3 *Prove it, Henry, &c.*] *Henry* is frequently used by Shakspeare and his contemporaries as a word of three syllables. MALONE.

4 —*prejudicial to his crown?*] Detrimental to the general rights of hereditary royalty. JOHNSON.

* York.

* *York.* Why whiſper you, my lords, and anſwer not?
Exe. My conſcience tells me, he is lawful king.
K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'ſt,
Think not, that Henry ſhall be ſo depos'd.
' *War.* Depos'd he ſhall be, in deſpight of all.
North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy ſouthern power,
' Of Eſſex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—
Which makes thee thus preſumptuous and proud,—
Can ſet the duke up, in deſpight of me.
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and ſwallow me alive [5],
' Where I ſhall kneel to him that ſlew my father!
' *K. Hen.* O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
York. Henry of Lancaſter, reſign thy crown:—
What mutter you, or what conſpire you, lords?
War. Do right unto this princely duke of York;
Or I will fill the houſe with armed men,
And, o'er the chair of ſtate, where now he ſits,
Write up his title with uſurping blood.
[*He ſtamps, and the ſoldiers ſhew themſelves.*
' *K. Hen.* My lord of Warwick, hear but one word [6];—
' Let me, for this my life-time, reign as king.
York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou ſhalt reign in quiet while thou liv'ſt.
K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my deceaſe [7].

Clif.

5 *May that* ground gape, *and ſwallow me alive,*] So, in Phaer's Tranſlation of the fourth Æneid:

"But rather would I wiſh the groun[illegible] below."

[illegible] STEEVENS.

6 —hear *but one word*;] *Hear* is in th[illegible] folio, as in ſome other places, uſed as a diſſyllable. See Vol. V. p[illegible]49, n. *. The editor of the third folio, and all the ſubſequent editors, read—hear *me* but one word. MALONE.

7 *I am* content: *&c.*] Inſtead of this ſpeech the old play has the following lines:

" *King.* Convey the ſoldiers hence, and then I will.
" *War.* Captaine, conduct them into Tuthilfields."

See

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son?
War. What good is this to England, and himself?
West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!
' *Clif.* How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us?
West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.
North. Nor I.
Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.
* *West.* Farewel, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
* In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.
North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!
Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome!
Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!
[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.
* *War.* Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
Exe. They seek revenge [8], and therefore will not yield.
K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!
War. Why should you sigh, my lord?
K. Hen. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But, be it as it may:—I here entail
' The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign;
* And neither [9] by treason, nor hostility,

See p. 127, n. 2; p. 133, n. 3; p. 140, n. 8; p. 201, n. 2; and p. 205, n. 6. MALONE.

8 *They seek revenge,*] They go away, not because they doubt the justice of this determination, but because they have been conquered, and seek [illegible] They are not influenced by principle, but passion. JOHNSON.

9 *And* neither—] *Neither, either, whether, brother, rather,* and many similar words, were used by Shakspeare as monosyllables. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream:*

"*Either* death or you I'll find immediately."

The editor of the second folio, who appears to have been entirely ignorant of our author's metre and phraseology, not knowing this, omitted the word *And.* MALONE.

* To

* To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.
[*coming from the throne.*

War. Long live king Henry!—Plantagenet embrace him.

' *K. Hen.* And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurs'd be he, that seeks to make them foes!
[*Senet. The lords come forward.*

' *York.* Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle[1].

War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk, with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.
[*Exeunt* YORK, *and his* sons, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *Soldiers, and Attendants.*

* *K. Hen.* And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter Queen MARGARET, *and the Prince of* Wales.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:
I'll steal away.

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I. [*going.*

' *Q. Mar.* Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

' *Q. Mar.* Who can be patient in such extremes?
* Ah, wretched man! 'would I had died a maid,
* And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
* Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
* Hath he deserv'd to lose his birth-right thus?
* Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I;
* Or felt that pain which I did for him once;
* Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood;
* Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
* Rather than have made[2] that savage duke thine heir,

1 —*I'll to my castle.*] Sandal Castle near Wakefield, in Yorkshire. MALONE.

2 Rather *than have made*—] *Rather* is here used as a monosyllable. See p. 269, n. 9. MALONE.

* And

* And disinherited thine only son.

* *Prince.* Father, you cannot disinherit me:
* If you be king, why should not I succeed?

* *K. Hen.* Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet son;—
* The earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforc'd me.

* *Q. Mar.* Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?
'I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
'And given unto the house of York such head,
* As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
* To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
* What is it, but to make thy sepulchre[3],
* And creep into it far before thy time?
* Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made protector of the realm;
' And yet shalt thou be safe? * such safety finds
' The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.
* Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
* The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
' Before I would have granted to that act.
* But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:
' And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
' Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
' Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
' Whereby my son is disinherited[4].
The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
' And spread they shall be; to thy foul disgrace,
' And utter ruin of the house of York.
' Thus do I leave thee:—Come, son, let's away;

3 *What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,*] The queen's reproach is founded on a position long received among politicians, that the loss of a king's power is soon followed by loss of life. JOHNSON.

4 *Whereby my son is disinherited.*] The corresponding line in the old play is this. The variation is remarkable.

"Wherein thou yieldest to the house of York." MALONE.

' Our

' Our army's ready; come, we'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me ſpeak.

Q. Mar. Thou haſt ſpoke too much already; get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle ſon Edward, thou wilt ſtay with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field[5],
I'll ſee your grace: till then, I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, ſon, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen* MARGARET, *and the* Prince.

' *K. Hen.* Poor queen! how love to me, and to her ſon,
' Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
' Reveng'd may ſhe be on that hateful duke;
* Whoſe haughty ſpirit, winged with deſire,
* Will coſt my crown[6]. and, like an empty eagle,
* Tire on the fleſh of me[7], and of my ſon!
* The loſs of thoſe three lords[8] torments my heart:
* I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair;—
* Come, couſin, you ſhall be the meſſenger[9].

* *Exe.* And I, I hope, ſhall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt.*

5 — from *the field,*] Folio—*to* the field. The true reading is found in the old play. MALONE.

6 *Will coſt my crown,*] i. e. will coſt *me* my crown; will induce on me the expence or loſs of my crown. MALONE.

7 Tire *on the fleſh of me,*] To *tire* is to faſten, to fix the talons, from the French *tirer.* JOHNSON.

To *tire* is to *peck.* So, in Decker's *Match me in London,* 1631:

" —— the vulture *tires*
" Upon the eagle's heart." STEEVENS.

8 —*thoſe three lords*—] That is, of Northumberland, Weſtmorland, and Clifford, who had left him in diſguſt. JOHNSON.

9 —*you ſhall be the meſſenger.*] Inſtead of the [illegible] of this ſpeech, the firſt copy preſents theſe:

' Come, couſin of Exeter, ſtay thou here:
' For Clifford and thoſe northern lords be gone,
' I fear towards Wakefield, to diſturb the duke.'

See p. 268, n. 7, and the notes there referred to. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Room in Sandal *Castle, near* Wakefield, *in* Yorkshire.

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, *and* MONTAGUE.

' *Rich.* Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.
Edw. No, I can better play the orator.
Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

' *York.* Why, how now, sons, and brother[1], at a strife?
' What is your quarrel? how began it first?
' *Edw.* No quarrel, but a slight contention.
York. About what?
' *Rich.* About that which concerns your grace, and us;
' The crown of England, father, which is yours.
' *York.* Mine, boy? not till king Henry be dead.
* *Rich.* Your right depends not on his life, or death.
* *Edw.* Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
* By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
* It will outrun you, father, in the end.

[1] —*sons, and brother,*] I believe we should read—*cousin* instead of *brother*, unless *brother* be used by Shakspeare as a term expressive of endearment, or because they embarked, like brothers, in one cause. Montague was only cousin to York, and in the quarto he is so called. Shakspeare uses the expression, *brother of the war*, in *King Lear*. STEEVENS.

It should be, sons and *brothers*; my *sons*, and *brothers* to each other. JOHNSON.

The third folio reads as Dr. Johnson advises. But as York again in this scene addresses Montague by the title of *brother*, and Montague uses the same to York, Dr. Johnson's conjecture cannot be right. Shakspeare [illegible] have supposed them to be brothers-in-law. MALONE.

Brother is right. [illegible] the two succeeding pages York calls Montague *brother*. This may be [illegible] respect to their being *brothers of the war*, as Mr. Steevens observes; or of the same council as in *King Henry VIII*. who says to Cranmer, "You are a *brother* of us." Montague was brother to Warwick; Warwick's daughter was married to a son of York: therefore York and Montague were brothers. But as this alliance did not take place during the life of York, I embrace Mr. Steevens's interpretation rather than suppose that Shakspeare made a mistake about the time of the marriage. TOLLET.

' *York.* I took an oath, that he should quietly reign.
' *Edw.* But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken:
' I'd break a thousand oaths, to reign one year.
' *Rich.* No; God forbid[2], your grace should be forsworn.
' *York.* I shall be, if I claim by open war.
' *Rich.* I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.
' *York.* Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.
' *Rich.* An oath is of no moment[3], being not took
' Before a true and lawful magistrate,
' That hath authority over him that swears:
' Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
' Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
' Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
' Therefore, to arms. * And, father, do but think,
* How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
* Within whose circuit is Elysium,
* And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
* Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
* Until the white rose, that I wear, be dy'd
* Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.
' *York.* Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.—

[2] *Rich. No; God forbid,* &c.] Instead of this and the three following speeches, the old play has these lines:

Rich. An if it please your grace to give me leave,
I'll shew your grace the way to save your oath,
And dispossess King Henry from the crown.
York. I pr'ythee, Dick, let me hear thy devise.

See p. 268, n. 7, and the notes there referred to. MALONE.

[3] *An oath is of no moment,*] The obligation of an oath is here eluded by very despicable sophistry. A lawful magistrate alone has the power to exact an oath, but the oath derives no part of its for[illegible] the magistrate. The plea against the obligation of an [illegible] o maintain an usurper, taken from the unlawfulness [illegible] oath itself in the foregoing play, was rational and just. JOHNSON.

This speech is formed on the following one in the old play:

Rich. Then thus, my lord. An oath is of no moment,
Being not sworn before a lawful magistrate;
Henry is none, but doth usurp your right;
And yet your grace stands bound to him by oath:
Then, noble father,
Resolve yourself, and once more claim the crown. MALONE.

'Brother, thou ſhalt to London preſently[4],
'And whet on Warwick to this enterprize.—
'Thou, Richard, ſhalt to the duke of Norfolk,
'And tell him privily of our intent.—
'You, Edward, ſhall unto my lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentiſhmen will willingly riſe:
'In them I truſt; for they are ſoldiers,
'Witty, courteous[5], liberal, full of ſpirit.—
'While you are thus employ'd, what reſteth more,
'But that I ſeek occaſion how to riſe;
'And yet the king not privy to my drift,
'Nor any of the houſe of Lancaſter?

Enter a Meſſenger[6].

'But, ſtay; What news? Why com'ſt thou in ſuch poſt?
'*Meſ.* The queen, with all the northern earls and lords[7],
'Intend here to beſiege you in your caſtle:
'She

4 *Brother, thou ſhalt to London preſently,*] Thus the original play:
Edward, thou ſhalt to Edmond Brooke, lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentiſhmen will willingly riſe.
Thou, couſin Montague, ſhalt to Norfolk ſtraight,
And bid the duke to muſter up his ſoldiers,
And come to me to Wakefield preſently.
And Richard, thou to London ſtraight ſhall poſt,
And bid Richard Nevill Earl of Warwick
To leave the city, and with his men of war
To meet me at St. Albans ten days hence.
My ſelf here in Sandall caſtle will provide
Both men and money, to further our attempts. MALONE.

5 Witty, *courteous,*] *Witty* anciently ſignified, of ſound judgment. The poet calls Buckingham "the deep-revolving *witty* Buckingham." STEEVENS.

6 *Enter,* [illegible] In the folio, we have here by inadvertence, "Enter *Gabriel.*" [illegible]riel was the actor who played this inconſiderable part. He is mentioned by Heywood in his *Apology for Actors,* 1612. The correction has been made from the old play. MALONE.

7 *The queen, with all,* &c.] I know not whether the author intended any moral inſtruction, but he that reads this has a ſtriking admonition againſt that precipitancy by which men often uſe unlawful means to do that which a little delay would put honeſtly in their power. Had York ſtaid but a few moments, he had ſaved his cauſe from the ſtain of perjury. JOHNSON.

‘ She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
‘ And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.
* *York.* Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou, that we fear them?—
‘ Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;—
‘ My brother Montague shall post to London:
* Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
* Whom we have left protectors of the king,
* With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
* And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.
* *Mont.* Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:—
* And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir John *and Sir* Hugh MORTIMER.

York. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles!
‘ You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.
Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.
‘ *York.* What, with five thousand men?
Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's general; What should we fear?
[*A march afar off.*
‘ *Edw.* I hear their drums; Let's set our men in order;
‘ And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

In October 1460, when it was established in parliament that the duke of York should succeed to the throne after Henry's death, the duke and his two sons, the earl of March and the earl of Rutland, took an oath to do no act whatsoever that might "sound to the abridgment of the natural life of King Henry the Sixth, or diminishing of his reign or dignity royal." Having persuaded the king to send for the queen and the prince of Wales, (who were then in York) and finding that she would not obey his requisition, he on the second of December set out for his castle in Yorkshire, with such military power as he had, a messenger having been previously dispatched to the earl of March, to desire him to follow his father with all the forces he could gather. The duke arrived at Sandal castle on the 24th of December, and in a short time his army amounted to five thousand men. An anonymous Remarker, however, very confidently asserts, that "this scene, so far as respects York's *oath* and *his resolution to break it*, proceeds entirely from the author's imagination." His oath is on record; and what his *resolution* was when he marched from London at the head of a large body of men, and sent the message above stated to his son, it is not very difficult to conjecture.

MALONE.

‘ *York.*

'*York*. Five men to twenty[9]!—though the odds be great,
'I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
'Many a battle have I won in France,
'When as the enemy hath been ten to one;
'Why should I not now have the like success?
[*Alarum*. *Exeunt*.

SCENE III.

Plains near Sandal Castle.

Alarums. *Excursions*. *Enter* RUTLAND, *and his* Tutor.

'*Rut*. Ah, whither[1] shall I fly, to 'scape their hands!
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD, *and Soldiers*.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,—
Whose father[2] slew my father,—he shall die.
Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.
Clif. Soldiers, away with him.
'*Tut*. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
'Lest thou be hated both of God and man.
[*Exit, forced off by soldiers*.
Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear,
That makes him close his eyes[3]?—I'll open them.
'*Rut*.

9 *Five men to twenty!* &c.] Thus, in the old play:
York. Indeed many brave battles have I won
In Normandy, whereas the enemy
Hath been ten to one, and why should I now
Doubt of the like success. I am resolv'd.
C[illegible] leave.
Edw. L[illegible] march away. I hear their drums. MALONE.

1 *Ah, whither*, &c.] This scene in the old play opens with these lines:
Tutor. Oh, fly my lord, let's leave the castle,
And fly to Wakefield straight. MALONE.

2 *Whose father*—] i. e. the father of which brat, namely the duke of York. MALONE.

3 —— *is he dead already? Or is it fear,*
That makes him close his eyes?] This circumstance is taken from Hall: "Whilst this battail was in fighting, a prieste called Sir Robert

' *Rut.* So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch[4]
' That trembles under his devouring paws:
And ſo he walks, inſulting o'er his prey;
' And ſo he comes, to rend his limbs aſunder.—
' Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy ſword,
And not with ſuch a cruel threat'ning look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me ſpeak before I die;—
I am too mean a ſubject for thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.
Clif. In vain thou ſpeak'ſt, poor boy; my father's blood
Hath ſtopp'd the paſſage where thy words ſhould enter.
Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again;
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.
Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and thine,
Were not revenge ſufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not ſlake mine ire, nor eaſe my heart.
The ſight of any of the houſe of York
Is as a fury to torment my ſoul;
' And till I root out their accurſed line,
' And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore— [*Lifting his hand.*
Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death:—
To thee I pray; Sweet Clifford, pity me!
Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.
' *Rut.* I never did thee harm; Why wilt thou ſlay me?

Robbert Aſpall, chappelaine and ſchole-maſter to the yong erle of Rutlande, ii ſonne to the above named duke of Yorke, ſcarce of the age of xii yeres, a faire gentleman and a maydenlike perſon, perceyving that flight was more ſafe-gard than tarrying, bothe fo[illegible]hym [illegible] maſter, ſecretly conveyd therle out of the felde, by the [illegible] bande, toward the towne; but or he could entre into [illegible]ſe, he was by the ſayd Lord Clifford eſpied, folowed, and taken, a[illegible] by reſon of his apparell, demaunded what he was. The yong gentleman diſmayed, had not a word to ſpeake, but kneled on his knees, imploring mercy, and deſiryng grace, both with holding up his handes, and making dolorous countenance, *for his ſpeache was gone for feare.*" MALONE.

4 *So looks the pent-up lion*—] That is, The lion that hath been long confined without food, and is let out to devour a man condemned. JOHNSON.

Clif.

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born[5].
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me;
Lest, in revenge thereof,—sith God is just,—
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause?
Thy father slew my father; therefore, die. [Clif. *stabs him.*

Rut. *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ*[9]! [Dies.

Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The same.

Alarum. Enter YORK.

' *York.* The army of the queen hath got the field:
' My uncles both are slain in rescuing me[1];
' And all my followers to the eager foe
' Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
' Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
' My sons—God knows, what hath bechanced them:
But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
' Three times did Richard make a lane to me;

5 *But 'twas ere I was born.*] The author of the original play appears to have been as incorrect in his chronology as Shakspeare. Rutland was born, I believe, in 1443, according to Hall *in* 1448; and Clifford's father was killed at the battle of St. Albans, in 1455. Consequently Rutland was then at least seven years old; more probably twelve. The same observation has been made by an anonymous writer. MALONE.

9 This line is in Ovid's *Epistle from Phillis to Demophoon.* I find the same quotation in *Have with you to Saffron Walden or Gabriel Harvey's hunt is up*, 1596. STEEVENS.

1 *My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;*] These were two bastard uncles by the mother's side, sir John and sir Hugh Mortimer. See Grafton's *Chronicle*, p. 649. PERCY.

And thrice cry'd,—*Courage, father! fight it out!*
' And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt
' In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
' And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
' Richard cry'd,—*Charge! and give no foot of ground!*
' And cry'd—*A crown, or else a glorious tomb!*
' *A scepter, or an earthly sepulchre!*
With this, we charg'd again: but, out, alas!
' We bodg'd again[2]; as I have seen a swan
' With bootless labour swim against the tide,
' And spend her strength with over-matching waves.
[*A short alarum within.*
' Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
' And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
' And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury:
' The sands are number'd, that make up my life;
' Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and Soldiers.*

' Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—
' I dare your quenchless fury to more rage;
' I am your butt, and I abide your shot.
North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
Clif. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, shew'd unto my father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noon-tide prick[3].

2 *We* bodg'd *again*;] I find *bodgery* used by Nashe in his *Apologie of Pierce Penniless*, 1593. for *botchery*. "Do you know your own misbegotten *bodgery*?" To *bodge* might therefore mean, (as to *botch* does now) to do a thing imperfectly and aukwardly; and [illegible] to *fail* or *miscarry* in an attempt. Cole in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders—"To botch or bungle, *opus corrumpere, disperdere.*"

I suspect, however, with Dr. Johnson, that we should read—We *budg'd* again. "To *budge*" Cole renders, *pedem referre*, to retreat: the precise sense required here. So Coriolanus, speaking of his army who had *fled* from their adversaries:

" The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did *budge*
" From rascals worse than they." MALONE.

3 —*noon-tide prick.*] Or, noon-tide point on the dial. JOHNSON.

York.

York. My aſhes, as the phœnix, may bring forth
‘ A bird that will revenge upon you all:
‘ And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
‘ Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no further;
‘ So doves do peck the faulcon's piercing talons;
So deſperate thieves, all hopeleſs of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainſt the officers.

York. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
‘ And in thy thought o'er-run my former time:
‘ And, if thou canſt for bluſhing, view this face;
And bite thy tongue, that ſlanders him with cowardice,
‘ Whoſe frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word;
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one. [*Draws.*

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thouſand cauſes,
I would prolong a while the traitor's life:—
Wrath makes him deaf: ſpeak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford; do not honour him ſo much,
‘ To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thruſt his hand between his teeth,
When he might ſpurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize[4] to take all vantages;
‘ And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on* York, *who ſtruggles.*

Clif. Ay, ay, ſo ſtrives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney ſtruggle in the net.

[York *is taken priſoner.*

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield[5], with robbers ſo o'er-match'd.

[4] *It is war's prize* —] All 'vantages are in war lawful prize; that is, may be lawfully taken and uſed. JOHNSON.
—dolus, an virtus, quis in hoſte requirat? VIRG. MALONE.

[5] *So true men yield,*] A true man has been already explained to be an honeſt man, as oppoſed to a thief. See Vol. II. p. 90, n. 6. MALONE.

North.

North. What would your grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford, and Northumberland,
Come make him ſtand upon this mole-hill here;
' That raught[6] at mountains with out-ſtretched arms,
Yet parted but the ſhadow with his hand.—
* What! was it you, that would be England's king?
Was't you, that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high deſcent?
Where are your meſs of ſons, to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the luſty George?
' And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the reſt, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York; I ſtain'd this napkin[7] with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made iſſue from the boſom of the boy:
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
' Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I ſhould lament thy miſerable ſtate.
I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York;
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may ſing and dance[8].
What, hath thy firy heart ſo parch'd thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
* Why art thou patient, man? thou ſhouldſt be mad;
* And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Thou would'ſt be fee'd, I ſee, to make me ſport;
York cannot ſpeak, unleſs he wear a crown.—
A crown for York;—and, lords, bow low to him.—

6 *That raught*—] i. e. That *reach'd*. The ancient preterite and participle paſſive of *reach*. So, Shakſpeare in another place:
" The hand of death has *raught* him." STEEVENS.

7 — *this napkin*—] A napkin is a handkerchief. JOHNSON.

8 *Stamp, rave, and fret, &c.*] I have placed this line as it ſtands in the old play. In the folio it is introduced, I believe, by the careleſſneſs of the tranſcriber, ſome lines lower, after the words—" do mock thee thus;" where it appears to me out of its place. MALONE.

Hold

Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—
[*Putting a paper crown on his head*[9].
Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir.—
But how is it, that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king,
Till our king Henry had shook hands with death[1].
And will you pale[2] your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable!—
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead*.

9 *Putting a paper crown on his head.*] Shakspeare has on this occasion deviated from history, if such of our *English* chronicles as I have been able to procure, may be believed. According to them the paper crown was not placed on the duke of York's head till after it had been cut off. Rutland likewise was not killed by Clifford till after his father's death. STEEVENS.

According to Hall the paper crown was not placed on York's head till after he was dead; but Holinshed after giving Hall's narration of this business almost *verbatim*, adds,—"Some write, that the duke was taken alive, and in derision caused to stand upon a *mole-hill*, on whose heade they put a garland instead of a crowne, which they had fashioned and made of segges or bulrushes, and having so crowned him with that garlande, they kneeled downe afore him, as the Jewes did to Christe in scorne, saying to him, hayle king without rule, hayle king without heritage, hayle duke and prince without people or possessions. And at length having thus scorned him with these and dyverse other the like despitefull woordes, they stroke off his heade, which (as yee have heard) they presented to the queen."

Both the chroniclers say, that the earl of Rutland was killed by Clifford *during* the battle of Wakefield; but it may be presumed that his father had first fallen. The earl's tutor probably attempted to save him as soon as the rout began. MALONE.

1 *Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.*] On York's return from Ireland, at a meeting of parliament it was settled, that Henry should enjoy the throne during his life, and that York should succeed him. See Hall, Henry VI. fol. 98. MALONE.

2 *And will you* pale—] i. e. impale, encircle with a crown. MALONE.

* —*to do him dead.*] To kill him. See Vol. II. p. 299, n. 2. MALONE.

Clif.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's ſake.
Q. Mar. Nay, ſtay; let's hear the oriſons he makes.
York. She-wolf of France, but worſe than wolves of France,
'Whoſe tongue more poiſons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beſeeming is it in thy ſex,
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
'Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates?
But that thy face is, vizor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with uſe of evil deeds,
I would aſſay, proud queen, to make thee bluſh:
To tell thee whence thou cam'ſt, of whom deriv'd,
Were ſhame enough to ſhame thee, wert thou not ſhameleſs.
Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jeruſalem;
Yet not ſo wealthy as an Engliſh yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to inſult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unleſs the adage muſt be verify'd,—
That beggars, mounted, run their horſe to death.
'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;
But, God he knows, thy ſhare thereof is ſmall:
'Tis virtue, that doth make them moſt admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
'Tis government, that makes them ſeem divine[3];
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as oppoſite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the ſouth to the ſeptentrion.
O, tyger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide*!
How could'ſt thou drain the life-blood of the child,
'To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be ſeen to bear a woman's face?
Women are ſoft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;

[3] *'Tis* government *that makes them ſeem divine*;] *Government*, in the language of that time, ſignified evenneſs of temper, and decency of manners. JOHNSON.

* *O, tyger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!*] We find almoſt the ſame line in *Acolaſtus his Afterwitte*, 1600:

"*O* woolviſh *heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!*" MALONE.

'Thou

'Thou ſtern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorſeleſs.
'Bid'ſt thou me rage? why, now thou haſt thy wiſh:
'Would'ſt have me weep? why, now thou haſt thy will:
'For raging wind blows up inceſſant ſhowers,
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins [5].
Theſe tears are my ſweet Rutland's obſequies;
'And every drop cries vengeance for his death,—
''Gainſt thee, fell Clifford,—and thee, falſe French-woman.

North. Beſhrew me, but his paſſions move me ſo,
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have ſtain'd with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—
O, ten times more,—than tygers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthleſs queen, a hapleſs father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dſt in blood of my ſweet boy,
And I with tears do waſh the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boaſt of this:
[*He gives back the handkerchief.*
And, if thou tell'ſt the heavy ſtory right,
Upon my ſoul, the hearers will ſhed tears;
Yea, even my foes will ſhed faſt-falling tears,
And ſay,—Alas, it was a piteous deed!—

[5] *Would'ſt have me* weep? *why, now thou haſt thy will:*
For raging wind blows up inceſſant ſhowers,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.] We meet with the ſame thought in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*
"This *windy tempeſt, till it blows up rain,*
"Held back his ſorrow's tide, to make it more;
"*At laſt it rains, and buſy winds give o'er.*
"Then ſon and father *weep* with equal ſtrife,
"Who ſhould weep moſt for daughter or for wife.
Again, in *Macbeth:*
"——— that *tears* ſhall *drown* the *wind.*"
Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*
"Where are my *tears? Rain, rain,* to *lay* this *wind.*"
Again, in *King John:*
"This ſhower, blown up by tempeſt of the ſoul,—." MALONE.
— *inceſſant ſhowers,*] Thus the folio. The quartos read:
"For raging winds blow up a *ſtorm of tears.*" STEEVENS.

There

There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse;
And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
'I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.
[*stabbing him.*

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.
[*stabbing him.*

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
'My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee. [*Dies.*

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York[6]. [*Exeunt.*

[6] *So York may overlook, &c.*] This gallant nobleman fell by his own imprudence, in consequence of leading an army of only five thousand men to engage with twenty thousand, and not waiting for the arrival of his son the earl of March, with a large body of Welchmen. He and Cicely his wife, with his son Edmond earl of Rutland, were originally buried in the chancel of Fodeingay church; and (as Peacham informs us in his *Complete Gentleman*, 4to, 1627,) "when the chancel in that furie of knocking churches and sacred monuments in the head, was also felled to the ground," they were removed into the church-yard; and afterwards "lapped in lead they were buried in the church by the commandment of Queen Elizabeth; and a mean monument of plaister wrought with the trowel erected over them, very homely, and far unfitting so noble princes."

"I remember, (adds the same writer,) Master Creuse, a gentleman and my worthy friend, who dwelt in the college at the same time, told me, that their coffins being opened, their bodies appeared very plainly to be discerned, and withall that the dutchess Cicely had about her necke, hanging in a silke ribband, a pardon from Rome, which, penned in a very fine Roman hand, was as faire and fresh to be read, as it had been written yesterday." This *pardon* was probably a dispensation which the duke procured, from the oath of allegiance that he had sworn to Henry in St. Paul's church on the 10th of March, 1452.
MALONE.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Plain near Mortimer's *croſs in* Herefordſhire.

Drums. Enter EDWARD, *and* RICHARD, *with their forces, marching.*

* *Edw.* I wonder, how our princely father 'ſcap'd;
* Or whether he be 'ſcap'd away, or no,
* From Clifford's and Northumberland's purſuit;
* Had he been ta'en, we ſhould have heard the news;
* Had he been ſlain, we ſhould have heard the news;
* Or, had he 'ſcap'd, methinks, we ſhould have heard
* The happy tidings of his good eſcape.—
' How fares my brother [7]? why is he ſo ſad?
Rich. I cannot joy, until I be reſolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
' I ſaw him in the battle range about;
' And watch'd him, how he ſingled Clifford forth.
' Methought, he bore him [8] in the thickeſt troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:
* Or as a bear, encompaſs'd round with dogs;
* Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
* The reſt ſtand all aloof, and bark at him.
* So far'd our father with his enemies;
' So fled his enemies my warlike father;

7 *How fares our brother?*] This ſcene, in the old quartos, begins thus:

"After this dangerous fight and hapleſs war,
"How doth my noble brother Richard fare?"

Had the author taken the trouble to reviſe his play, he hardly would have begun the firſt act and the ſecond with almoſt the ſame exclamation, expreſs'd in almoſt the ſame words. Warwick opens the ſcene with—

I wonder, how the king eſcap'd our hands. STEEVENS.

8 *Methought, he bore him*—] i. e. he demeaned himſelf. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

"How I may formally in perſon *bear me*—." MALONE.

Methinks,

' Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son[9].
See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewel of the glorious sun[1]!
* How well resembles it the prime of youth,
* Trimm'd like a yonker, prancing to his love?
Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns[2]?
Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated with the racking clouds[3],
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.
* *Edw.* 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think, it cites us, brother, to the field;
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
' Each one already blazing by our meeds[4],
' Should,

9 *Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.*] The old quarto reads—*pride*, which is right, for *ambition*, i. e. We need not aim at any higher glory than this. WARBURTON.

I believe *prize* is the right word. Richard's sense is, though we have missed the *prize* for which we fought, we have yet an honour left that may content us. JOHNSON.

Prize, if it be the true reading, I believe, here means *privilege*. So, in the former act:

" It is war's *prize* to take all 'vantages?" MALONE.

1 *And takes her farewel of the glorious sun!*] Aurora takes for a time her farewel of the sun, when she dismisses him to his diurnal course. JOHNSON.

2 —*do I see* three suns?] This circumstance is mentioned both by Hall and Holinshed: " —at which tyme the *son* (as some write) appeared to the earle of March like *three sunnes*, and sodainely joyned altogither in one, uppon whiche sight hee tooke suche courage, that he fiercely setting on his enemyes put them to flight; and for this cause menne ymagined that he gave the sun in his full bryghtnesse for his badge or corgnisance." These are the words of Holinshed. MALONE.

3 —*the* racking *clouds*,] i. e. the clouds which fleet with a quick motion. So, in our author's 32d Sonnet:

" Anon permit the basest *clouds* to ride
" With ugly *rack* on his celestial face." MALONE.

4 —*blazing by our* meeds,] *Meed* is *merit*. JOHNSON.

So,

Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
' And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
' Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.
* *Rich.* Nay, bear three daughters;—by your leave I speak it,
* You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

' But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretel
' Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?
Mess. Ah, one that was a woeful looker on,
When as the noble duke of York was slain,
* Your princely father, and my loving lord.
' *Edw.* O, speak no more[5]! for I have heard too much.
' *Rich.* Say how he dy'd, for I will hear it all.
' *Mess.* Environed he was with many foes[6];

So, in the fourth act the king says,
" My *meed* hath got me fame."
And in *Timon of Athens* the word is used in the same sense:
" —— No *meed* but he repays
" Seven-fold above itself." MASON.

5 *O, speak no more!*] The generous tenderness of Edward, and savage fortitude of Richard, are well distinguished by their different reception of their father's death. JOHNSON.

6 *Environed he was with many foes;*] Thus, in the old play:
Oh, one that was a woeful looker on,
When as the noble duke of York was slain.—
When as the noble duke was put to flight,
And then pursude by Clifford and the queene,
And many soldiers moe, who all at once
Let drive at him, and forst the duke to yield;
And then they set him on a moul-hill there,
And crown'd the gracious duke in high despight;
Who then with tears began to wail his fall.
The ruthlesse queene perceiving he did weepe,
Gave him a handkerchief to wipe his eyes,
Dipt in the bloud of sweete young Rutland, by
Rough Clifford slaine; who weeping tooke it up:
Then through his brest they thrust their bloudie swords,
Who like a lambe fell at the butcher's feate.
Then on the gates of Yorke they set his head,
And there it doth remaine the piteous spectacle
That ere mine eyes beheld. MALONE.

* And ſtood againſt them, as the hope of Troy *
* Againſt the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.
* But Hercules himſelf muſt yield to odds;
* And many ſtrokes, though with a little axe,
* Hew down and fell the hardeſt-timber'd oak.
' By many hands your father was ſubdu'd;
' But only ſlaughter'd by the ireful arm
' Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen:
' Who crown'd the gracious duke, in high deſpight;
' Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
' The ruthleſs queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
' A napkin ſteeped in the harmleſs blood
' Of ſweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford ſlain:
' And, after many ſcorns, many foul taunts,
' They took his head, and on the gates of York
' They ſet the ſame; and there it doth remain,
' The ſaddeſt ſpectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon;
' Now thou art gone, we have no ſtaff, no ſtay!—
* O Clifford, boiſt'rous Clifford, thou haſt ſlain
* The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
* And treacherouſly haſt thou vanquiſh'd him,
* For, hand to hand, he would have vanquiſh'd thee!—
Now my ſoul's palace is become a priſon:
' Ah, would ſhe break from hence! that this my body
' Might in the ground be cloſed up in reſt:
' For never henceforth ſhall I joy again,
' Never, O never, ſhall I ſee more joy.

' *Rich.* I cannot weep; for all my body's moiſture
Scarce ſerves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
* Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden;
* For ſelf-ſame wind, that I ſhould ſpeak withal,
* Is kindling coals, that fire all my breaſt,
* And burn me up with flames, that tears would quench.
* To weep [7], is to make leſs the depth of grief:

* —*the hope of Troy*—] Hector. MALONE.

7 *To weep, &c.*] Here, in the original play, inſtead of theſe two lines, we have—

"I cannot joy, till this white roſe be dy'd
"Even in the heart-bloud of the houſe of Lancaſter." MALONE.

* Tears,

'Tears, then, for babes; blows, and revenge, for me!—
'Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
'Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
'His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Shew thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun[8]:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK, *and* MONTAGUE, *with forces.*

War. How now, fair lords? What fare? what news abroad?

'*Rich.* Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and, at each word's deliverance,
Stab poniards in our flesh, till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.

Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly, as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death[9].

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears:
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things since then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
I then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought[1],
March'd towards saint Alban's to intercept the queen,

[8] *Shew thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:*] So, in Spenser's *Hymn of Heavenly Beauty:*

"—— like the native brood of eagle's kind,
On that bright sun of glory fix thine eyes." STEEVENS.

[9] —*done to death.*] *Done to death* for *killed*, was a common expression long before Shakspeare's time. GREY.

See Vol. II. p. 299, n. 2. MALONE.

[1] *And very well*, &c.] This line I have restored from the old quartos. STEEVENS.

Bearing the king in my behalf along:
For by my ſcouts I was advertiſed,
That ſhe was coming with a full intent
To daſh our late decree in parliament,
' Touching king Henry's oath, and your ſucceſſion.
Short tale to make,—we at ſaint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both ſides fiercely fought:
But, whether 'twas the coldneſs of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my ſoldiers of their hated ſpleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her ſucceſs;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
' Who thunders to his captives [2]—blood and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our ſoldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight [3],
' Or like a lazy threſher with a flail,—
Fell gently down, as if they ſtruck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with juſtice of our cauſe,
With promiſe of high pay, and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
So that we fled; the king, unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myſelf,
In haſte, poſt-haſte, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were,
Making another head to fight again.

' *Edw.* Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

2 — *to his* captives—] So the folio. The old play reads—*captaines*. MALONE.

3 — *like the night-owl's lazy flight*,] This image is not very congruous to the ſubject, nor was it neceſſary to the compariſon, which is happily enough completed by the threſher. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon objects to this compariſon as incongruous, [illegible] think unjuſtly. Warwick compares the languid blows of his ſoldiers to the lazy ſtrokes which the wings of the owl give to the [illegible] in its flight, which is remarkably ſlow. MASON.

In the ſubſequent line the old play more elegantly reads—*Or like an idle* threſher, &c. MALONE.

War.

' *War.* Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers:
And for your brother,—he was lately sent
' From your kind aunt, dutchess of Burgundy [4],
' With aid of soldiers to this needful war.
Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.
War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear:
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful scepter from his fist;
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.
Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick: blame me not;
'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say—Ay, and to it, lords.
War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland [5],

4 —— *he was* lately sent
From your kind aunt, dutchess of Burgundy, &c.] This circumstance is not warranted by history. Clarence and Glocester (as they were afterwards created) were sent into Flanders immediately after the battle of Wakefield, and did not return till their brother Edward got possession of the crown. Besides, Clarence was not now more than twelve years old.

Isabel dutchess of Burgundy, whom Shakspeare calls the duke's aunt, was daughter of John I. king of Portugal by Philippa of Lancaster, eldest daughter of John of Gaunt. They were therefore no more than third cousins. ANONYMOUS.

5 —— haught *Northumberland,*] So, Grafton in his *Chronicle* says, p. 417: "—the lord Henry Percy, whom the Scottes for his *haut* and valiant courage called sir Henry Hotspurre." PERCY.

The word is common to many writers; *Marlow, Kyd,* &c. STEEVENS.

And, of their feather, many more proud birds,
Have wrought the eaſy-melting king, like wax[6].
He ſwore conſent to your ſucceſſion,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To fruſtrate both his oath, and what beſide
May make againſt the houſe of Lancaſter.
'Their power, I think, is thirty thouſand ſtrong[7];
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myſelf,
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
Amongſt the loving Welſhmen canſt procure,
'Will but amount to five and twenty thouſand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain;
And once again beſtride our foaming ſteeds,
'And once again cry—Charge upon our foes!
But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick ſpeak:
Ne'er may he live to ſee a ſun-ſhine day,
'That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him ſtay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy ſhoulder will I lean;
'And when thou fail'ſt, (as God forbid the hour!)
Muſt Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!

War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York;
'The next degree is, England's royal throne:
For king of England ſhalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we paſs along;
And he, that throws not up his cap for joy,
'Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
'But ſound the trumpets, and about our taſk.

6 —*the eaſy-melting king, like* wax.] So, again in this play, of the *Lady Grey:*

"As red as fire; nay, then her *wax* muſt melt." JOHNSON.

7 —*is* thirty *thouſand ſtrong:*] Thus the folio. The old play reads—

"Their power, I gueſs them *fiftie* thouſand ſtrong."

A little lower the ſame piece has—*eight and forty thouſand.* MALONE.

* *Rich.*

* *Rich.* Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
(As thou hast shewn it flinty by thy deeds,)
I come to pierce it,—or to give thee mine.

* *Edw.* Then strike up, drums; — God, snd saint George, for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?

Mes. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

' *War.* Why then it sorts[8], brave warriors: Let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before York.

Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *the Prince of* Wales, CLIFFORD, *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with forces.*

• *Q. Mar.* Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
' Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

' *K. Hen.* Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck;—
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that, the forest bear doth lick?

8 *Why then it* sorts,] Why then things are as they should be. JOHNSON.

So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608: "—thy love shall *sort* to such happy success as thou thyself dost seek for." STEEVENS.

Not his, that ſpoils her young before her face.
Who 'ſcapes the lurking ſerpent's mortal ſting?
Not he, that ſets his foot upon her back.
The ſmalleſt worm will turn, being trodden on;
' And doves will peck, in ſafeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou ſmiling, while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his ſon a king,
And raiſe his iſſue, like a loving ſire;
Thou, being a king, bleſt with a goodly ſon,
Didſt yield conſent to diſinherit him,
' Which argued thee a moſt unloving father.
Unreaſonable creatures feed their young:
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not ſeen them (even with thoſe wings
' Which ſometime they have us'd with fearful flight)
Make war with him that climb'd unto their neſt,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For ſhame, my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
Should loſe his birth-right by his father's fault;
And long hereafter ſay unto his child,—
What my great-grandfather and grandſire got,
My careleſs father fondly gave away?
Ah, what a ſhame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiſeth
Succeſsful fortune, ſteel thy melting heart,
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.
K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
' But, Clifford, tell me, didſt thou never hear,—
That things ill got had ever bad ſucceſs?
And happy always was it for that ſon,
Whoſe father for his hoarding went to hell[9]?
I'll leave my ſon my virtuous deeds behind;
And 'would, my father had left me no more!

[9] *Whoſe father, &c.*] Alluding to a common proverb:
Happy the child whoſe father went to the devil. JOHNSON.

For

For all the reſt is held at ſuch a rate,
' As brings a thouſand fold more care to keep,
' Than in poſſeſſion any jot of pleaſure.—
Ah, couſin York! 'would thy beſt friends did know,
' How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

' *Q. Mar.* My lord, cheer up your ſpirits; our foes are nigh,
' And this ſoft courage makes your followers faint.
' You promis'd knighthood to our forward ſon;
' Unſheath your ſword, and dub him preſently.—
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, ariſe a knight;
And learn this leſſon,—Draw thy ſword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel uſe it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is ſpoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Royal commanders, be in readineſs:
' For, with a band of thirty thouſand men,
' Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York;
And, in the towns as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
' Darraign[1] your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would, your highneſs would depart the field;
The queen hath beſt ſucceſs when you are abſent[2].

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll ſtay.

North. Be it with reſolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer theſe noble lords,
And hearten thoſe that fight in your defence:
Unſheath your ſword, good father; cry, *Saint George!*

[1] *Darraign*—] That is, *Range* your hoſt, put your hoſt in order. JOHNSON.

Chaucer, Skelton, and Spenſer, uſe this word. The quartos read —*Prepare your battles*, &c. STEEVENS.

[2] — *when you are abſent.*] So, Hall: "Happy was the queene in her two battayls, but unfortunate was the king in al his enterpriſes; for where his perſon was preſent, the victorie fledde ever from him to the other parte." Henry VI. fol. C. MALONE.

March.

March. *Enter* EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *and Soldiers.*

'*Edw.* Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,
'And set thy diadem upon my head;
'Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?
Q. Mar. Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
'Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
'Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?
Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent[3]:
Since when[4], his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You—that are king, though he do wear the crown,—
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
'To blot out me, and put his own son in.
'*Clif.* And reason too;
Who should succeed the father, but the son?
'*Rich.* Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak!
'*Clif.* Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer thee,
'Or any he the proudest of thy sort.
Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?
Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfy'd.
Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

3 *I am his king, and he should bow his knee;*
I was adopted heir by his consent:
Since when, his oath is broke;] Edward's argument is founded on the following article in the compact entered into by Henry and the duke of York, which the author found in Hall's Chronicle, but which I believe made no part of that agreement: "Provided alwaye, that if the king did closely or apertly studye or go about to breake or alter this agreement, or to compass or imagine the death or distruction of the sayde duke or his bloud, then he *to forfet the crowne*, and the duke of Yorke to take it." If this had been one of the articles of the compact, the duke having been killed at Wakefield, his eldest son would have now a title to the crown. MALONE.

4 *Since when,* &c.] The quartos give the remainder of this speech to Clarence, and read:

To blot our brother *out,* &c. STEEVENS.

Here is another variation of the same kind with those which have been noticed in the preceding play, which could not have arisen from a transcriber or printer.—Though Shakspeare gave the whole of this speech to Edward by substituting *me* for *brother*, the same division which is found in the quarto, is inadvertently retained in the folio. MALONE.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

' *Q. Mar.* Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick? dare you speak?
When you and I met at saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands [5].

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

' *North.* No, nor your manhood, that durst make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently;—
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father; Call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But, ere sun-set, I'll make thee curse the deed.

' *K. Hen.* Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue;
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.

Clif. My liege, the wound, that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword:
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd [6],
' That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

' *Edw.* Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.

' *Prince.* If that be right, which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

[5] *Your legs did better service than your hands.*] An allusion to the proverb, ' One pair of heels is worth two pair of hands." STEEVENS.

[6] *I am resolv'd,*] It is my firm persuasion; I am no longer in doubt. JOHNSON.

Rich.

Rich. Whoever got thee *, there thy mother ſtands;
For, well I wot, thou haſt thy mother's tongue.
Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy ſire, nor dam; '
But like a foul miſ-ſhapen ſtigmatick [7],
Mark'd by the deſtinies to be avoided,
' As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful ſtings [8].
Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with Engliſh gilt [9],
Whoſe father bears the title of a king,
(As if a channel ſhould be call'd the ſea [1],)
' Sham'ſt thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
' To let thy tongue detect thy baſe-born heart [2]?
Edw. A wiſp of ſtraw [3] were worth a thouſand crowns,
To

* Rich. *Whoever got thee*, &c.] In the folio this ſpeech is erroneouſly aſſigned to Warwick. The anſwer ſhews that it belongs to Richard, to whom it is attributed in the old play. MALONE.

7 —*miſhapen* ſtigmatick,] See p. 248, n. 5. MALONE.

8 —*lizards' dreadful ſtings*.] Thus the folio. The quartos have this variation:—*or lizards'* fainting locks.

This is the ſecond time that Shakſpeare has armed the lizard (which in reality has no ſuch defence) with a ſting; but great powers ſeem to have been imputed to its looks. So, in *Noah's Flood*, by Drayton:

" The *lizard* ſhuts up his *ſharp-ſighted eyes*,
" Amongſt the ſerpents, and there ſadly lies." STEEVENS.

9 —gilt,] *Gilt* is a ſuperficial covering of gold. STEEVENS.

1 (*As if a* channel *ſhould be called the ſea*,)] A *channel* in our author's time ſignified what we now call a *kennel*. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, quarto, 1605, p. 1148: "—ſuch a ſtorme of raine happened at London, as the like of long time could not be remembered; wherethrough, the *channels* of the citie ſuddenly riſing," &c. Again, in *K. Henry IV*. P. II. "—quoit him into the *channel*." MALONE.

2 *To let thy tongue*, &c.] To ſhew thy meanneſs of birth by the indecency of language with which thou raileſt at my deformity. JOHNSON.

Inſtead of this line, the old play has—

To parly thus with England's lawful heirs. MALONE.

3 *A wiſp of ſtraw*—] It appears from the following paſſage in Thomas Drant's tranſlation of the ſeventh ſatire of *Horace*, 1567, that a *wiſpe* was the puniſhment of a ſcold:

" So perfyte and exacte a ſcoulde, that women mighte ge[illegible] place,
" Whoſe tatling tongues had won a *wiſpe*," &c. STEEVENS.

See alſo Naſhe's *Apology of Pierce Pennileſſe*, 1593: "Why, thou errant butter-whore, thou cotquean and ſcrattop of *ſcolds*, wilt thou never leave afflicting a dead carcaſſe? continually read the rhetorick lecture of Ramme-Alley? a *wiſpe*, a *wiſpe*, you kitchin-ſtuff wrangler." Again, in *A Dialogue between John and Jone ſtriving who ſhall wear the Breeches*,—PLEASURES OF POETRY, bl. l. no date:

" Good

To make this shameless callet know herself[4].—
* Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
* Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
* And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
* By that false woman, as this king by thee.
' His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the Dauphin stoop;
And, had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day:
But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day;
' Even then that sun-shine brew'd a shower for him,
' That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
' For what hath broach this tumult, but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.
' *Geo.* But, when we saw our sun-shine made thy spring,
' And that thy summer bred us no increase[5],
We set the axe to thy usurping root:
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
' Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
' We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,

" Good gentle Jone, with-holde thy hands,
" This once let me entreat thee,
" And make me promise, never more
" That thou shalt mind to beat me;
" For feare *thou weare the wispe*, good wife,
" And make our neighbours ride—". MALONE.

4 *To make this shameless* callet *know herself.*] *Callet*, a lewd woman, a drab, perhaps so called from the French *calote*, which was a sort of head-dress worn by country girls. See *Gloss.* to *Urry's Chaucer.* GREY.

5 —*we saw our sun-shine made thy spring,*
And that thy summer bred us no increase,] When we saw that by favouring thee we made thee grow in fortune, but that we received no advantage from thy fortune flourishing by our favour, we then resolved to destroy thee, and determine to try some other means, though our first efforts have failed. JOHNSON.

The quartos read:
" But when we saw our summer brought thee gain,
And that the harvest brought us no increase. STEEVENS.

Or

Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.
Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak.—
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!—
And either victory, or else a grave.
Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.
Edw. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay:
These words will cost ten thousand lives to day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A field of battle between Towton *and* Saxton *in* Yorkshire.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

' *War.* Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe:
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
' And, spight of spight, needs must I rest a while.

Enter EDWARD, *running.*

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
' For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.
War. How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of good?

Enter GEORGE.

* *Geo.* Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair[7];
' Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
' What

6 *Smile, gentle heaven!* &c.] Thus the folio. Instead of these lines, the quartos give the following:

Smile, gentle heavens, or strike, ungentle death,
That we may die unless we gain the day!
What fatal star malignant frowns from heaven
Upon the harmless line of York's true house? STEEVENS.

7 *Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;*] Milton seems to have copied this line:

" —— Thus repuls'd, *our final hope*
" *Is flat despair.*" MALONE.

Our hap is loss, &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:

Come,

'What counſel give you? whither ſhall we fly?
'*Edw.* Bootleſs is flight, they follow us with wings;
'And weak we are, and cannot ſhun purſuit.

Enter RICHARD.

'*Rich.* Ah, Warwick, why haſt thou withdrawn thy-ſelf?
'Thy brother's blood the thirſty earth hath drunk [8],
'Broach'd

Come, brother, come, let's to the field again,
For yet there's hope enough to win the day:
Then let us back to cheer our fainting troops,
Leſt they retire now we have left the field.
War. How now, my lords? what hap? what hope of good?"
STEEVENS.

8 *Thy* brother's *blood the thirſty earth hath drunk,*] The old play (as Theobald has obſerved) applies this deſcription to the death of Saliſbury, contrary to the truth of hiſtory, for that nobleman was taken priſoner at the battle of Wakefield, and afterwards beheaded at Pomfret. But both Hall and Holinſhed, in nearly the ſame words, relate the circumſtance on which this ſpeech as exhibited in the *folio*, is founded; and from the latter our author undoubtedly took it. "The Lord Fitzwalter [who had been ſtationed to keep the paſs of Ferrybridge] hearing the noiſe, [made by Lord Clifford and a body of light-horſemen, who attacked by ſurprize the party ſtationed at the bridge,] ſodainely roſe out of his bedde, and unarmed, with a pollax in his hande, thinking that it had bin a fraye amongſt his men, came downe to appeaſe the ſame, but ere he knew what the matter ment, he was ſlaine, and with him the *baſtard* of Saliſbury, *brother to the erle of Warwick*, a valiant young gentleman, and of great audacitie." Holinſhed, p. 664. In this action at Ferrybridge, which happened on the 28th of March 1461, the day before the great battle of Towton, Lord Clifford was killed. The author of this play has blended the two actions together. MALONE.

Thy brother's blood, &c.] Inſtead of this ſpeech, which is printed, like almoſt all the reſt of the play, from the folio, the quartos give the following:

Thy noble *father* in the thickeſt throngs
Cry'd ſtill for Warwick, his thrice valiant ſon;
Until with thouſand ſwords he was beſet,
And many wounds made in his aged breaſt.
And, as he tottering ſat upon his ſteed,
He waft his hand to me, and cried aloud,
Richard, commend me to my valiant ſon:
And ſtill he cried, Warwick, revenge my death!
And with theſe words he tumbled off his horſe;
And ſo the noble Saliſbury gave up the ghoſt. STEEVENS.

It

'Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance:
'And, in the very pangs of death, he cry'd,—
'Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,—
'*Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!*
'So underneath the belly of their steeds,
'That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
'The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.
'*War*, Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly[9].
* Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
* And look upon[*], as if the tragedy
* Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
' Here on my knee I vow to God above,
' I'll never pause again, never stand still,
' 'Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
' Or fortune given me measure of revenge.
Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
' And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine[1].—
* And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
* I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings!

It is here only necessary to refer to former notes on similar variations. See p. 127, n. 2; p. 133, n. 3; p. 140, n. 8; p. 201, n. 2; p. 205, n. 6. MALONE.

9 *I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.*] From Hall, Henry VI. p. 102: "When the Earle of Warwicke was enformed of this feate, he, lyke a man desperate, mounted on his hackeney, and came blowing to king Edward, saying, Syr, I pray God have mercie of their soules, which in the beginning of your enterprize hath lost their lives; and because I see no succours of the world, I remit the vengeance and punishment to God, our creator and redemer; and with that lighted doune, and *slew his horse with his swourde*, saying, let him flee that wyl, for surely I wil tarye with him that will tarye with me; and kissed the crosse of his swourde." MALONE.

* *And* look upon,] And are mere spectators. So, in *the Winter's Tale*, Vol. IV. p. 200, where I idly suspected some corruption in the text:

"And *look on* alike." MALONE.

1 *And in this vow do chain my soul to thine.*—] Thus the folio. The quarto as follows:

"And in *that* vow *now join* my soul to *thee*." STEEVENS.

' Beseeching

'Beseeching thee[2],—if with thy will it stands,
'That to my foes this body must be prey,—
'Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
'And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—
'Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where-e'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.

'*Rich.* Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle Warwick,
'Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:—
'I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
'That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

'*War.* Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewel.

'*Geo.* Yet let us all together to our troops:
'And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them pillars, that will stand to us;
'And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
'As victors wear at the Olympian games:
'This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
'For yet is hope of life, and victory.—
'Fore-slow no longer[3], make we hence amain[4].

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

[2] *Beseeching* thee,—] That is, beseeching the divine power. Shakspeare in new-forming this speech may seem, at the first view of it, to have made it obscure, by placing this line immediately after,—"Thou setter up," &c.

What I have now observed is founded on a supposition that the words "*Thou setter up*," &c. are applied to Warwick, as they appear to be in the old play. However, our author certainly intended to deviate from it, and to apply this description to the deity; and this is another strong confirmation of the observation already made relative to the variations between these pieces and the elder dramas on which they were formed. In the old play the speech runs thus:

Lord Warwick, I do bend my knees with thine,
And in that vow now join my soul to thee,
Thou setter-up and puller-down of kings:—
Vouchsafe a gentle victory to us,
Or let us die before we loose the day!

The last two lines are certainly here addressed to the deity; but the preceding line, notwithstanding the anachronism, seems to be addressed to Warwick. MALONE.

[3] Fore-slow *no longer*,] To *fore-slow* is to be dilatory, to loiter. So, in the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:

 "Why,

SCENE IV.

The same. Another part of the field.

Excursions. Enter RICHARD, *and* CLIFFORD.

'*Rich.* Now, Clifford, I have ſingled thee alone[5]:
'Suppoſe, this arm is for the duke of York,
'And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
'Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:
This is the hand, that ſtabb'd thy father York;
And this the hand, that ſlew thy brother Rutland;
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,
And cheers theſe hands, that ſlew thy ſire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyſelf;
And ſo, have at thee.

[*They fight.* Warwick *enters*; Clifford *flies*.

"Why, king Sebaſtian, wilt thou now *foreſlow*?"
Again, in Marlowe's *Edward II.* 1598:
"*Foreſlow* no time; ſweet Lancaſter, let's march."
STEEVENS.

4 —*make we hence amain.*] Inſtead of this and the two proceeding ſpeeches, we have in the old play the following:

Geo. Then let us haſte to cheare the ſouldiers' hearts,
And call them pillers that will ſtand to us,
And highly promiſe to remunerate
Their truſtie ſervice in theſe dangerous warres.
Rich. Come, come away, and ſtand not to debate,
For yet is hope of fortune good enough.
Brothers, give me your handes, and let us part,
And take our leaves untill we meete againe;
Where ere it be, in heaven or in earth.
Now I that never wept, now melt in woe,
To ſee theſe dire miſhaps continue ſo.
Warwick, farewell.
War. Away, away; once more, ſweet lords, farewell.
MALONE.

5 *Now, Clifford, I have ſingled thee alone:* &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:

Now, Clifford, for York and young Rutland's death,
This thirſty ſword, that longs to drink thy blood,
Shall lop thy limbs, and ſlice thy curſed heart,
For to revenge the murders thou haſt made. STEEVENS.

' *Rich.* Nay, Warwick, single out some other chace;
' For I myself wilt hunt this wolf to death[6]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.*

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY.

* *K. Hen.* This battle fares like to the morning's war[7],
* When dying clouds contend with growing light;
* What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails[8],
* Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
' Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
' Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
' Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
' Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:
' Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind;

6 *Nay, Warwick,* &c.] We have had two very similar lines in the preceding play, p. 249:

" Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chace;
" For I myself must hunt this deer to death."

See p. 301, n. 9. MALONE.

7 *This battle fares like to the morning's war,* &c.] Instead of this interesting speech, the quartos exhibit only the following:

Oh gracious God of heaven, look down on us,
And set some ends to these incessant griefs!
How like a mastless ship upon the seas,
This woeful battle doth continue still,
Now leaning this way, now to that side driven;
And none doth know to whom the day will fall.
Oh, would my death might stay these *civil* jars *!
Would I had never reign'd, nor ne'er been king!
Margaret and Clifford chide me from the field,
Swearing they had best success when I was thence.
Would God that I were dead, so all were well;
Or, would my crown suffice, I were content
To yield it them, and live a private life!

The leading thought in both these soliloquies is borrowed from Holinshed, p. 665:—" This deadly conflict continued ten hours in doubtfull state of victorie, uncertaintie heaving and setting on both sides," &c. STEEVENS.

8 — *the shepherd, blowing of his nails,*] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

" When icicles hang by the wall,
" And Dick the *shepherd blows his nail,*—." MALONE.

* The quarto 1600, printed by W. W. reads—*cruel* jars.

' Now,

'Now, one the better; then, another best;
'Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
'Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:
'So is the equal poise of this fell war.
* Here on this mole-hill will I sit me down.
* To whom God will, there be the victory!
'For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
'Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,
'They prosper best of all when I am thence.
''Would I were dead! if God's good will were so:
'For what is in this world, but grief and woe?
* O God! methinks, it were a happy life[9],
'To be no better than a homely swain;
* To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
* To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
* Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
* How many make the hour full complete[1],
* How many hours bring about the day,
* How many days will finish up the year,
* How many years a mortal man may live.
* When this is known, then to divide the times:
* So many hours must I tend my flock;
* So many hours must I take my rest;
* So many hours must I contemplate;
* So many hours must I sport myself;
* So many days my ewes have been with young;
* So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean[2];

9 — *methinks, it were a happy life,*] This speech is mournful and soft, exquisitely suited to the character of the king, and makes a pleasing interchange, by affording, amidst the tumult and horror of the battle, an unexpected glimpse of rural innocence and pastoral tranquillity. JOHNSON.

This speech strongly confirms the remark made by Sir Joshua Reynolds on a passage in *Macbeth*, Vol. IV. p. 300, n. 5. MALONE.

1 *Thereby to see the* minutes *how they run;*
How many make the hour full-cómplete,] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*
"Stuff up his lust, *as minutes fill up hours.*" MALONE.

2 — *ere the* poor fools *will yean;*] *Poor fool*, it has already been observed, is an expression of tenderness, often used by our author. See Vol. IV. p. 112, n. 7; and Vol. II. p. 233, n. *. MALONE.

* So

* So many years ere I ſhall ſheer the fleece[3]:
* So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
* Paſt over to the end they were created,
* Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
* Ah, what a life were this! how ſweet! how lovely!
* Gives not the hawthorn buſh a ſweeter ſhade
* To ſhepherds, looking on their ſilly ſheep,
* Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
* To kings, that fear their ſubjects' treachery?
* O, yes, it doth; a thouſand fold it doth.
* And to conclude,—the ſhepherd's homely curds,
* His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
* His wonted ſleep under a freſh tree's ſhade,
* All which ſecure and ſweetly he enjoys,
* Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
* His viands ſparkling in a golden cup,
* His body couched in a curious bed,
* When care, miſtruſt, and treaſon wait on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son *that has killed his Father, dragging in the dead body*[4].

Son. Ill blows the wind, that profits no-body.—
' This man, whom hand to hand I ſlew in fight,
' May be poſſeſſed with ſome ſtore of crowns:
* And I, that haply take them from him now,
* May yet ere night yield both my life and them
* To ſome man elſe, as this dead man doth me.—
' Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
' Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.

3 *So many* years *ere I ſhall ſheer the fleece:*] i. e. the years which muſt elapſe between the time of the yeaning of the ewes, and the lambs arriving to ſuch a ſtate as to admit of being ſhorn. Mr. Rowe changed *years* to *months*; which was followed by the ſubſequent editors; and in the next line inſerted the word *weeks*, not obſerving that *hours* is uſed there, and throughout this ſpeech, as a diſſyllable. *Years* is in that line likewiſe uſed as a word of two ſyllables. MALONE.

4 *Enter a* Son, *&c.*] Theſe two horrible incidents are ſelected to ſhew the innumerable calamities of civil war. JOHNSON.

In the battle of Conſtantine and Maxentius, by Raphael, the ſecond of theſe incidents is introduced on a ſimilar occaſion. STEEVENS.

'O heavy times, begetting ſuch events!
'From London by the king was I preſs'd forth;
'My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
'Came on the part of York, preſs'd by his maſter;
'And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
'Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—
'Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!—
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—
* My tears ſhall wipe away theſe bloody marks;
* And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

'*K. Hen.* O piteous ſpectacle! O bloody times[5]!
Whilſt lions war, and battle for their dens,
'Poor harmleſs lambs abide their enmity.—
* Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
* And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
* Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief[6].

Enter a Father, *who has killed his Son, with the body in his arms.*

'*Fath.* Thou that ſo ſtoutly haſt reſiſted me,
'Give me thy gold, if thou haſt any gold;
'For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
'But let me ſee:—is this our foeman's face?
'Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only ſon!—

5 *O piteous ſpectacle!* &c.] In the old play the king does not ſpeak, till both the ſon and the father have appeared, and ſpoken, and then the following words are attributed to him, out of which Shakſpeare has formed two diſtinct ſpeeches:

Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
Whilſt lions war, and battle for their dens,
Poor lambs do feel the rigour of their wraths.
The red roſe and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our ſtriving houſes.
Wither one roſe, and let the other periſh,
For, if you ſtrive, ten thouſand lives muſt periſh. MALONE.

6 *And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,*
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief. The meaning is here inaccurately expreſſed. The king intends to ſay that the ſtate of their *hearts and eyes* ſhall be like that of the kingdom in a *civil war*, all ſhall be deſtroyed by power formed within themſelves. JOHNSON.

'Ah,

* Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
* Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers arise [7],
* Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
* Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—
' O, pity, God, this miserable age!—
' What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly [8],
' Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
' This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
' O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon [9],
' And hath bereft thee of thy life too late [1]!

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
' O, that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!—
* O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!—
The red rose and the white are on his face,

7 —*what showers arise,*
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,] This image had occurred in the preceding act:
"*For raging wind blows up incessant showers.*" STEEVENS.

8 *What* stratagems, *how fell, how butcherly,*] "*Stratageme.* A policie or subtle device in *warre*, whereby the enemie is often vanquished." Bullokar's *English Expositor*, octavo, 1616. Florio in his Italian *Dict.* 1598, defines *Stratagema*, "a policie, a wile, or wittie shift in *warre*." This was undoubtedly its ordinary sense in our author's time, though then and afterwards it was occasionally used for *any* subtle device or policy. Here it has unquestionably its ordinary signification. MALONE.

9 *O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon,*] Because had he been born later, he would not now have been of years to engage in this quarrel. WARBURTON.

1 *And hath bereft thee of thy life too* late!] Too *late*, without doubt, means *too recently*. The memory of thy virtues and thy hapless end is too *recent*, to be thought of without the deepest anguish. The same quaint expression is found in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"O, quoth Lucretius, I did give that life,
"Which she too early and *too late* hath spill'd."

Here *late* clearly means *lately*. Again, in this third part of *King Henry VI.*

"Where fame, *late* entering at his heedful ears."

Again, as Mr. Tollet has observed, in *King Richard III:*

"Too *late* he died, that might have kept that title."

In the old play this and the preceding line stand thus:

"*Poor* boy, thy father gave thee life too *late*,
"And hath bereft thee of thy life too *soon*." MALONE.

The fatal colours of our ſtriving houſes:
* The one, his purple blood right well reſembles;
* The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, preſent:
Wither one roſe, and let the other flouriſh!
' If you contend, a thouſand lives muſt wither [1].
Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me *, and ne'er be ſatisfy'd?
Fath. How will my wife, for ſlaughter of my ſon,
' Shed ſeas of tears, and ne'er be ſatisfy'd?
' *K. Hen.* How will the country [2], for theſe woeful chances,
' Miſ-think the king, and not be ſatisfy'd?
' *Son.* Was ever ſon, ſo ru'd a father's death?
' *Fath.* Was ever father, ſo bemoan'd his ſon [3]?
' *K. Hen.* Was ever king, ſo griev'd for ſubjects' woe?
' Much is your ſorrow; mine, ten times ſo much.
' *Son.* I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill [4].
[*Exit, with the body.*
* *Fath.* Theſe arms of mine ſhall be thy winding-ſheet;

[1] —*muſt* wither.] The old play has—muſt *periſh*, and I think the word *wither* is more likely to have been inadvertently repeated by the tranſcriber, than ſubſtituted by Shakſpeare for the former word. MALONE.

[2] *How will the country*, &c.] So, the folio. The quartos thus:
How will the country now miſdeem their king!
Oh, would my death their minds could ſatisfy!
To *miſ-think* is to think ill, unfavourably. STEEVENS.
This word, which Shakſpeare ſubſtituted for *miſdeem*, he has again uſed in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"Be it known, that we the greateſt are *miſ-thought*,
"For things that others do." MALONE.

* Take on *with me*,] Be enraged at me. So, in a pamphlet by T. Naſhe, 1592: "Some will *take on*, like a madman," &c. See Vol III. p. 75, n. 8. MALONE.

[3] *Was ever ſon, ſo* ru'd *a father's death?*
[4] *Was ever father, ſo bemoan'd his ſon?*] The variation is here worth remarking, for in the old play the correſponding lines are:
Was ever ſon ſo *rude*, his father's blood to ſpill?
Was ever father ſo unnatural, his ſon to kill? MALONE.

[4] *I'll bear thee hence*, &c.] Thus the folio. The old play thus:
I'll bear thee hence from this accurſed place,
For woe is to me, to ſee my father's face. MALONE.

* My

* My heart, ſweet boy, ſhall be thy ſepulchre;
* For from my heart thine image ne'er ſhall go.
* My ſighing breaſt ſhall be thy funeral bell;
* And ſo obſequious will thy father be [5],
* Sad for the loſs of thee [5], having no more,
* As Priam was for all [6] his valiant ſons.
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I ſhould not kill.
[*Exit, with the body.*

' *K. Hen.* Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
' Here ſits a king more woeful than you are.

Alarums, Excurſions. Enter Queen MARGARET, *Prince of* Wales, *and* EXETER.

' *Prince.* Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
' And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
' Away! for death doth hold us in purſuit.

' *Q. Mar.* Mount you, my lord, towards Berwick poſt amain:
' Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
' Having the fearful flying hare in ſight,
' With firy eyes, ſparkling for very wrath,
' And bloody ſteel graſp'd in their ireful hands,
' Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
' Nay, ſtay not to expoſtulate, make ſpeed;
Or elſe come after, I'll away before.

' *K. Hen.* Nay, take me with thee, good ſweet Exeter;
' Not that I fear to ſtay, but love to go
' Whither the queen intends. Forward; away! [*Exeunt.*

5 *And ſo* obſequious *will thy father be,*] Obſequious is here careful of obſequies, or of funeral rites. JOHNSON.

In the ſame ſenſe it is uſed in *Hamlet:*
"——to do *obſequious* ſorrow." STEEVENS.

5 Sad *for the loſs of thee,*] The old copy reads—*Men* for the loſs, &c. Mr. Rowe made the alteration. STEEVENS.

6 *As Priam was for all—*] I having but one ſon, will grieve as much for that one, as Priam, who had many, could grieve for many. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

The same.

A loud alarum. *Enter* CLIFFORD, *wounded*[7].

' *Clif.* Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,
Which, while it lasted, gave king Henry light.
O, Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love, and fear, glew'd many friends to thee;
' And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt[8].
Impairing Henry, strength'ning mis-proud York,
The common people swarm like summer flies[9]:
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
And who shines now, but Henry's enemies?
O Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent[1]
That Phaeton should check thy firy steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth:
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father, and his father, did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
' They never then had sprung like summer flies;

7 *Enter Clifford, wounded.*] The quarto adds, *with an arrow in his neck*. In ridicule of this B. and Fletcher havs introduced *Ralph*, the grocer's prentice, in the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, with a *forked arrow through his head*. It appears, however, from Holinshed, p. 664, that this circumstance has some relation to the truth: "The lord Clifford, either for heat or paine, putting off his gorget suddenlie, with an *arrow* (as some saie) without a head, was striken into the *throte*, and immediately rendered his spirit." STEEVENS.

8 —*thy tough commixtures melt.*] Perhaps better, *the tough commixture*. JOHNSON.

The quartos read—"*that* tough commixture *melts*." STEEVENS.

9 *The common people swarm like summer flies:*] This line, which is not in the folio, was recovered from the old play by Mr. Theobald. The context shews, that like a line in the second part of *K. Henry VI.* it was omitted by the negligence of the transcriber or compositor. MALONE.

1 *O Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent*—] The duke of York had been entrusted by Henry with the reins of government both in Ireland and France; and hence perhaps was taught to aspire to the throne. MALONE.

' I, and

' I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
'And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?
' And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
' No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight[2];
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For, at their hands, I have deserv'd no pity.
' The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:—
Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
' I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.
[*He faints.*

Alarum and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE. RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and Soldiers.*

' *Edw.* Now breathe we, lords[3]; good fortune bids us pause,
' And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—
' Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen;—
' That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
' As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
' Command an argosy to stem the waves.

[2] *No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:*] i. e. No way to fly, nor with strength sufficient left to sustain myself in flight, if there :. STEEVENS.

Now breathe we, lords; &c.] This battle, in which the house of rk was victorious, was fought on a plain between Towton and Sax- on the 29th of March, (Palm Sunday) 1461. The royal army consisted, according to Hall, of about forty thousand men; and the young duke of York's forces were 48,760. In this combat, which lasted fourteen hours, and in the actions of the two following days, thirty-six thousand seven hundred and seventy-six persons are said to have been killed, the greater part of whom were undoubtedly Lancastrians. MALONE.

Instead of this speech, the quartos have the following:

Thus far our fortunes keep an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That now towards Berwick doth post amain:—
But think you that Clifford is fled away with them? STEEVENS.

' But

'But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?
War. No, 'tis impoſſible he ſhould eſcape:
For, though before his face I ſpeak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:
'And, whereſoe'er he is, he's ſurely dead.
[Clifford *groans, and dies.*
Edw. Whoſe ſoul [4] is that which takes her heavy leave?
Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing [5].
Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,
If friend, or foe, let him be gently us'd.
'*Rich.* Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
'Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
'In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth [6],
'But ſet his murdering knife unto the root
'From whence that tender ſpray did ſweetly ſpring,
'I mean, our princely father, duke of York.
War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;

[4] Edw. *Whoſe ſoul,* &c.] I have diſtinguiſhed this and the two following ſpeeches according to the authority of the quarto. The folio gave all to Richard, except the laſt line and half. STEEVENS.

I have alſo followed the original regulation, becauſe it ſeems abſurd that Richard ſhould firſt ſay to his brother, or to one of the ſoldiers, "See who it is;"—and then, himſelf declare that it is Clifford; and therefore I ſuppoſe the variation in the folio aroſe, not from Shakſpeare, but from ſome negligence or inaccuracy of a compoſitor or tranſcriber. MALONE.

[5] — *like life and death's* departing.] Departing for *ſeparation.* MALONE.

"Till death us *depart*" was the expreſſion in the old *Marriage Service.* FARMER.

[6] *In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,*] It is manifeſt from this and many other paſſages, that the author of the old play, where the correſponding line ſtands thus—

"Who killed our *tender* brother Rutland—"

imagined that Rutland was younger than George and Richard; whereas he was in fact older than them both, being the duke of York's ſecond ſon; in conſequence of which he bore a title by courteſy: and a particular ſtipulation was made in the compact entered into between Henry and the duke of York, that Rutland, as well as his elder brother Edward earl of March, ſhould ſwear to the due obſervance of the agreement. Shakſpeare has, we ſee, fallen into the ſame error; as have Habington in his nervous and elegant *Hiſtory of Edward IV.* and ſeveral other hiſtorians. MALONE.

' Instead whereof, let this supply the room;
Measure for measure must be answered.
' *Edw.* Bring forth that fatal scritch-owl to our house,
' That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
' Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
' And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
[*Attendants bring the body forward.*

War. I think his understanding is bereft:—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.
Rich. O, 'would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth;
' 'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
' Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
' Which in the time of death he gave our father.
Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words*.
Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.
Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.
War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.
Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
' *Rich.* Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.
Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.
Geo. Where's captain Margaret, to fence you now?
War. They mock thee, Clifford! swear as thou wast wont.
' *Rich.* What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard,
' When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath:—
I know by that, he's dead; And, by my soul,
' If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despight might rail at him,
' This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.
War. Ay, but he's dead: Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.—

* —eager *words.*] Sour words; words of asperity. JOHNSON.
So, in *Hamlet*: "It is a nipping and an *eager* air." STEEVENS.

And

And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king.
' From whence ſhall Warwick cut the ſea to France,
And aſk the lady Bona for thy queen:
So ſhalt thou ſinew both theſe lands together;
' And, having France thy friend, thou ſhalt not dread
The ſcatter'd foe, that hopes to riſe again;
For though they cannot greatly ſting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine ears.
Firſt, will I ſee the coronation;
' And then to Britany I'll croſs the ſea[9],
To effect this marriage, ſo it pleaſe my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, ſweet Warwick, let it be:
* For on thy ſhoulder do I build my ſeat;
* And never will I undertake the thing,
* Wherein thy counſel and conſent is wanting.—
' Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloſter;—
' And George, of Clarence;—Warwick, as ourſelf,
' Shall do, and undo, as him pleaſeth beſt.

Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence; George, of Gloſter;
For Gloſter's dukedom is too ominous[1].

War. Tut, that's a fooliſh obſervation;
Richard, be duke of Gloſter: Now to London,
To ſee theſe honours in poſſeſſion. [*Exeunt.*

9 *And then to Britany I'll croſs the ſea,*] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:

And afterward I'll croſs the ſeas to France. STEEVENS.

1 *For Gloſter's dukedom is too ominous.*] The author of the original play, in which this line is found, probably had here a paſſage in Hall's *Chronicle* in his thoughts: "It ſeemeth to many men that the name and title of Glouceſter hath bene unfortunate and unluckie to diverſe, whiche for their honor have bene erected by creation of princes to that ſtile and dignitie; as Hugh Spencer, Thomas of Woodſtocke, ſon to kynge Edwarde the third, and this duke Humphrey, [who was killed at Bury;] whiche three perſons by miſerable death finiſhed their daies, and after them king Richard the iii. alſo duke of Glouceſter, in civil warre was ſlaine and confounded; ſo that this name of Glouceſter is taken for an unhappie and unfortunate ſtile, as the proverbe ſpeaketh of Sejanes horſe, whoſe ryder was ever unhorſed, and whoſe poſſeſſer was ever brought to miſerie." MALONE.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Chace in the North of England.

Enter two Keepers[2], *with cross-bows in their hands.*

' 1. *Keep.* Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;
' For through this laund[3] anon the deer will come;
' And in this covert will we make our stand,
' Culling the principal of all the deer.
* 2. *Keep.* I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.
* 1. *Keep.* That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow[4]
* Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
* Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
* And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
* I'll tell thee what befell me on a day,
* In this self-place where now we mean to stand.
' 2. *Keep.* Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

Enter King HENRY, *disguised, with a prayer-book.*

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
' To greet mine own land with my wishful sight[5].
' No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
* Thy place is fill'd, thy scepter wrung from thee,

2 — *two Keepers*—] In the folio, instead of *two keepers*, we have, through negligence, the names of the persons who represented these characters; *Sinklo*, and *Humphrey*. See Vol. III. p. 249, n. 8. MALONE.

3 — *this* laund—] *Laund* means the same as *lawn*; a plain extended between woods. So, in the play of *Orlando Furioso*, 1594:
" And that they trace the shady *lawnds*," &c. STEEVENS.

4 — *the noise of thy cross-bow*—] The poet appears not to have forgot the secrets of his former profession. So, in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1626: "—Did I not hear a *bow* go off, and the buck bray?" STEEVENS.

5 *To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.*] So, the folio. The quartos perhaps better thus:
And thus disguis'd to greet my native land. STEEVENS.

* Thy

* Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast anointed[6]:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
' No humble suitors press to speak for right,
' No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?

' 1. *Keep.* Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee:
' This is the *quondam* king; let's seize upon him.

* *K. Hen.* Let me embrace these four adversities[7];
* For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

* 2. *Keep.* Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

* 1. *Keep.* Forbear a while; we'll hear a little more.

' *K. Hen.* My queen, and son, are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
' Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
' To wife for Edward: If this news be true,
' Poor queen, and son, your labour is but lost;
' For Warwick is a subtle orator,
' And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
' By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
' For she's a woman to be pity'd much:
* Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
* Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
* The tyger will be mild, while she doth mourn;
* And Nero will be tainted with remorse[8],
* To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.

[6] *Thy balm wash'd off,*] This is an image very frequent in the works of Shakspeare. So again, in this scene:

I was anointed king.

It is common in these plays to find the same images, whether jocular or serious, frequently recurring. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Richard II:*

" Not all the water in the rough rude sea
" Can wash the balm from an anointed king."

* It is observable that this line is one of those additions to the orignal play, which are found in the folio, and not in the quarto. MALONE.

[7] — these *four* adversities;] The old copy reads—*the fowre adversaries*. STEEVENS.

Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[8] And *Nero will*—] Perhaps we might better read—*A Nero will*—. STEEVENS.

* Ay,

* Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says—her Henry is depos'd;
He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd;
* That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more:
* Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
* Inferreth arguments of mighty strength [9];
* And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
* With promise of his sister, and what else,
* To strengthen and support king Edward's place.
* O Margaret [1], thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,
* Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

2. *Keep.* Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings and queens?

' *K. Hen.* More than I seem, and less than I was born to:
' A man at least, for less I should not be [2];
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

' 2. *Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

' *K. Hen.* Why, so I am, in mind [*]; and that's enough.

2. *Keep.* But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
* Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,
* Nor to be seen: ' my crown is call'd, content;
' A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

9 *Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;*] In the former act was the same line:

Inferring arguments of mighty force. JOHNSON.

This repetition, like many others in these two plays, seems to have arisen from Shakspeare's first copying his original as it lay before him, and afterwards in subsequent passages (added to the old matter) introducing expressions which had struck him in preceding scenes. In the old play the line occurs but once. MALONE.

1 *O Margaret, &c.*] The piety of Henry scarce interests us more for his misfortunes, than this his constant solicitude for the welfare of his deceitful queen. STEEVENS.

2 *More than I seem, &c.*] Thus, in the old play:

More than I seem, for less I should not be;
A man at least, and more I cannot be. MALONE.

* *— but thou talk'st as if thou wert a* king.
Why, so I am, in mind;] There seems to be an allusion to a line in an old song, quoted in *Every Man out of his Humour:*

" My *mind* to me a *kingdom* is." MALONE.

' 2. *Keep.* Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content, and you, must be contented
' To go along with us: for, as we think,
' You are the king, king Edward hath depos'd;
' And we his subjects[3], sworn in all allegiance,
' Will apprehend you as his enemy.
* *K. Hen.* But did you never swear, and break an oath? '
* 2. *Keep.* No, never such an oath; nor will not now.
* *K. Hen.* Where did you dwell, when I was king of England?
* 2. *Keep.* Here in this country, where we now remain.
* *K. Hen.* I was anointed king at nine months old;
* My father, and my grandfather, were kings;
* And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
* And, tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?
* 1. *Keep.* No; for we were subjects, but while you were king.
* *K. Hen.* Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
* Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.
* Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
* And as the air blows it to me again[*],
* Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
* And yielding to another when it blows,
* Commanded always by the greater gust;
* Such is the lightness of you common men.
* But do not break your oaths; for, of that sin
* My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
* Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
* And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.
* 1. *Keep.* We are true subjects to the king, king Edward.
* *K. Hen.* So would you be again to Henry,
* If he were seated as king Edward is.
1. *Keep.* We charge you, in God's name, and the king's,

[3] *And we his subjects,* &c.] So, the folio. The quarto thus:
And therefore we charge you in God's name, and the king's,
To go along with us unto the officers. STEEVENS.

[*] *Look, as I blow this feather from my face,*
And as the air blows it to me again, &c.] So, in the *Winter's Tale:*
"I am a feather for each wind that blows." MALONE.

To

To go with us unto the officers.

' *K. Hen.* In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:
' And what God will, that let your king perform;
' And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, *and Lady* GREY.

' *K. Edw.* Brother of Glofter, at faint Albans' field
' This lady's hufband, fir John Grey[4], was flain,
His lands then feiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her fuit is now, to repoffefs thofe lands;
' Which we in juftice cannot well deny,
Becaufe in quarrel of the houfe of York
' The worthy gentleman did lofe his life[5].

Glo.

4 — *Sir John Grey,*] Vid. Hall, 3d Year of Edward IV. folio 5. It was hitherto falfly printed *Richard*. POPE.

Sir John Grey was flain at the fecond battle of St. Albans, fighting on the fide of King Henry. MALONE.

5 *His lands then* feiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her fuit is now, to repoffefs thofe lands;
Which we in juftice cannot well deny,
Becaufe in quarrel of the houfe of York
The worthy gentleman did lofe his life.] This is in every particular a falfification of hiftory. Sir John Grey, as has been already obferved, fell in the fecond battle of Saint Albans, which was fought on Shrove-Tuefday, Feb. 17, 1460-1, fighting on the fide of king *Henry*; and fo far is it from being true that his lands were feized by the conqueror, (Queen Margaret,) that they were in fact feized by the very perfon who now fpeaks, after his great victory at Towton, on the 29th of March, 1461. The prefent fcene is laid in 1464.

Shakfpeare in new moulding this play followed implicitly his author, (for thefe five lines, with only a flight variation in the third, and fifth, are found in the old play,) without giving himfelf the trouble to examine the hiftory; but a few years afterwards, when he had occafion to write his *Richard III.* and was not warped by a preceding mifreprefentation of another writer, he ftated from the chronicles this matter truly as it was; and this is one of the numerous circumftances

that

Glo. Your highneſs ſhall do well, to grant her ſuit;
It were diſhonour, to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no leſs; but yet I'll make a pauſe.

' *Glo.* Yea! is it ſo[6]? [*Aſide to* Clar.
I ſee the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble ſuit.

Clar. He knows the game; How true he keeps the wind? [*Aſide.*

Glo. Silence! [*Aſide.*

' *K. Edw,* Widow, we will conſider of your ſuit[7];
' And come ſome other time, to know our mind.

' *L. Grey.* Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
' May it pleaſe your highneſs to reſolve me now;
' And what your pleaſure is, ſhall ſatisfy me.

' *Glo.* [*Aſide.*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,
' An if what pleaſes him, ſhall pleaſure you.
' Fight cloſer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

* *Clar.* I fear her not, unleſs ſhe chance to fall. [*Aſide.*

* *Glo.* God forbid that! for he'll take vantages. [*Aſide.*

' *K. Edw.** How many children haſt thou, widow? tell me.

Clar. I think, he means to beg a child of her. [*Aſide.*

that prove inconteſtably, in my apprehenſion, that he was not the original author of this and the preceding play.

In *King Richard III.* Act I. ſc. iii. Richard addreſſing himſelf to Queen Elizabeth, (the lady Grey of the preſent ſcene,) ſays,

"In all which time you, and your huſband *Grey,*
"Were factious *for the houſe of Lancaſter*;—
"(And Rivers ſo were you:)—was not yout huſband
"In *Margaret's battle* at Saint Albans ſlain?"

He calls it *Margaret's battle,* becauſe ſhe was there victorious. MALONE.

6 Glo. *Yea, is it ſo?* &c.] So the folio. The quartos read wtih the following variations:

Glo. I, Is the wind in that door?
Clarence. I ſee the lady, &c. STEEVENS.

7 *Widow, we will conſider*—] This is a very lively and ſpritely dialogue; the reciprocation is quicker than is common in Shakſpeare. JOHNSON.

Glo.

Glo. Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give her two. [*Aside.*

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him. [*Aside.*

' *K. Edw.* 'Twere pity, they should lose their father's land.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

[Glofter *and* Clarence *retire to the other side.*

* *K. Edw.* Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

* *L. Grey.* Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

* *K. Edw.* And would you not do much to do them good?

* *L. Grey.* To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

* *K. Edw.* Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

* *L. Grey.* Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

* *L. Grey.* So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

* *K. Edw.* What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

* *L. Grey.* What you command, that rests in me to do.

* *K. Edw.* But you will take exceptions to my boon.

* *L. Grey.* No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

* *K. Edw.* Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

* *L. Grey.* Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

* *Glo.* He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble. [*Aside.*

* *Clar.* As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt. [*Aside.*

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave, with many thousand thanks.

Glo. The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.

' *K. Edw.* But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

* *L. Grey.* The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

* *K. Edw.* Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.
What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

' *L. Grey.* My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
' That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants[8].

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

* *L. Grey.* Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

* *K. Edw.* But now you partly may perceive my mind.

* *L. Grey.* My mind will never grant what I perceive
* Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

* *L. Grey.* To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

' *K. Edw.* Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
' Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.

K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt say ay, to my request:
No; if thou dost say no, to my demand.

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

' *Glo.* The widow likes him not, she knits her brows. [*Aside.*

Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom. [*Aside.*

[8] *My love till death*, &c.] The variation is here worth noting. In the old play we here find—

My humble service, such as subjects owe,
And the laws command. MALONE.

K. Edw.

'' *K. Edw.* [*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty[9];
'' Her words do shew her wit incomparable;
'' All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
One way, or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen?

L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:
' I know, I am too mean to be your queen;
And yet too good to be your concubine[1].

K. Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean, my queen.

L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should call you—father.

K. Edw. No more, than when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow[2], and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,

9 *Her looks do argue her replete with modesty:*] So, the folio. The quartos read:

Her looks *are all* replete with *majesty*. STEEVENS.

1 *I know, I am too mean to be your queen;*
And yet too good to be your concubine.] These words, which are found in the old play, (except that we there have *bad*, instead of *mean*,) were taken by the author of that piece from Hall's *Chronicle:* "—whiche demaund she so wysely and with so covert speeche aunswered and repugned, affyrmyng that as she was for his honour far unable to be his spouse and bedfellowe, so for her awne poor honestie she was to good to be either his concubine, or sovereigne lady; that where he was a littell before heated with the dart of Cupido, he was nowe," &c. MALONE.

2 *Thou art a widow,* &c.] This is part of the king's reply to his mother in Stowe's *Chronicle:* "That she is a widow, and hath already children; by God's blessed lady I am a batchelor, and have some too, and so each of us hath a proofe that neither of us is like to be barrain;" &c. STEEVENS.

Have other ſome: why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many ſons.
' Anſwer no more, for thou ſhalt be my queen.
Glo. The ghoſtly father now hath done his ſhrift. [*Aſide.*
Clar. When he was made a ſhriver, 'twas for ſhift. [*Aſide.*
K. Edw. Brothers, you muſe what chat we two have had.
' *Glo.* The widow likes it not, for ſhe looks very ſad.
K. Edw. You'd think it ſtrange, if I ſhould marry her.
Clar. To whom, my lord?
K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myſelf.
Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the leaſt.
Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder laſts.
' *Glo.* By ſo much is the wonder in extremes.
K. Edw. Well, jeſt on, brothers: I can tell you both,
Her ſuit is granted for her huſband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
' And brought your priſoner to your palace gate.
' *K. Edw.* See, that he be convey'd unto the Tower:—
' And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
' To queſtion of his apprehenſion.—
' Widow, go you along;—Lords, uſe her honourable.
[*Exeunt* K. EDW. *Lady* GREY, CLAR. *and Lord.*
Glo. Ay, Edward will uſe women honourably.
'Would he were waſted, marrow, bones, and all,
' That from his loins no hopeful branch may ſpring,
' To croſs me from the golden time I look for!
' And yet, between my ſoul's deſire, and me,
' (The luſtful Edward's title buried)
' Is Clarence, Henry, and his ſon young Edward,
' And all the unlook'd-for iſſue of their bodies,
' To take their rooms, ere I can place myſelf:
A cold premeditation for my purpoſe!
' Why, then I do but dream on ſovereignty;
' Like one that ſtands upon a promontory,

* And ſpies a far-off ſhore where he would tread,
* Wiſhing his foot were equal with his eye;
* And chides the ſea that ſunders him from thence,
* Saying—he'll lade it dry to have his way:
* So do I wiſh the crown, being ſo far off;
* And ſo I chide the means that keep me from it;
* And ſo I ſay—I'll cut the cauſes off,
* Flattering me with impoſſibilities.—
* My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
* Unleſs my hand and ſtrength could equal them.
* Well, ſay there is no kingdom then for Richard;
* What other pleaſure can the world afford?
' I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap [3],
' And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch ſweet ladies with my words and looks.
' O miſerable thought! and more unlikely,
' Than to accompliſh twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forſwore me in my mother's womb [4]:
' And, for I ſhould not deal in her ſoft laws,
' She did corrupt frail nature with ſome bribe
' To ſhrink mine arm up like a wither'd ſhrub;
' To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where ſits deformity to mock my body;
' To ſhape my legs of an unequal ſize;
* To diſproportion me in every part,
* Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp [5],
* That carries no impreſſion like the dam.

[3] *I'll make my heaven, &c.*] Thus the folio. The quartos alter and tranſpoſe the two lines, as follows:

I will *go clad* my body *in* gay ornaments,
And lull myſelf within a lady's lap. STEEVENS.

[4] *—love forſwore me in my mother's womb:*] This line is found alſo in a play entitled *Wily Beguiled.* The earlieſt edition that I have ſeen of that piece, was printed in 1606; but it had been exhibited on the ſtage ſoon after the year 1590. MALONE.

[5] *—unlick'd bear-whelp,*] It was an opinion which, in ſpite of its abſurdity, prevailed long, that the bear brings forth only ſhapeleſs lumps of animated fleſh, which ſhe licks into the form of bears. It is now well known that the whelps of the bear are produced in the ſame ſtate with thoſe of other creatures. JOHNSON.

* And

And am I then a man to be belov'd?
' O, monſtrous fault, to harbour ſuch a thought!
* Then, ſince this earth affords no joy to me,
* But to command, to check, to o'erbear ſuch
* As are of better perſon than myſelf[6],
* I'll make my heaven—to dream upon the crown;
* And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
* Until my miſ-ſhap'd trunk that bears this head,
* Be round impaled[7] with a glorious crown.
* And yet I know not how to get the crown,
* For many lives ſtand between me and home:
* And I,—like one loſt in a thorny wood,
* That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns;
* Seeking a way, and ſtraying from the way;
* Not knowing how to find the open air,
* But toiling deſperately to find it out,—
* Torment myſelf to catch the Engliſh crown:
* And from that torment I will free myſelf,
* Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can ſmile, and murder while I ſmile;
' And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
* And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,

6 *— to o'erbear ſuch*
As are of better perſon than myſelf,] Richard ſpeaks here the language of nature. Whoever is ſtigmatized with deformity has a conſtant ſource of envy in his mind, and would counter-balance by ſome other ſuperiority thoſe advantages which he feels himſelf to want. Bacon remarks that the deformed are commonly daring; and it is almoſt proverbially obſerved that they are ill-natured. The truth is, that the deformed, like all other men, are diſpleaſed with inferiority, and endeavour to gain ground by good or bad means, as they are virtuous or corrupt. JOHNSON.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
7 *Until my miſ-ſhap'd trunk that bears this head,*
Be round impaled, &c.] *Impaled* is encircled.—A tranſpoſition ſeems to be neceſſary:

1 2 8 5 7 3 4 6
Until my head, that this miſ-ſhap'd trunk bears,—
Otherwiſe the *trunk that bears the head* is to be encircled with the crown, and not the *head* itſelf. STEEVENS.

Sir T. Hanmer reads as Mr. Steevens recommends. I believe our author is anſwerable for this inaccuracy. MALONE.

And

* And frame my face to all occasions.
* I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
* I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
* I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slily than Ulysses could,
* And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
I can add colours to the cameleon;
' Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,
' And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school [8].
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
' Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

France. *A Room in a Palace.*

Flourish. Enter LEWIS *the* French *King, and Lady* BONA, *attended; the King takes his state. Then enter Queen* MARGARET, *Prince* EDWARD *her Son, and the Earl of* OXFORD.

' *K. Lew.* Fair queen of England [9], worthy Margaret, [*rising.*
' Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state,

[8] *And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.*] As this is an anachronism, and the old quarto reads:

And set the aspiring Cataline *to school.*

I don't know why it should not be preferred. WARBURTON.

Cataline first occurred to the author of the old play, who was probably a scholar; and *Machiavel*, who is mentioned in various books of our author's age, as the great exemplar of profound politicians, naturally was substituted by Shakspeare in his room. See p. 194, n. 5. MALONE.

[9] *Fair queen of England,* &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos give the following:

Welcome, queen Margaret, to the court of France.
It fits not Lewis to sit, while thou dost stand.
Sit by my side; and here I vow to thee,
Thou shalt have aid to re-possess thy right,
And beat proud Edward from his usurped seat,
And place king Henry in his former rule. STEEVENS.

See the notes referred to in p. 268, n. 7. MALONE.

' And

' And birth, that thou should'st stand, while Lewis doth sit.
* Q. Mar. No, mighty king of France[1]; now Margaret
* Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve,
* Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
* Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
* But now mischance hath trod my title down,
* And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
* Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
* And to my humble seat conform myself.
* K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?
* Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
* And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.
* K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
* And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck [Seats her by him.
* To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
* Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
* Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
* It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.
* Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
* And give my tongue-ty'd sorrows leave to speak.
* Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,—
* That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
* Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,
* And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
* While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
* Usurps the regal title, and the seat
* Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
* This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,—
* With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir,—
* Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;

[1] *No, mighty king of France; &c.*] Instead of this speech the quartos only supply the following:

Queen. I humbly thank your royal majesty,
And pray the God of heaven to bless thy state,
Great king of France, that thus regard'st our wrongs.

STEEVENS.

' And,

'And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done:
* Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
* Our people and our peers are both miſ-led,
* Our treaſure ſeiz'd, our ſoldiers put to flight,
* And, as thou ſee'ſt, ourſelves in heavy plight.

* *K. Lew.* Renowned queen, with patience calm the ſtorm,
* While we bethink a means to break it off.

* *Q. Mar.* The more we ſtay, the ſtronger grows our foe.

* *K. Lew.* The more I ſtay, the more I'll ſuccour thee.

* *Q. Mar.* O, but impatience waiteth on true ſorrow:
* And ſee, where comes the breeder of my ſorrow.

Enter WARWICK, *attended.*

' *K. Lew.* What's he, approacheth boldly to our preſence?

Q. Mar. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greateſt friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?

[*deſcending from his ſtate. Queen* Mar. *riſes.*

* *Q. Mar.* Ay, now begins a ſecond ſtorm to riſe;
* For this is he, that moves both wind and tide.

' *War.* From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and ſovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come,—in kindneſs, and unfeigned love,—
Firſt, to do greetings to thy royal perſon;
And, then, to crave a league of amity;
And, laſtly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchſafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair ſiſter,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

' *Q. Mar.* If that go forward, Henry's hope is done[2].

War.

[2] —*Henry's hope is done.*] So, the folio. The quartos read—*all our* hope is done. STEEVENS.

We have had nearly the ſame line in Margaret's former ſpeech at the top of this page. The line having made an impreſſion on Shakſpeare, he introduced it in that ſpeech, which appears (except in this inſtance)

War. And, gracious madam, [*to* Bona.] in our king's behalf,
'I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.
Q. Mar. King Lewis,—and lady Bona,—hear me speak,
' Before you answer Warwick. His demand [3]
* Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
* But from deceit, bred by necessity:
* For how can tyrants safely govern home,
* Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
* To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,—
* That Henry liveth still: but were he dead,
* Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son.
* Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
* Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour:
* For though usurpers sway the rule a while,
* Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.
War. Injurious Margaret!
Prince. And why not queen?
War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art prince, than she is queen
Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth,
' Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:

instance) to have been entirely his own production; and afterwards inadvertently suffered it with a slight variation to remain here, where only it is found in the old play. MALONE.

3 *His demand*, &c.] Instead of the remainder of this speech the old play has the following lines:

——————— hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick, *or his words,*
For he it is hath done us all these wrongs. MALONE.

From

From these our Henry lineally descends.
War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not, how Henry the sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the fifth had gotten?
Methinks, these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest,—You tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.
' *Oxf.* Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
' Whom thou obeyd'st thirty and six years [4],
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?
War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falshood with a pedigree?
For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward king.
' *Oxf.* Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
' My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
' When nature brought him to the door of death [5]?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.
War. And I the house of York.
K. Lew. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxford,
' Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
' While I use further conference with Warwick.
' *Q. Mar.* Heavens grant, that Warwick's words bewitch him not!
[*retiring with the* Prince *and* Oxf.
' *K. Lew.* Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,

4 — *thirty and six years,*] So, the folio. The quartos, *thirty and eight* years. STEEVENS.
The number in the old play is right. The alteration, however, is of little consequence. MALONE.
5 *When nature brought him to the door of death?*] Thus the folio. The quartos: When *age did call him* to the door of death. STEEVENS.
This passage unavoidably brings before the mind that admirable image of *old age* in Sackville's *Induction:*
"His withered fist still *knocking at deathe's dore,*" &c. FARMER.

'Is Edward your true king? for I were loth,
'To link with him that were not lawful chosen[6].
War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.
K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?
War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate[7].
'*K. Lew.* Then further,—all dissembling set aside,
'Tell me for truth the measure of his love
'Unto our sister Bona.
War. Such it seems,
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,—
That this his love was an eternal plant[8];
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain[9],
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

6 —*that were not lawful chosen.*] Thus the folio. The quartos: —that *is* not lawful *heir*. STEEVENS.

Here we have another instance of an impropriety into which Shakspeare has fallen by sometimes following and sometimes deserting his original. After Lewis has asked in the old play whether Henry was *lawful heir* to the crown of England, and has been answered in the affirmative; he next inquires whether he is *gracious*, that is, a favourite with the people. Shakspeare has preserved this latter question, though he made a variation in the former; not adverting that after a man has been *chosen* by the voices of the people to be their king, it is quite superfluous to ask whether he is popular or no.—Edward was in fact *chosen* king, both by the parliament and by a large body of the people assembled in St. John's fields. See Fabian, who wrote [illegible] fifty years after the time, p. 472, and Stowe, p. 688, edit. 1605. MALONE.

7 —*that Henry was unfortunate.*] He means, that Henry was unsuccessful in war, having lost his dominions in France, &c. MALONE.

8 —*was an eternal plant;*] The folio reads—an *external* plant; but as that word seems to afford no meaning, and as Shakspeare has adopted every other part of this speech as he found it in the old play, without alteration, I suppose *external* was a mistake of the transcriber or printer, and have therefore followed the reading of the quarto. The poet, says Dr. Warburton, alludes to the plants of paradise. MALONE.

9 *Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,*] I believe *envy* is in this place, as in many others, put for *malice* or *hatred*. His situation places him above these, though it cannot secure him from female disdain. STEEVENS.

K. Lew.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:—
Yet I confess, [*to* War.] that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

* *K. Lew.* Then, Warwick, thus,—Our sister shall be Edward's;
* And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
* Touching the jointure that your king must make,
* Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd:—
Draw near, queen Margaret; and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

* *Q. Mar.* Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
* By this alliance to make void my suit;
* Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

* *K. Lew.* And still is friend to him and Margaret:
* But if your title to the crown be weak,—
* As may appear by Edward's good success,—
* Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
* From giving aid, which late I promised.
* Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
* That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease;
Where having nothing, nothing he can lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,—
You have a father able to maintain you[1];
[illegible] 'twere, you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick;
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings*!
I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold
* Thy sly conveyance[2], and thy lord's false love;

[1] *You have a father able, &c.*] This seems ironical. The poverty of Margaret's father is a very frequent topick of reproach. JOHNSON.

* *Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!*] This line with a slight variation has occurred before. See p. 285, n. 2. The repetition has been already accounted for, in p. 301, n. 9, and p. 313, n. 5. MALONE.

[2] *Thy sly conveyance,*] Conveyance is *juggling*, and thence is taken for artifice and fraud. JOHNSON.

* For

* For both of you are birds of ſelf-ſame feather.
[*A horn ſounded within.*

K. Lew. Warwick, this is ſome poſt to us, or thee.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My lord ambaſſador, theſe letters are for you;
Sent from your brother, marquis Montague.—
Theſe from our king unto your majeſty.—
And, madam, theſe for you; from whom, I know not.
[*To* Margaret. *They all read their letters.*

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and miſtreſs
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis ſtamps as he were nettled:
* I hope, all's for the beſt.

' *K. Lew.* Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?

' *Q. Mar.* Mine, ſuch as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine, full of ſorrow and heart's diſcontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king marry'd the lady Grey?
' And now, to ſooth your forgery and his [5],
' Sends me a paper to perſuade me patience?
' Is this the alliance that he ſeeks with France?
' Dare he preſume to ſcorn us in this manner?

* *Q. Mar.* I told your majeſty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honeſty.

War. King Lewis, I here proteſt,—in ſight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliſs,—
That I am clear from this miſdeed of Edward's;
No more my king, for he diſhonours me;
But moſt himſelf, if he could ſee his ſhame.—
Did I forget, that by the houſe of York
My father came untimely to his death *?
Did I let paſs the abuſe done to my niece [6]?

Did

[5] —*to ſooth your forgery and his,*] To ſoften it, to make it more endurable: or perhaps, to ſooth us, and to prevent our being exaſperated by your forgery and his. MALONE.

* *My father came untimely,* &c.] See p. 283, n. 8. MALONE.

[6] *Did I let paſs the abuſe done to my niece?*] Thus Holinſhed, p. 668: "King Edward did attempt a thing once in the earles houſe, which

4 was

Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right;
• And am I guerdon'd at the laſt with ſhame?
* Shame on himſelf! for my deſert is honour.
* And, to repair my honour loſt for him,
* I here renounce him, and return to Henry:
' My noble queen, let former grudges paſs,
And henceforth I am thy true ſervitor;
I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former ſtate.

' *Q. Mar.* Warwick, theſe words have turn'd my hate to love;
' And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
' And joy that thou becom'ſt king Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That, if king Lewis vouchſafe to furniſh us
With ſome few bands of choſen ſoldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coaſt,
And force the tyrant from his ſeat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride ſhall ſuccour him:
* And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,
* He's very likely now to fall from him;
* For matching more for wanton luſt than honour,
* Or than for ſtrength and ſafety of our country.

* *Bona.* Dear brother, how ſhall Bona be reveng'd,
* But by thy help to this diſtreſſed queen?

* *Q. Mar.* Renowned prince, how ſhall poor Henry live,
* Unleſs thou reſcue him from foul deſpair?

* *Bona.* My quarrel, and this Engliſh queen's, are one.

* *War.* And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.

* *K. Lew.* And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore, at laſt, I firmly am reſolv'd,
You ſhall have aid.

was much againſt the earles honeſtie, (whether he would have defloured his daughter or his *niece*, the certaintie was not for both their honours revealed) for ſurely ſuch a thing was attempted by king Edward."
STEEVENS.

* *Q. Mar.* Let me give humble thanks for all at once.
K. Lew. Then England's meſſenger, return in poſt;
And tell falſe Edward, thy ſuppoſed king,—
That Lewis of France is ſending over maſkers,
To revel it with him and his new bride:
* Thou ſeeſt what's paſt, go fear thy king withal[7].
Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower ſhortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his ſake.
Q. Mar. Tell him, My mourning weeds are laid aſide,
And I am ready to put armour on[8].
War. Tell him from me, That he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.
There's thy reward[9]; be gone. [*Exit* Meſ.
K. Lew. But, Warwick;
Thou, and Oxford, with five thouſand men,
Shall croſs the ſeas, and bid falſe Edward battle[1]:
* And, as occaſion ſerves, this noble queen
* And prince ſhall follow with a freſh ſupply.
' Yet, ere thou go, but anſwer me one doubt;—
' What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?
War. This ſhall aſſure my conſtant loyalty;—
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldeſt daughter[2], and my joy,
To

7 —*go* fear *thy king*—] That is, *fright* thy king. JOHNSON.

8 —*to put armour on.*] It was once no unuſual thing for queens themſelves to appear in armour at the head of their forces. The ſuit which Elizabeth wore when ſhe rode through the lines at Tilbury to encourage the troops, on the approach of the armada, may be ſtill ſeen in the Tower. STEEVENS.

9 —*thy reward*;] Here we are to ſuppoſe that, according to ancient cuſtom, Warwick makes a preſent to the herald or meſſenger, whom the original copies call—a *Poſt*. STEEVENS.

1 — *and* bid *falſe Edward battle*:] This phraſe is common to many of our ancient writers. So, in the *Misfortunes of Arthur*, a dramatick performance, 1587:

" ——— my fleſh abhors
" To *bid the battle* to my proper blood." STEEVENS.

2 *I'll join mine* eldeſt *daughter,*] This is a departure from the truth of hiſtory, for Edward prince of Wales (as Mr. Theobald has obſerved) was married to Anne, the *ſecond* daughter of the earl of Warwick. But notwithſtanding this, his reading [*youngeſt* daughter] has, I think, been improperly adopted by the ſubſequent editors; for though
in

To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

'*Q. Mar.* Yes, I agree [3], and thank you for your motion:—
'Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
'Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
'And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
'That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

'*Prince.* Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
'And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[*He gives his hand to* Warwick.

'*K. Lew.* Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levy'd,
'And thou, lord Bourbon [4], our high admiral,
'Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—
'I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,
'For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[*Exeunt all but* Warwick.

in fact the duke of Clarence married Isabella, the *eldest* daughter of Warwick, in 1468, and Edward prince of Wales married Anne, his *second* daughter, in 1470; *neither* of his daughters was married at the time when Warwick was in France negotiating a marriage between Lady Bona and his king: so that there is no inconsistency in the present proposal. Supposing, however, that the original author of this play made a mistake, and imagined that the *youngest* daughter of Warwick was married to Clarence, I apprehend, he, and not his editor, ought to answer for it.

This is one of the numerous circumstances which prove that Shakspeare was not the *original* author of this play; for though here, as in a former passage, (p. 303, n. 5.) he has followed the old drama, when he afterwards wrote his *K. Richard III.* and found it necessary to consult the ancient historians, he represented Lady Anne, as she in fact was, the widow of Edward, prince of Wales, and the *youngest* daughter of the earl of Warwick. MALONE.

3 *Yes, I agree,* &c.] Instead of this speech, the quarto has only the following:

With all my heart; I like this match full well.
Love her, son Edward; she is fair and young;
And give thy hand to Warwick, for his love. STEEVENS.

4 *And thou, lord Bourbon,* &c.] Instead of this and the three following lines, we have these in the old play:

And *you*, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them *safely to the English coasts*;
And chase proud Edward *from his slumb'ring trance,*
For mocking marriage with *the name* of France. MALONE.

War. I came from Edward as embaſſador,
But I return his ſworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war ſhall anſwer his demand.
Had he none elſe to make a ſtale, but me?
Then none but I ſhall turn his jeſt to ſorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's miſery,
But ſeek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE, *and Others.*

' *Glo.* Now tell me, brother Clarence [5], what think you
' Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?
* Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?
* *Clar.* Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;
* How could he ſtay till Warwick made return?
* *Som.* My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

[5] *Now tell me, brother Clarence,*] In the old play the king enters here along with his brothers, not after them, and opens the ſcene thus:

Edw. Brothers of Clarence and of Gloceſter,
What think you of our marriage with the lady Grey?
Glo. My lord, we think as Warwick and Lewis,
That are ſo ſlack in judgment that they'll take
No offence at this ſudden marriage.
Edw. Suppoſe they do, they are but Lewis and Warwick;
And I am your king and Warwick's; and will be
Obey'd.
Glo. And ſhall, becauſe you are our king;
But yet ſuch ſudden marriages ſeldom proveth well.
Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you againſt us too?
MALONE.

Flouriſh.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, *attended; Lady* Grey, *as queen;* PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, *and Others*[6].

* *Glo.* And his well-chosen bride.

* *Clar.* I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

' *K. Edw.* Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
' That you stand pensive, as half malecontent?

' *Clar.* As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick;
' Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
' That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

' *K. Edw.* Suppose, they take offence without a cause,
' They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,
' Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

' *Glo.* And shall have your will, because our king:
' Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

' *Glo.* Not I:
' No; God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd
' Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere pity,
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

' *K. Edw.* Setting your scorns, and your mislike, aside,
' Tell me some reason, why the lady Grey
' Should not become my wife, and England's queen:—
' And you too,' Somerset[7], and Montague,
' Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is my opinion[8],—that king Lewis

[6] The stage-direction in the folio, [*Four stand on one side, and four on the other.*] is sufficient proof that the play, as exhibited there, was printed from a stage copy. I suppose these *eight* important personages were attendants. STEEVENS.

[7] *And you too,* Somerset, &c.] In the old play Somerset does not appear in this scene. MALONE.

[8] Clar. *Then this is my opinion,*—&c.] Instead of this and the following speech, the quartos read thus:

Clar. My lord, then this is my opinion;
That Warwick, being dishonour'd in his embassage,
Doth seek revenge, to quit his injuries.
Glo. And Lewis in regard of his sister's wrongs,
Doth join with Warwick to supplant your state. STEEVENS.

'Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
'About the marriage of the lady Bona.
'*Glo.* And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
'Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.
'*K. Edw.* What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd,
'By such invention as I can devise?
Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.
'*Hast.* Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
'England is safe, if true within itself[9]?
* *Mont.* But the safer, when it is back'd with France.
* *Hast.* 'Tis better using France, than trusting France:
* Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas[1],
* Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
* And with their helps only defend ourselves;
* In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.
Clar. For this one speech, lord Hastings well deserves
'To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.
'*K. Edw.* Ay, what of that? it was my will, and grant;
* And, for this once, my will shall stand for law.
'*Glo.* And yet, methinks[2], your grace hath not done well,
'To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales

9 *Why, knows not Montague, that of itself England is safe, if true within itself?*] In the old play the lines stand thus:

Let England be true within itself,
We need not France nor any alliance with them.

It is observable that the first of these lines occurs in the old play of *King John*, 1591, from which our author borrowed it, and inserted it with a slight change in his own play with the same title. MALONE.

1 —*with the seas,*] This has been the advice of every man who in any age understood and favoured the interest of England. JOHNSON.

2 *And yet, methinks, &c.*] The quartos vary from the folio, as follows:

Clar. Ay, and for such a thing too, the lord Scales
Did well deserve at your hands, to have the
Daughter of the lord Bonfield; and left your
Brothers to go seek elsewhere; but in your madness
You bury brotherhood. STEEVENS.

'Unto

'Unto the brother of your loving bride;
'She better would have fitted me, or Clarence:
'But in your bride you bury brotherhood.
'*Clar.* Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir[3]
'Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
'And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.
K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife,
'That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.
'*Clar.* In choosing for yourself, you shew'd your judgment:
'Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
'To play the broker in mine own behalf;
'And, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.
'*K. Edw.* Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
'And not be ty'd unto his brother's will.
'*Q. Eliz.* My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
'To raise my state to title of a queen,
'Do me but right, and you must all confess
'That I was not ignoble of descent[*],
* And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
* But as this title honours me and mine,
* So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
* Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.
'*K. Edw.* My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns[4]:
'What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,

3 *Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir*—] It must be remembered, that till the Restoration, the heiresses of great estates were in the wardship of the king, who in their minority gave them up to plunder, and afterwards matched them to his favourites. I know not when liberty gained more than by the abolition of the court of wards. JOHNSON.

* —*I was not ignoble of descent*,] Her father was Sir Richard Widville, knight, afterwards earl of Rivers; her mother, Jaqueline, Dutchess dowager of Bedford, who was daughter to Peter of Luxemburgh, earl of Saint Paul, and widow of John duke of Bedford, brother to King Henry V. MALONE.

4 *My love, forbear*, &c.] Instead of this and the following speech, the old play has only these lines:

Edw. Forbear, my love, to fawne upon their frowns,
For thee they must obey, nay, shall obey,
And if they look for favour at my hands.
Mont. My lord, here is the messenger return'd from Fraunce.
MALONE.

'So

'So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
'And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
'Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
'Unless they seek for hatred at my hands:
'Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
'And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.
* *Glo.* I hear, yet say not much, but think the more. [*Aside.*

Enter a Messenger.

'*K. Edw.* Now, messenger, what letters, or what news,
From France?
'*Mess.* My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,
'But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.
'*K. Edw.* Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
'Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
'What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters?
Mess. At my depart, these were his very words;
Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.
K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike, he thinks me Henry.
'But what said lady Bona to my marriage?
Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:
Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.
'*K. Edw.* I blame not her, she could say little less;
'She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
'For I have heard, that she was there in place [5].
Mess. *Tell him,* quoth she, *my mourning weeds are done* [6],
And I am ready to put armour on.
'*K. Ed.* Belike, she minds to play the Amazon.

5 —*she was there* in place.] This expression, signifying, she was there *present*, occurs frequently in old English writers. MALONE.

6 —*are* done,] i. e. are consumed, thrown off. The word is often used in this sense by the writers of our author's age. So, in his *Rape of Lucrece:*

"And if possess'd, as soon decay'd and *done*
"As is the morning's silver-melting dew." MALONE.

But

But what said Warwick to these injuries?

'*Mes.* He, more incens'd against your majesty
' Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words;
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.

'*K. Edw.* Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
' Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
' They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
' But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

'*Mes.* Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship,
' That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger[7].
* Now, brother king, farewel, and sit you fast,
* For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
* That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
* I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
You, that love me and Warwick, follow me[8].

[*Exit* CLARENCE, *and* SOMERSET *follows*.

* *Glo.*

7 *Belike the elder, Clarence will have the younger.*] Clarence having in fact married Isabella, the *elder* daughter of Warwick, Mr. Theobald made *elder* and *younger* change places in this line; in which he has been followed, I think, improperly, by the subsequent editors: The author of the old play, where this line is found, might from ignorance or intentionally have deviated from history, in his account of the lady on whom Clarence married. See a former note, p. 320, n. 2. MALONE.

8 *You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.*] That Clarence should make this speech in the king's hearing is very improbable, yet I do not see how it can be palliated. The king never goes out, nor can Clarence be talking to a company apart, for he answers immediately to that which the Post says to the king. JOHNSON.

You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.] When the earl of Essex attempted to raise a rebellion in the city, with a design, as was supposed, to storm the queen's palace, he ran about the streets with his sword drawn, crying out, "They that love me, follow me." STEEVENS.

Clarence certainly speaks in the hearing of the king, who immediately after his brother has retired, exclaims, that he is gone to join with Warwick.

This

* *Glo.* Not I [9]:
* My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
* Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown. [*Aside.*

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
* Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
* And haste is needful in this desperate case.—
' Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf [1]
' Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
' They are already, or quickly will be landed:
' Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt* Pembroke *and* Stafford.

' But, ere I go, Hastings,—and Montague,—
' Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
' Are near to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance:

This line is in the old quarto play. One nearly resembling it is likewise found in *the Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:

"Myself will lead the way,
"And make a passage with my conquering sword,
"Knee-deep in blood of these accursed Moors;
"*And they that love my honour, follow me.*"

So also, in our author's *King Richard III:*

"The rest that love me, rise, and follow me." MALONE.

9 *Glo. Not I:*] After Clarence goes out, we have in the old play the following dialogue; part of which Shakspeare rejected, and transposed the rest:

Edw. Clarence and Somerset fled to Warwick!
What say you, brother Richard, will you stand to us?
Glo. Ay, my lord, in despight of all that shall withstand you;
For why hath nature made me halt downright,
But that I should be valiant and stand to it?
For if I would, I cannot run away. MALONE.

1 *Pembroke, and Stafford,* &c.] The quartos give the passage thus:

Pembroke, go raise an army presently;
Pitch up my tent; for in the field this night
I mean to rest; and, on the morrow morn,
I'll march to meet proud Warwick, ere he land
Those straggling troops which he hath got in France.
But ere I go, Montague and Hastings, you
Of all the rest are nearest ally'd in blood
To Warwick; therefore tell me if you favour
Him more than me, or not; speak truly, for
I had rather have you open enemies
Then hollow friends. STEEVENS.

' Tell

'Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me?
'If it be so, then both depart to him;
'I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends:
'But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
'Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
'That I may never have you in suspect.
Mon. So God help Montague, as he proves true!
Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause!
'*K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?
Glo. Ay, in despight of all that shall withstand you.
'*K. Edw.* Why so; then am I sure of victory.
'Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
'Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter WARWICK *and* OXFORD, *with* French *and other forces.*

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE, *and* SOMERSET.

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence come;—
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?
Clar. Fear not that, my lord.
War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;
And welcome, Somerset:—I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about [2],

And

[2] —towns *about*,] Old Copies—*town*. Corrected by Dr. Thirlby. See the next scene:

" —— but

And but attended by a ſimple guard,
We may ſurprize and take him at our pleaſure?
Our ſcouts have found the adventure very eaſy[3]:
* That as Ulyſſes, and ſtout Diomede,
* With ſleight and manhood ſtole to Rheſus' tents,
* And brought from thence the Thracian fatal ſteeds;
* So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
* At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
* And ſeize himſelf; I ſay not—ſlaughter him,
* For I intend but only to ſurprize him.—
' You, that will follow me to this attempt,
' Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.

[*They all cry,* Henry!

Why, then, let's on our way in ſilent ſort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and ſaint George[4]!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Edward's *Camp, near* Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen, *to guard the king's tent.*

* 1. *Watch.* Come on, my maſters, each man take his ſtand;
* The king, by this, is ſet him down to ſleep.
* 2. *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?

" ——— but why commands the king,
" That his chief followers lodge in *towns* about him?"
MALONE.

3 — *very eaſy:*] Here the quartos conclude this ſpeech, adding only the following lines:

Then cry king Henry with reſolved minds,
And break we preſently into his tent. STEEVENS.

4 — *and ſaint George!*] After the two concluding lines of this ſcene, which in the old play are given not to Warwick but to Clarence, we there find the following ſpeeches, which Shakſpeare has introduced in a ſubſequent place:

War. This is his tent; and ſee where his guard doth ſtand.
Courage, my ſoldiers; now or never.
But follow me now, and Edward ſhall be ours.
All. A Warwick, a Warwick! MALONE.

* 1. *Watch.*

* 1. *Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a ſolemn vow,
* Never to lie and take his natural reſt,
* Till Warwick, or himſelf, be quite ſuppreſt.
* 2. *Watch.* To-morrow then, belike, ſhall be the day,
* If Warwick be ſo near as men report.
* 3. *Watch.* But ſay, I pray, what nobleleman is that,
* That with the king here reſteth in his tent?
* 1. *Watch.* 'Tis the lord Haſtings, the king's chiefeſt friend.
* 3. *Watch.* O, is it ſo? But why commands the king,
* That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
* While he himſelf keeps in the cold field?
* 2. *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, becauſe more dangerous.
* 3. *Watch.* Ay; but give me worſhip, and quietneſs,
* I like it better than a dangerous honour.
* If Warwick knew in what eſtate he ſtands,
* 'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.
* 1. *Watch.* Unleſs our halberds did ſhut up his paſſage.
* 2. *Watch.* Ay; wherefore elſe guard we his royal tent,
* But to defend his perſon from night-foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, *and forces.*

' *War.* This is his tent; and ſee, where ſtand his guard.
' Courage, my maſters: honour now, or never!
' But follow me, and Edward ſhall be ours.
1. *Watch.* Who goes there?
* 2. *Watch.* Stay, or thou dieſt.
[Warwick, *and the reſt, cry all*—Warwick! Warwick! *and ſet upon the guard; who fly, crying*—*Arm! Arm!* Warwick, *and the reſt, following them.*

The drum beating, and trumpets ſounding, Re-enter WARWICK, *and the reſt, bringing the king out in a gown, ſitting in a chair:* GLOSTER *and* HASTINGS *fly.*

' *Som.* What are they that fly there?
' *War.* Richard, and Haſtings: let them go, here's the duke.

K. Edw.

K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last[5],
Thou call'dst me king?
War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
' When you disgrac'd me in my embassade,
' Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
* Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
Nor how to shrowd yourself from enemies?
* *K. Edw.* Yea, brother[6] of Clarence, art thou here too?
* Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must down.—
' Yet, Warwick, in despight of all mischance,
' Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
' Edward will always bear himself as king:
* Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
* My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.
War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king:
[*Takes off his crown.*
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
* And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—
' My lord of Somerset, at my request,
' See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd
' Unto my brother, archbishop of York.
' When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
' I'll follow you, and tell what answer
' Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him:—
Now, for a while, farewel, good duke of York.

5 —*when we parted* last,] The word *last*, which is found in the old play, was inadvertently omitted in the folio. MALONE.

6 *Yea, brother*, &c.] In the old play this speech consists of only these two lines:

Well, Warwick, let fortune do her worst,
Edward in mind will bear himself a king.

Henry has made the same declaration in a former scene. MALONE.

* *K. Edw.*

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
[*Exit King* Edward, *led out;* Somerset *with him.*
* *Oxf.* What now remains [7], my lords, for us to do,
* But march to London with our soldiers?
War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
' To free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Queen ELIZABETH *and* RIVERS [8].

' *Riv.* Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?
' *Q. Eliz.* Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
' What late misfortune is befall'n king Edward?

[7] *What now remains,* &c.] Instead of this and the following speech, the quartos have:

Clar. What follows now? all hitherto goes well;
But we must dispatch some letters into France,
To tell the queen of our happy fortune;
And bid her come with speed to join with us.
War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do,
And free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated on the regal throne.
Come, let's away; and, having past these cares,
I'll post to York, and see how Edward fares. STEEVENS.

[8] *Enter Rivers,* &c.] Throughout this scene the quartos vary in almost every speech from the folio. The variations however are hardly such as to deserve notice. STEEVENS.

They are, however, so marked, as to prove decisively, I think, that either Shakspeare wrote two distinct pieces on this subject at different periods, or that the play as exhibited in the folio was his, and that in quarto the production of a preceding writer. Let the second speech of Rivers be read with this view:

What losse? of some pitcht battaile against Warwicke?
Tush, feare not, faire queene, but cast these cares aside.
King Edward's noble mind his honour doth display,
And Warwick may lose, though then he got the day.

See also the speech of Clarence quoted in the last note. MALONE.

Riv. What, loſs of ſome pitch'd battle againſt Warwick ?

' *Q. Eliz.* No, but the loſs of his own royal perſon.

' *Riv.* Then is my ſovereign ſlain ?

' *Q. Eliz.* Ay, almoſt ſlain, for he is taken priſoner;
' Either betray'd by falſhood of his guard,
' Or by his foe ſurpriz'd at unawares:
' And, as I further have to underſtand,
' Is new committed to the biſhop of York,
' Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

' *Riv.* Theſe news, I muſt confeſs, are full of grief:
' Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may;
' Warwick may loſe, that now hath won the day.

* *Q. Eliz.* Till then, fair hope muſt hinder life's decay.
* And I the rather wean me from deſpair,
* For love of Edward's offspring in my womb,
* This is it that makes me bridle paſſion,
* And bear with mildneſs my misfortune's croſs;
* Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
* And ſtop the riſing of blood-ſucking ſighs,
* Leſt with my ſighs or tears I blaſt or drown
' King Edward's fruit, true heir to the Engliſh crown.'

* *Riv.* But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

' *Q. Eliz.* I am informed, that he comes towards London,
* To ſet the crown once more on Henry's head:
* Gueſs thou the reſt; king Edward's friends muſt down
' But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,
' (For truſt not him that hath once broken faith,)
' I'll hence forthwith unto the ſanctuary,
' To ſave at leaſt the heir of Edward's right;
' There ſhall I reſt ſecure from force, and fraud.
' Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;
' If Warwick take us, we are ſure to die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V[9].

A Park near Middleham *Castle in* Yorkshire.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *Sir* William Stanley, *and Others.*

'*Glo.* Now, my lord Hastings[1], and sir William Stanley,
'Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
'Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
'Thus stands the case: You know, our king, my brother,
'Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
'He hath good usage and great liberty;
'And often, but attended with weak guard,
'Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
'I have advertis'd him by secret means,
'That if, about this hour, he make this way,
'Under the colour of his usual game,
'He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
'To set him free from his captivity.

[9] *Scene V.*] In new forming these pieces Shakspeare transposed not only many lines and speeches, but some of the scenes. This scene in the original play precedes that which he has made the fourth scene of this act. MALONE.

[1] *Now, my lord Hastings,* &c.] I shall insert the speech corresponding to this in the old play, as the comparison will shew the reader in what manner Shakspeare proceeded, where he merely retouched and expanded what he found in the elder drama, without the addition of any new matter:

Glo. Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,
Know that the cause I sent for you is this.
I look my brother with a slender train
Should come a hunting in this forest here.
The bishop of York befriends him much,
And lets him use his pleasure in the chase.
Now I have privily sent him word
How I am come with you to rescue him;
And see where the huntsman and he doth come. MALONE.

Enter King EDWARD, *and a* Huntsman.

'*Hunt.* This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

'*K. Edw.* Nay, this way, man; see, where the huntsmen stand.—

'Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and the rest,
'Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?

'*Glo.* Brother, the time and case requireth haste;
'Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

'*K. Edw.* But whither shall we then?

'*Hast.* To Lynn, my lord; and ship[2] from thence to Flanders.

'*Glo.* Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

'*K. Edw.* Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

* *Glo.* But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

'*K. Edw.* Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

'*Hunt.* Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

* *Glo.* Come then, away; let's have no more ado.

'*K. Edw.* Bishop, farewel: shield thee from Warwick's frown;
And pray that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Room in the Tower.

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *young* RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant *of the Tower, and* Attendants.

* *K. Hen.* Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
* Have shaken Edward from the regal seat;
* And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
* My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys;
* At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

[2] —*and ship*—] The first folio has *shipt*. The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;
* But, if an humble prayer may prevail,
* I then crave pardon of your majesty.
* *K. Hen.* For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
* Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,
* For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:
* Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
* Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
* At last, by notes of houshold harmony,
* They quite forget their loss of liberty.—
* But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
* And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee;
* He was the author, thou the instrument.
* Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spight,
* By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me;
* And that the people of this blessed land
* May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars;
' Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
' I here resign my government to thee,
' For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.
* *War.* Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous;
* And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
* By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice,
* For few men rightly temper with the stars [3]:
* Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
* For choosing me, when Clarence is in place.
* *Clar.* No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
* To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
* Adjudg'd an olive branch, and laurel crown,
* As likely to be blest in peace, and war;
* And therefore I yield thee my free consent.
* *War.* And I choose Clarence only for protector.

3 —*few men rightly* temper *with the stars:*] I suppose the meaning is, that few men conform their *temper* to their destiny, which king Henry did, when finding himself unfortunate he gave the management of publick affairs to more prosperous hands. JOHNSON.

* *K. Hen.* Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your hands;
* Now join your hands, and, with your hands, your hearts,
* That no dissention hinder government:
' I make you both protectors of this land;
' While I myself will lead a private life,
' And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.
War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?
* *Clar.* That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
* For on thy fortune I repose myself.
* *War.* Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
* We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
* To Henry's body, and supply his place;
* I mean, in bearing weight of government,
* While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
* And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,
* Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
* And all his lands and goods be confiscate[4].
Clar. What else? and that succession be determin'd.
* *War.* Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.
* *K. Hen.* But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
* Let me entreat, (for I command no more,)
* That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
* Be sent for, to return from France with speed:
* For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
* My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.
* *Clar.* It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.
' *K. Hen.* My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
' Of whom you seem to have so tender care?
' *Som.* My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.
' *K. Hen.* Come hither, England's hope: If secret powers [*Lays his hand on his head.*

[4] *And all his lands and goods* be *confiscate.*] For the insertion of the word *be*, which the defect of the metre proves to have been accidentally omitted in the old copy, I am answerable. MALONE.

' Suggest

'Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
' This pretty lad[5] will prove our country's bliss.
' His looks are full of peaceful majesty;
' His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
' His hand to wield a scepter; and himself
' Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,
' Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

* *War.* What news, my friend?
* *Mes.* That Edward is escaped from your brother,
* And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.
* *War.* Unsavoury news: But how made he escape?
* *Mes.* He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,
* And the lord Hastings, who attended him

5 *This pretty lad*—] He was afterwards Henry VII, a man who put an end to the civil war of the two houses, but not otherwise remarkable for virtue. Shakspeare knew his trade. Henry VII. was grandfather to queen Elizabeth, and the king from whom James inherited. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare only copied this particular, together with many others, from Holinshed: "— whom when the king had a good while beheld, he said to such princes as were with him: Lo, suerlie this is he, to whom both we and our adversaries leaving the possession of all things, shall hereafter give roome and place." p. 678. STEEVENS.

Holinshed transcribed this passage almost *verbatim* from Hall, whom the author of the old play, as I conceive, copied. This speech originally stood thus:

Come hither, pretty lad. If heavenly powers
Do aim aright, to my divining soul,
Thou, pretty boy, shalt prove this country's bliss;
Thy head is made to wear a princely crown;
Thy looks are all replete with majesty:
Make much of him, my lords, &c.

Henry earl of Richmond was the son of Edmond earl of Richmond, and Margaret, daughter to John the first duke of Somerset. Edmond earl of Richmond was half-brother to king Henry the Sixth, being the son of that king's mother queen Catharine, by her second husband Owen Teuther or Tudor, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Mortimer's Cross, and soon afterwards beheaded at Hereford. MALONE.

* In secret ambush on the forest side,
* And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;
* For hunting was his daily exercise.
* *War.* My brother was too careless of his charge.—
* But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
* A salve for any sore that may betide.
[*Exeunt King* HENRY, WAR. CLA. Lieu. *and Att.*

* *Som.* My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's:
* For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help;
* And we shall have more wars, before't be long.
* As Henry's late presaging prophecy
* Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond;
* So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
* What may befall him, to his harm, and ours:
* Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
* Forthwith we'll send him hence to Britany,
* Till storms be past of civil enmity.
* *Oxf.* Ay; for, if Edward re-possess the crown,
* 'Tis like, that Richmond with the rest shall down.
* *Som.* It shall be so; he shall to Britany.
* Come therefore, let's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*'

SCENE VII[6].

Before York.

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and Forces.*

' *K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard[7], lord Hastings, and the rest[8];

6 *SCENE VII.*] This scene in the old play precedes that which Shakspeare has made the sixth of the present act. MALONE.

7 *Now, brother Richard,* &c.] Instead of this and the three following speeches, the quartos read only:

Enter Edward *and* Richard, *with a troop of* Hollanders.
Edw. Thus far from Belgia have we past the seas,
And march'd from Raunspur-haven unto York:
But soft! the gates are shut; I like not this.
Rich. Sound up the drum, and call them to the walls.
STEEVENS.

' Yet

' Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
' And says—that once more I shall enterchange
' My wained state for Henry's regal crown.
' Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
' And brought desired help from Burgundy:
' What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
' From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,
' But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

' *Glo.* The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;
* For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
* Are well foretold—that danger lurks within.

* *K. Edw.* Tush, man! abodements must not now affright us:
* By fair or foul means we must enter in,
* For hither will our friends repair to us.

* *Hast.* My liege, I'll knock once more, to summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor *of* York, *and his Brethren.*

' *May.* My lords, we were fore-warned of your coming,
' And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
' For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

' *K. Edw.* But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
' Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.

' *May.* True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

' *K. Edw.* Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom;
* As being well content with that alone.

' *Glo.* But, when the fox hath once got in his nose,
' He'll soon find means to make the body follow. [*Aside.*

[8] —lord *Hastings, and the rest*;] "Leave out the word *lord*," says one of our author's commentators. If we do not closely attend to his phraseology and metre, and should think ourselves at liberty to substitute modern phraseology and modern metre, almost every line in his plays might be altered.—*Brother*, like many similar words, (*rather*, *whether*, *either*, &c.) is here used by Shakspeare, as a monosyllable, and the metre was to his ear perfect. MALONE.

' *Hast.*

' *Hast.* Why, master mayor, why stand you in doubt?
Open the gates, we are king Henry's friends.

' *May.* Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.
[*Exeunt, from above.*

' *Glo.* A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded!

' *Hast.* The good old man would fain that all were well [9],
' So 'twere not 'long of him: but, being enter'd,
' I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
' Both him, and all his brothers, unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor *and two* Aldermen, *below.*

' *K. Edw.* So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut,
' But in the night, or in the time of war.
' What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[*takes his keys.*
' For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
' And all those friends that deign to follow me.

Drum. Enter MONTGOMERY, *and forces, marching.*

Glo. Brother, this is sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

' *K. Edw.* Welcome, sir John! But why come you in arms?

Mont. To help king Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

' *Edw.* Thanks, good Montgomery: But we now forget
' Our title to the crown; and only claim
' Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

' *Mont.* Then fare you well, for I will hence again;
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.—
' Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.
[*A march begun.*

' *K. Edw.* Nay, stay, sir John, a while; and we'll debate,

9 *The good old man would fain that all were well.*] The mayor is willing we should enter, so he may not be blamed. JOHNSON.

' By

'By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.
' *Mont.* What talk you of debating? in few words,
' If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
' I'll leave you to your fortune; and be gone,
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why should we fight, if you pretend no title?
' *Glo.* Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?
* *K. Edw.* When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:
* Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.
* *Hast.* Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.
* *Glo.* And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
* Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
* The bruit thereof[1] will bring you many friends.
* *K. Edw.* Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
* And Henry but usurps the diadem.
Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.
* *Hast.* Sound, trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:—
* Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.
[*gives him a paper. Flourish.*
Sold. [*reads.*] *Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland,* &c.
Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays king Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.
[*throws down his gauntlet.*
All. Long live Edward the fourth!

[1] *The* bruit *whereof*—] The word *bruit* is found in Bullokar's *English Expositor,* 8vo. 1616, and is defined "A reporte spread abroad." MALONE.

So, in Preston's *Cambyses:*
"—— Whose many acts do fly
"By *bruit* of fame." STEEVENS.

The French word *bruit* was very early made a denizon of our language: "Behold the noise of the *bruit* is come." Jeremiah X. 22. WHALLEY.

' *K. Edw.*

‘ *K. Edw.* Thanks, brave Montgomery [2];—and thanks unto you all.
‘ If fortune ſerve me, I'll requite this kindneſs.
‘ Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York:
‘ And, when the morning ſun ſhall raiſe his car
‘ Above the border of this horizon,
‘ We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;
‘ For, well I wot, that Henry is no ſoldier.—
‘ Ah, froward Clarence!—how evil it beſeems thee,
‘ To flatter Henry, and forſake thy brother!
‘ Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.—
‘ Come on, brave ſoldiers; doubt not of the day;
‘ And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII [3].

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, *and* OXFORD.

War. What counſel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With haſty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath paſs'd in ſafety through the narrow ſeas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
‘ And many giddy people flock to him.

‘ *Oxf.* Let's levy men, and beat him back again [4].

Clar.

[2] *Thanks, brave Montgomery;* &c.] Inſtead of this ſpeech, the quartos have only the following:

Edw. We thank you all: lord mayor, lead on the way.
For this night we will harbour here in York;
And then as early as the morning ſun
Lifts up his beams above this horizon,
We'll march to London to meet with Warwick,
And pull falſe Henry from the regal throne. STEEVENS.

[3] *SCENE VIII.*] This ſcene in the original play follows immediately after Henry's obſervation on young Richmond, which is in the ſixth ſcene of the preſent play. MALONE.

[4] *Let's levy men, and beat him back again.*] This line is given in the folio to the king, to whom it is ſo unſuitable, that I have no doubt

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
• *War.* In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,
' Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
' The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:—
' Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
' Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
' Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:—
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—
* My sovereign, with the loving citizens,—
* Like to his island, girt in with the ocean,
* Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs,—
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.—
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
Farewel, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewel, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope [5].

* *Clar.*

it was merely a printer's error. I have not however assigned it to Warwick, and the preceding speech to Henry, as Dr. Johnson proposes in the subsequent note, because it appears to me safer to take the old play as a guide; in which, as in Shakspeare's piece, the first speech is attributed to Warwick. The second speech is given to *Oxford*, and stands thus:

Oxf. 'Tis best to look to this betimes;
For if this fire do kindle any further
It will be hard for us to quench it out.

Shakspeare, in new-modelling this scene, probably divided this speech between Oxford and Clarence, substituting the line before us in the room of the words—" 'Tis best to look to this betimes." I have therefore given this line to Oxford. It might with equal, or perhaps with more propriety, be assigned to Warwick's brother, Montague. MALONE.

This line expresses a spirit of war so unsuitable to the character of Henry, that I would give the first cold speech to the king, and the brisk answer to Warwick. This line is not in the old quarto; and when Henry said nothing, the first speech might be as properly given to Warwick as to any other. JOHNSON.

Every judicious reader must concur in this opinion. STEEVENS.

5 —*my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.*] This line having probably made an impression on our author, when he read over the old play, he has

* *Clar.* In ſign of truth, I kiſs your highneſs' hand.
* *K. Hen.* Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!
* *Mont.* Comfort, my lord;—and ſo I take my leave.
* *Oxf.* And thus [*kiſſing* Henry's *hand.*] I ſeal my truth, and bid adieu.
* *K. Hen.* Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
* And all at once, once more a happy farewel.

War. Farewel, ſweet lords; let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt* WAR. CLAR. OXF. *and* MONT.

* *K. Hen.* Here at the palace will I reſt a while.
* Couſin of Exeter, what thinks your lordſhip?
* Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field,
* Should not be able to encounter mine.
* *Exe.* The doubt is, that he will ſeduce the reſt.
* *K. Hen.* That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame [6].
* I have not ſtopp'd mine ears to their demands,
* Nor poſted off their ſuits with ſlow delays;
* My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
* My mildneſs hath allay'd their ſwelling griefs,
* My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears:
* I have not been deſirous of their wealth,
* Nor much oppreſs'd them with great ſubſidies,
* Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd;
* Then why ſhould they love Edward more than me?
* No, Exeter, theſe graces challenge grace:
* And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,

has applied the very ſame expreſſion to the duke of York, where his overthrow at Wakefield is deſcribed, and yet ſuffered the line to ſtand here as he found it:

Environed he was with many foes,
And ſtood againſt them, *as the hope of Troy*
Againſt the Greeks.

The two latter lines, as the reader may find in p. 270, were new, no trace of them being *there* found in the old play. Many ſimilar repetitions may be obſerved in this third part of *King Henry VI.* from the ſame cauſe. MALONE.

[6] — *my* meed *hath got me fame.*] *Meed* means *merit.* So before [p. 268, n. 4]:

"Each one already blazing by our *meeds*" MASON.

* The

The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within.* *A* Lancaster! *A* Lancaster[7]!

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King Edward, Gloster, *and soldiers.*

' *K. Edw.* Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence,
' And once again proclaim us king of England.—
* You are the fount, that makes small brooks to flow;
* Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
* And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—
' Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with king* Henry.

' And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
' Where peremptory Warwick now remains[8]:
' The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
' Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay[9].

7 *Shout within. A Lancaster!*] Surely the shouts that ushered king Edward should be, A York! A York! I suppose the author did not write the marginal directions, and the players confounded the characters. Johnson.

We may suppose the shouts to have come from some of Henry's guard, on the appearance of Edward. Malone.

8 *And lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,*
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:] Warwick, as Mr. Mason has observed, has but just left the stage, declaring his intention to go to Coventry. How then could Edward know of that intention? Our author was led into this impropriety by the old play, where also Edward says,

And now towards Coventry let's bend our course,
To meet with Warwick and his confederates.

Some of our old writers seem to have thought, that all the persons of the drama must know whatever was known to the writers themselves, or to the audience. Malone.

9 *The sun shines hot,* &c.] These lines are formed on two others which are found in the old play in a subsequent scene in the next act, being spoken by Edward, after the battle of Barnet, and just before he sets out for Tewksbury.

—— Come, let us go;
For if we slack this fair bright summers day,
Sharp winters showers will mar our *hope, for* haie.

I suspect, *haie* was inadvertently written in the manuscript instead of *aye*, and that Shakspeare was thus led to introduce an idea different from that intended to be conveyed by the original author. Malone.

* Glo.

* *Glo.* Away betimes, before his forces join,
* And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
* Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Coventry.

Enter, upon the walls, WARWICK, *the Mayor of* Coventry, *two* Messengers, *and Others.*

War. Where is the post, that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

' 1. *Mes.* By this at Dunsmore [1], marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?—
Where is the post that came from Montague?

' 2. *Mes.* By this at Daintry [2], with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir John SOMERVILLE.

' *War.* Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
' And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

' *Som.* At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
' And do expect him here some two hours hence.
[*Drum heard.*

' *War.* Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

* *Som.* It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies;
* The drum your honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.

* *War.* Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

* *Som.* They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

Drums. Enter King Edward, GLOSTER, *and forces, marching.*

* *K. Edw.* Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

' *Glo.* See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

[1] — *at Dunsmore,*] The quartos read—at Daintry. STEEVENS.
[2] — *at Daintry,*] The quartos read—at Dunsmore. STEEVENS.

War.

War. O, unbid ſpight! is ſportful Edward come?
Where ſlept our ſcouts, or how are they ſeduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

* *K. Edw.* Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,
' Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee?—
' Call Edward—king, and at his hands beg mercy,
' And he ſhall pardon thee theſe outrages.

' *War.* Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confeſs who ſet thee up and pluck'd thee down?—
Call Warwick—patron, and be penitent,
And thou ſhalt ſtill remain the duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at leaſt he would have ſaid—the king;
Or did he make the jeſt againſt his will?

* *War.* Is not a dukedom, ſir, a goodly gift?

* *Glo.* Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;
* I'll do thee ſervice for ſo good a gift.

' *War.* 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

' *War.* Thou art no Atlas for ſo great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his ſubject.

* *K. Edw.* But Warwick's king is Edward's priſoner:
' And, gallant Warwick, do but anſwer this,—
What is the body, when the head is off?

' *Glo.* Alas, that Warwick had no more fore-caſt,
But, whiles he thought to ſteal the ſingle ten,
' The king was ſlily finger'd from the deck [3]!
You left poor Henry at the biſhop's palace [4],
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

3 —ſlily *from the* deck!] The quartos read—*finely* finger'd—. *Finely* is ſubtily. So, in Holinſhed's reign of K. Henry VI. p. 640. " — in his way he took by *fine* force a tower."

A pack of cards was anciently term'd a *deck* of cards or a *pair* of cards. It is ſtill, as I am informed, ſo called in Ireland. So, in K. *Edward I.* 1593: " — as it were, turned, as with duces and trays, out of the *deck*." STEEVENS.

4 —*the biſhop's palace,*] The palace of the biſhop of London. MALONE.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still[5].

* *Glo.* Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down, kneel down.
* Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

* *War.* I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
* And with the other fling it at thy face,
* Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

* *K. Edw.* Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend;
* This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
* Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,
* Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—
' *Wind-changing* Warwick *now can change no more.* '

Enter OXFORD, *with drum and colours.*

* *War.* O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comes!

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[OXF. *and his forces enter the city.*

' *Glo.* The gates are open, let us enter too[6].

' *K. Edw.* So other foes may set upon our backs.
* Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
* Will issue out again, and bid us battle:
' If not, the city being but of small defence,
' We'll quickly rouze the traitors in the same.

* *War.* O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, *with drum and colours.*

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[*He and his forces enter the city.*

' *Glo.* Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
' Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

5 — *yet you are Warwick still.*] Thus the folio. The old play reads —" *and* yet you are *ould* Warwick still." MALONE.

6 *The gates are open, &c.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read:
Edw. The gates are open; see, they enter in;
Let's follow them, and bid them battle in the streets.
Glo. No: so some other might set upon our backs,
We'll stay till all be enter'd, and then follow them. STEEVENS.

* *K. Edw.*

* *K. Edw.* The harder match'd, the greater victory;
My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, *with drum and colours.*

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!
[*He and his forces enter the city.*

Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York[7];
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, *with drum and colours.*

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle[8];
* With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
* More than the nature of a brother's love:—
* Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
[*taking his red rose out of his hat.*

' Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones[9] together,
' And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
' That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt[1], unnatural,

7 *Two of thy names, both dukes of Somerset,*
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;] Edmond Beaufort, duke of Somerset, who married Eleanor the daughter of Richard Beauchamp earl of Warwick, was slain at the first battle of Saint Alban's. See p. 252.

His eldest son, Henry, was taken prisoner at the battle of Hexam, in 1463, and soon afterwards beheaded. MALONE.

8 — *to bid his brother battle;*] Here the quartos conclude this speech, and add the following:

Clar. Clarence, Clarence, for Lancaster!
Edw. *Et tu Brute!* wilt thou stab Cæsar too?
A parly, sirra, to George of Clarence. STEEVENS.

This line of the old play, *Et tu Brute,* &c. is found also in *Acolastus his Afterwitte,* a poem by S. Nicholson, 1600; and the Latin words, though not retained here, were afterwards transplanted by Shakspeare into his *Julius Cæsar,* Act III. MALONE.

9 — *to lime the stones*—] That is, To *cement* the stones. Lime makes mortar. JOHNSON.

1 — *so blunt,*] Stupid, insensible of paternal fondness. JOHNSON.

' To bend the fatal instruments of war
' Against his brother, and his lawful king[2]
* Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:
* To keep that oath, were more impiety
* Than Jepthah's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.
* I am so sorry for my trespass made,
* That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
* I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
* With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,
* (As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,)
* To plague thee for thy foul mis-leading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
' Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
' And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
' For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

' *K. Edw.* Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

' *Glo.* Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor[3], perjur'd, and unjust!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

' *War.* Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way:—
Lords, to the field; saint George, and victory!

[*March. Exeunt.*

2 *To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother and his lawful king?*] Thus the folio. The old play thus:
To lift his sword against his brother's life? MALONE.

3 *O* passing *traitor,*] Eminent, egregious; traiterous beyond the common track of treason. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A field of battle near Barnet.

Alarums, and Excursions. Enter King EDWARD, *bringing in* WARWICK *wounded.*

* *K. Edw.* So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
* For Warwick was a bug, that fear'd us all[4].—
* Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
* That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
* My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept[5];
Whose top branch over-peer'd Jove's spreading tree,
* And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
* These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,

4 —*a bug that fear'd us all.*—] *Bug* is a bugbear, a terrifick being. JOHNSON.

So, in *Cymbeline:*
"—— are become
"The mortal *bugs* of the field."
Again, in Stephen Gosson's *Schoole of Abuse,* 1579: "These *bugs* are fitter to *fear* babes than to move men." STEEVENS.

To *fear* in old language frequently signifies, to *terrify*. See Vol. III. p. 23, n. 3; and Vol. V. p. 398, n. 5. MALONE.

5 *Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,*
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept; &c.] It has been observed to me that the 31st chapter of the prophet *Ezechiel* suggested these images to Shakspeare. "All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young." STEEVENS.

* Have been as piercing as the mid-day ſun,
* To ſearch the ſecret treaſons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly ſepulchres;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durſt ſmile, when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory ſmear'd in duſt and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had[6],
Even now forſake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length[7]!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and duſt[8]?
And, live we how we can, yet die we muſt.

Enter OXFORD *and* SOMERSET.

* *Som.* Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are[9],
* We might recover all our loſs again!

'The

6 *My parks, &c.*]
Cedes coemptis ſaltibus, et domo,
Villâque. HOR.

This mention of his *parks* and *manors* diminiſhes the pathetick effect of the foregoing lines. JOHNSON.

7 *— and, of all my lands,*
Is nothing left me but my body's length!]
—— Mars ſola fatetur
Quantula ſint hominum corpuſcula. JUV.

Camden mentions in his *Remains*, that Conſtantine, in order to diſſuade a perſon from covetouſneſs, drew out with his lance the length and breadth of a man's grave, adding, "this is all thou ſhalt have when thou art dead, if thou canſt happily get ſo much." MALONE.

8 *— what is pomp, &c.*] This and the following line make no part of this ſpeech in the old play; but were tranſpoſed by Shakſpeare from a ſubſequent ſpeech, addreſſed by Warwick to Somerſet. MALONE.

9 *Ah, Warwick, Warwick! &c.*] Theſe two ſpeeches ſtand thus in the quartos:

Oxf. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! chear up thyſelf, and live;
For yet there's hope enough to win the day.
Our warlike queen with troops is come from France,
And at Southampton landed hath her train;
And, might'ſt thou live, then would we never fly.
War. Why, then I would not fly, nor have I now;
But Hercules himſelf muſt yield to odds:
For many wounds receiv'd, and many more repaid,
Hath robb'd my ſtrong-knit ſinews of their ſtrength,
And ſpite of ſpites needs muſt I yield to death. STEEVENS.

'The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
'Even now we heard the news: Ah, could'st thou fly!
'*War*. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
* If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
* And with thy lips keep in my soul a while!
* Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
* Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
* That glews my lips, and will not let me speak.
* Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.
'*Som*. Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his last;
'And to the latest gasp, cry'd out for Warwick,
'And said—Commend me to my valiant brother.
'And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
'Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,
'That might not be distinguish'd[1]; but, at last,
'I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,—
'O, farewel, Warwick!
War. Sweet rest his soul!—fly, lords, and save yourselves;
For Warwick bids you all farewel, to meet in heaven.
[*Dies*.

One of these lines, "But Hercules," &c. Shakspeare has transposed and inserted in the Messenger's account of the death of the duke of York. See p. 270. Not being aware of this, I inadvertently marked that line as our author's, which I ought not to have done. The three following lines have already been spoken by Warwick in a former scene (see p. 282,) and therefore were here properly rejected by Shakspeare. MALONE.

[1] *Which sounded like a* cannon *in a vault,*
That might not be distinguish'd;] That is, like the *noise* of a cannon in a vault, *which*, &c. Shakspeare's alteration here is perhaps not so judicious as many others that he has made. In the old play, instead of *cannon*, we have *clamour*, and the speech stands thus:

Thy brother Montague hath breath'd his last,
And at the pangs of death I heard him cry,
And say, commend me to my valiant brother;
And more he would have said, and more he said,
Which sounded like a *clamour* in a vault,
That could not be distinguish'd for the sound;
And so the valiant Montague gave up the ghost. MALONE.

Oxf. Away, away[2], to meet the queen's great power!
[*Exeunt, bearing off* Warwick's *body*.

SCENE III.

Another part of the field.

Flourish. *Enter King* EDWARD *in triumph; with* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and the rest.*

' *K. Edw.* Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
' And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory[3].
' But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
' I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
' That will encounter with our glorious sun,
' Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
' I mean, my lords,—those powers[4] that the queen
' Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast[5],
' And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

2 *Away, away*, &c.] Instead of this line, the quartos have the following:

Come, noble Somerset, let's take our horse,
And cause retreat be sounded through the camp;
That all our friends remaining yet alive
May be forewarn'd, and save themselves by flight.
That done, with them we'll post unto the queen,
And once more try our fortune in the field. STEEVENS.

It is unnecessary to repeat here an observation that has already been more than once made. I shall therefore only refer to former notes. See p. 268, n. 7. MALONE.

3 *Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,*
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:

Thus still our fortune gives us victory,
And girts our temples with triumphant joys.
The big-bon'd traitor Warwick hath breath'd his last,
And heaven this day hath smil'd upon us all. STEEVENS.

4 *I mean, my lords,—those powers*, &c.] Thus the folio. The old play thus:

I meane those powers which the queen hath got in France,
Are landed, and meane once more to menace us. MALONE.

5 *— have arriv'd our coast,*] Milton uses the same structure, *Par. Lost*, B. II:

" ——— ere he arrive
" The happy isle." STEEVENS.

Clar.

* *Clar.* A little gale will ſoon diſperſe that cloud,
* And blow it to the ſource from whence it came:
* Thy very beams will dry thoſe vapours up;
* For every cloud engenders not a ſtorm.
* *Glo.* The queen is valu'd thirty thouſand ſtrong,
' And Somerſet, with Oxford, fled to her;
' If ſhe have time to breathe, be well aſſur'd,
Her faction will be full as ſtrong as ours.
K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their courſe toward Tewkſbury;
' We, having now the beſt at Barnet field,
' Will thither ſtraight, For willingneſs rids way;
' And, as we march, our ſtrength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.—
Strike up the drum; cry—Courage! and away [6].
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Plains near Tewkſbury.

March. *Enter Queen* MARGARET, *Prince* EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, *and* Soldiers.

* *Q. Mar.* Great lords [7], wiſe men ne'er ſit and wail their loſs,
* But cheerly ſeek how to redreſs their harms.

' What

6 *Strike up the drum; cry—Courage! and away.*] Thus the folio. The quartos have the following couplet:
Come, let's go;
For if we ſlack this faire bright ſummer's day,
Sharp winter's ſhowers will mar our hope for haie. STEEVENS.
See p. 347, n. 9. MALONE.

7 *Great lords,* &c.] This ſpeech in the old play ſtands thus:
Queen. Welcome to England, my loving friends of France,
And welcome, Somerſet and Oxford too.
Once more have we ſpread our ſails abroad;
And though our tackling be almoſt conſumde,
And Warwick at our maine-maſt overthrowne,
Yet, warlike lordes, raiſe you that ſturdie poſt
That bears the ſailes to bring us unto reſt.

And

' What though the maſt be now blown over-board,
' The cable broke, the holding anchor loſt,
' And half our ſailors ſwallow'd in the flood?
' Yet lives our pilot ſtill: Is't meet, that he
' Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
' With tearful eyes add water to the ſea,
' And give more ſtrength to that which hath too much[8];
' Whiles, in his moan, the ſhip ſplits on the rock,
' Which induſtry and courage might have ſav'd?
' Ah, what a ſhame! ah, what a fault were this!
' Say, Warwick was our anchor; What of that?
' And Montague our top-maſt; What of him?
' Our ſlaughter'd friends the tackles; What of theſe?
' Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
' And Somerſet another goodly maſt?

And Ned and I, as willing pilots ſhould,
For once, with careful mindes, guide on the ſterne,
To beare us through that dangerous gulfe,
That heretofore hath ſwallowed up our friends.

There is perhaps no ſpeech that proves more deciſively than the above, that *the Firſt part of the Contention of the two houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*, &c. and *The True tragedie of the duke of Yorke*, &c. printed in 1600, were the production of ſome writer who preceded Shakſpeare; and that what are now called *The ſecond and third parts of K. Henry VI.* were only a *reviſal* and *amplification* of thoſe pieces.

Here we have a thought which in the original play is expreſſed in eleven lines, expanded by our authour into thirty-ſeven lines. MALONE.

[8] *With tearful eyes add water to the ſea,*
And give more ſtrength to that which hath too much.] So, in our authour's *Lover's Complaint:*

" Upon whoſe weeping margent ſhe was ſet,
" Like uſury, *applying wet to wet.*"

Again, in *As You like it:*

" —— Thou mak'ſt a teſtament
" As worldlings do, *giving the ſum of more*
" *To that which hath too much.*"

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" With tears augmenting the freſh morning dew."

So alſo Spenſer, in his *Shepherds Calendar*, 1679:

" Thou, plenteous ſpring, haſt lull'd me oft aſleep,
" Whoſe ſtreames my trickling tears did oft augment."

Of this thought, which we ſee Shakſpeare has ſo often expreſſed, there is no trace in the old play. See the preceding note. MALONE.

' The

'The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
'And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
'For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
'We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;
* But keep our course, though the rough wind say—no,
* From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
* As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
* And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?
* What Clarence, but a quick-sand of deceit?
* And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
* All these the enemies to our poor bark.
* Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while:
* Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
* Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
* Or else you famish, that's a threefold death.
* This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
* In case some one of you would fly from us,
* That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
* More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
* Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
* 'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.
* *Prince.* Methinks, a woman[9] of this valiant spirit
* Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
* Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
* And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
'I speak not this, as doubting any here:

[9] *Methinks, a woman, &c.*] In this speech there is much and important variation in the quarto:

Prince. And if there be (as God forbid there should)
'Mongst us a timorous or fearful man,
Let him depart before the battle join;
Lest he in time of need entice another,
And so withdraw the soldiers' hearts from us.
I will not stand aloof, and bid you fight,
But with my sword press in the thickest throngs,
And single Edward from his strongest guard,
And hand to hand enforce him for to yield,
Or leave my body, as witness of my thoughts. STEEVENS.

Our authour has availed himself of these lines in former scenes of these plays. MALONE.

'For,

'For, did I but suspect a fearful man,
'He should have leave to go away betimes;
'Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
'And make him of like spirit to himself.
'If any such be here, as God forbid!
'Let him depart, before we need his help.

'*Oxf.* Women and children of so high a courage!
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.—
'Oh, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee; Long may'st thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

'*Som.* And he, that will not fight for such a hope,
'Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
'If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at[1].

* *Q. Mar.* Thanks, gentle Somerset;—sweet Oxford, thanks.

* *Prince.* And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

'*Mes.* Prepare you, lords[2], for Edward is at hand,
'Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

'*Oxf.* I thought no less: it is his policy,
'To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

[1] *If he arise, be* mock'd *and wonder'd at.*] So the folio. The old play thus:

Be *hiss'd* and wonder'd at, if he arise. MALONE.

[2] *Prepare you, lords,* &c.] In the old play these speeches stand thus:

Mes. My lordes, duke Edward with a mightie power
Is marching hitherward to fight with you.
Oxf. I thought it was his policy to take us unprovided,
But here will we stand, and fight it to the death. MALONE.

March. Enter, at a distance, King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and forces.*

' *K. Edw.* Brave followers [3], yonder stands the thorny wood,
' Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your strength,
' Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
* I need not add more fuel to your fire,
* For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out:
* Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.
Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say,
' My tears gainsay [4]; for every word I speak,
' Ye see, I drink the water of my eyes [5].
' Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your sovereign [6],
' Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
' His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
' His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
' And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoil.
' You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
' Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Exeunt both Armies.*

SCENE

3 K. Edw. *Brave followers,* &c.] This scene is ill-contrived, in which the king and queen appear at once on the stage at the head of opposite armies. It had been easy to make one retire before the other entered. JOHNSON.

4 *My tears* gainsay;] To *gainsay* is to unsay, to deny, to contradict. STEEVENS.

5 *Ye see, I drink the water of my eyes.*] So, in our authour's *Venus and Adonis:*

" Dost thou *drink tears*, that thou provok'st such weeping?"

These passages were probably recollected by Rowe, when he wrote in his *Jane Shore*,

" Feed on my sighs, and *drink my falling tears.*"

So also Pope, in the *Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard:*

" And drink the falling tears each other shed."

The folio has—*eye*; but I imagine it was rather an error in the transcriber than an alteration by Shakspeare. The old play reads—*eyes*. MALONE.

6 *Henry, your sovereign,* &c.] Instead of this and the following lines, the original play has these:

Henry

SCENE V.

Another part of the same.

Alarums; Excursions; and afterwards a Retreat. Then Enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and forces; with Queen* MARGARET, OXFORD, *and* SOMERSET, *prisoners.*

' *K. Edw.* Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes' castle[7] straight:
For Somerset[8], off with his guilty head.
' Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.
Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.
' *Som.* Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.
[*Exeunt* OXFORD *and* SOMERSET, *guarded.*
* *Q. Mar.* So part we sadly in this troublous world,
* To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.
* *K. Edw.* Is proclamation made,—that, who finds Edward,
* Shall have a high reward, and he his life?
* *Glo.* It is; and, lo, where youthful Edward comes.

Enter soldiers, with Prince EDWARD.

* *K. Edw.* Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak:
* What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?—
' Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,

Henry your king is prisoner in the Tower;
His land and all our friends are quite distrest,
And yonder stands the wolfe that makes all this,
Then in God's name, lords, together crie saint George.
MALONE.

7 — *to Hammes' castle*—] A castle in Picardy, where Oxford was confined for many years. MALONE.

8 *For Somerset*—] Edmond Beaufort, duke of Somerset, the second son of Edmond duke of Somerset who was killed at the battle of Saint Albans. See p. 351, n. 7. MALONE.

' For

For bearing arms, for ſtirring up my ſubjects,
And all the trouble thou haſt turn'd me to[9]?

Prince. Speak like a ſubject, proud ambitious York!
Suppoſe, that I am now my father's mouth;
Reſign thy chair, and, where I ſtand, kneel thou,
Whilſt I propoſe the ſelf-ſame words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou would'ſt have me anſwer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been ſo reſolv'd!

'*Glo.* That you might ſtill have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have ſtol'n the breech from Lancaſter.

Prince. Let Æſop fable[1] in a winter's night;
His curriſh riddles ſort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou waſt born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's ſake, take away this captive ſcold.

Prince. Nay, take away this ſcolding crook-back rather.

'*K. Edw.* Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue[2].

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty, you are all undutiful:
Laſcivious Edward,—and thou perjur'd George,—
And thou miſhapen Dick,—I tell ye all,

9 *And all the* trouble thou haſt turn'd me to.] This line was one of Shakſpeare's additions to the original play. We have almoſt the ſame words in the *Tempeſt:*

"——— O, my heart bleeds,
"To think of *the teen* [i. e. trouble] *that I have turn'd you to.*"

In the old play Prince Edward is not brought forth as here, but enters with his mother; and after Oxford and Somerſet are carried off, he is thus addreſſed by the king:

"Now, Edward, what ſatisfaction canſt thou make,
"For ſtirring up my ſubjects to rebellion?" MALONE.

1 *Let Æſop,* &c.] The prince calls Richard, for his crookedneſs, Æſop; and the poet, following nature, makes Richard highly incenſed at the reproach. JOHNSON.

2 — charm *your tongue.*] The quarto reads—*tame* your tongue. The former is beſt. STEEVENS.

The expreſſion which our authour ſubſtituted, is one that he has often uſed. See p. 203, n. *. The meaning is, I will compel you to be as ſilent, as you would be, if you were *charm'd,* if you were deprived of ſpeech by the power of inchantment. MALONE.

I am

I am your better, traitors as ye are;—
* And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here[3].
[*Stabs him.*

* *Glo.* Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.
[Glo. *stabs him.*

* *Clar.* And there's for twitting me with perjury.
[Clar. *stabs him.*

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*

' *K. Edw.* Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

' *K. Edw.* What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;
' I'll hence to London on a serious matter:
' Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

' *Glo.* The Tower, the Tower[4]! [*Exit.*

' *Q. Mar.* O, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
' Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—
'They, that stabb'd Cæsar, shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
* If this foul deed were by, to equal it.
' He was a man; this, in respect, a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

3 —*the likeness of this railer here.*] That is, *thou who art* the likeness, &c. Mr. Rowe and the other modern editors read—*thou* likeness, and so we should now write; but the other was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. So, in *Julius Cæsar:*

"*The* last of all the Romans, fare thee well."

In that passage, as in the present, Mr. Rowe substituted *thou* for *the*, though Shakspeare has employed the very words he found in North's Translation of Plutarch. MALONE.

—*the likeness of this railer here.*] Thou that resemblest thy railing mother. JOHNSON.

4 *The Tower, the Tower!*] The quarto adds—*I'll root them out*; but, perhaps, injudiciously. STEEVENS.

' What's

'What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
* No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak:—
* And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—
* Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!
* How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
' You have no children, butchers [5]; if you had,
' The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:
' But, if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
' As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young prince [6].

' *K. Edw.* Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here;
Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:
What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

' *Q. Mar.* Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it [7].

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear, I would not do it?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself;
'Twas sin before [8], but now 'tis charity.

5 *You have no children, butchers;*] The original play reads:
You have no children, *devils*; if you had,
The thought of them would *then have stopt your rage.*
This thought occurring also (as Sir William Blackstone has observed) in *Macbeth*, [See Vol. IV. p. 411, n. 6.] may perhaps be urged as a proof of Shakspeare's being the authour of the first draught, as well as of the alterations and additions to it. But how many thoughts and even expressions has he borrowed from preceding writers? Having (as I suppose) greatly enlarged, and almost new-written, this and the preceding play, the thoughts they contain, whether found in the first copy, or his amplification of it, were as likely to recur in a future piece, as any of those which he has employed in one originally written by himself. In his original plays he h[illegible] [illegible]ly borrowed from himself. MALONE.

6 —*you have rid this sweet young prince.*] The condition of this warlike queen would move compassion, could it be forgotten that she gave York, to wipe his eyes in his captivity, a handkerchief stained with his young child's blood. JOHNSON.

7 —*do thou do it.*] The old play reads—kill me too. MALONE.

8 '*Twas sin before,*] She alludes to the desertion of Clarence. JOHNSON.

 ' What!

'What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher,'
Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: Murder is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'ſt back.

' *K. Edw.* Away, I ſay; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince!
[*Exit, led out forcibly.*

' *K. Edw.* Where's Richard gone?

' *Clar.* To London, all in poſt; and, as I gueſs,
'To make a bloody ſupper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's ſudden, if a thing comes in his head.
' Now march we hence: diſcharge the common ſort
' With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
' And ſee our gentle queen how well ſhe fares;
' By this, I hope, ſhe hath a ſon for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

London. *A Room in the Tower.*

King HENRY *is diſcovered ſitting with a book in his hand, the* Lieutenant *attending.* *Enter* GLOSTER.

Glo. Good day, my lord! What, at your book ſo hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: My lord, I ſhould ſay rather;
'Tis ſin to flatter, good was little better:
Good Gloſter, and good devil, were alike,
* And both prepoſterous; therefore, not good lord.

* *Glo.* Sirrah, leave us to ourſelves: we muſt confer.
[*Exit* Lieutenant.

* *K. Hen.* So flies the reckleſs ſhepherd from the wolf:
* So firſt the harmleſs ſheep doth yield his fleece,
* And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—

9 — *where is that* devil's butcher,] *Devil's butcher* is a butcher ſet on by the devil. JOHNSON.

The folio adds, at the end of this line, the word—*Richard.* But both the metre and the old play ſhew that it was an accidental repetition by the tranſcriber, or compoſitor. MALONE.

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act [1]?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

' *K. Hen.* The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,
' With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush [2]:
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

' *Glo.* Why, what a peevish fool [3] was that of Crete,
' That

[1] *What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?*] So, in *Acolastus his Afterwitte*, a poem, 1600:

"What bloody scene hath cruelty to act?"

Dr. Warburton reads *Richard*, instead of *Roscius*, because Roscius was a comedian. That he is right in this assertion, is proved beyond a doubt by a passage in Quintilian, cited by W. R. [probably Sir Walter Rawlinson] in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LIV. P. II. p. 886. "Roscius citatior, Æsopus gravior fuit, quod *ille comœdias*, hic tragædias egit." QUINTIL. Lib. XI. c. 3.—But it is not in Quintilian or in any other ancient writer we are to look in order to ascertain the text of Shakspeare. Roscius was called a *tragedian* by our authour's contemporaries, as appears from the quotations in the next note; and this was sufficient authority to him, or rather to the authour of the original play, for there this line is found. MALONE.

Shakspeare had occasion to compare Richard to some player about to represent a scene of murder, and took the first or only name of antiquity that occurred to him, without being very scrupulous about its propriety. Nash, in *Pierce Pennilesſs's Supplication to the Devil*, 1592, says, "Not *Roscius* nor *Æsope*, those admired *tragedians*, that have lived ever since before Christ was born, could ever performe more in action than famous Ned Allen." Again, in *Acolastus his Afterwitte*, 1600:

"Through thee each murthering *Roscius* is appointed
"To *act strange scenes of death* on God's anointed."

Again, in [illegible]

"Was penn'd by *Roscio* the *tragedian*." STEEVENS.

[2] — misdoubteth *every bush*:] To *misdoubt* is to suspect danger, to fear. So, in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy by John Day, 1608:

"*Hip.* Doubt and *misdoubt!* what difference is there here?
"*Oct.* Yes, much: when men *misdoubt*, 'tis said they *fear*."
STEEVENS.

[3] — *peevish fool*—] As *peevishness* is the quality of children, *peevish* seems to signify *childish*, and by consequence *silly*. *Peevish* is explained by *childish*, in a former note of Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

 Shakspeare

'That taught his son the office of a fowl?
'And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd[4].
'*K. Hen.* I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that deny'd our course;
'The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
'Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
'Whose envious gulph did swallow up his life.
'Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
'My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragick history.—
'But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?
'*Glo.* Think'st thou, I am an executioner?
K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;
'If murdering innocents be executing,
'Why, then thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.
K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
'And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,
'Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear[5];
'And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
'And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—
'Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
'Orphans for their parents' timeless death[6],—

Shakspeare employs the word *peevish* in the same sense in *Cymbeline*, where the reader will find many instances of this use of it. STEEVENS.

This epithet which Shakspeare has so frequently employed, was one of his additions to th[illegible] original play. MALONE.

4 — *the office of a* [illegible]*wl?*
And yet, for all [illegible] *fool was* [illegible]*'d.*] The old play reads:

— the office of a *bird?*
And yet for all *that* the poor *fowl* was drown'd. MALONE.

5 *Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear*;] Who suspect no part of what my fears presage. JOHNSON.

6 *Men for their sons, wives for their husbands'* fate,
Orphans for their parents' timeless death,] The word *fa*[illegible] supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

'Shall

'Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
' The night-crow cry'd, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her[7] on the chimney's top,
And chattering pyes in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
' To wit,—an indigest deformed lump[8],
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,
To signify,—thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
' Thou cam'st[9]—

Glo. I'll hear no more;—Die, prophet, in thy speech; [*Stabs him.*
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*

Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought, it would have mounted.
See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
' O, may such purple tears be alway shed
' From those that wish the downfal of our house!—
' If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and say—I sent thee thither, [*Stabs him again.*

7 *The raven rook'd her*—] To *rook*, or rather to *ruck*, is a north-country word, signifying to *squat down*, or *lodge* on any thing. So, in Stanyhurst's translation of *Virgil*, 1582, Book the Fourth:

"[illegible] [illegible]ic, &c.
"—— doth *ruck*," &c.

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. VII. ch. 37:

"Have lazy wings, be ever lean, in sullen corners *ruck*."

STEEVENS.

8 —*an* indigest—] The folio has—*indigested*. But the metre and the old play shew that it was a misprint. Shakspeare uses the word *indigest* in *King John*. MALONE.

9 *Thou cam'st*—] Thus the folio. The old play as follows:

Thou cam'st *into the world*—
Glo. Die prophet in thy speech;—I'll hear no more. MALONE.

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—
Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of[1];
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
' And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd; and the women cry'd,
O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!
' And so I was; which plainly signify'd—
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
' Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind, to answer it[2].
I have no brother, I am like no brother:
' And this word—love, which grey-beards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myself alone.—
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;

[1] *— that Henry told me of*;] Namely, that my birth was attended with singular circumstances.—Theobald, grounding himself on this and the two following lines, reads in a former passage—

Thou cam'st *into the world with thy legs forward.*

for " how, (says he,) can Richard say, " Indeed 'tis true that Henry told me of," &c unless we suppose King Henry reproached him with his preposterous birth?" But surely Henry *has* done so in the last *ten* lines of his speech, though he is at length prevented by the fatal stab from mentioning a *further* proof of Richard's being born for the destruction of mankind. Theobald's addition therefore to that line, has, I think, been adopted too hastily by the subsequent editors, and the interruption in the midst of Henry's speech appears to me not only preferable, as warranted by the old copies, and by Gloster's subsequent words, [Die, prophet, *in thy speech*;] but more agreeable to nature.
MALONE.

[2] *Let hell*, &c.] Th[illegible] line, D[illegible] seem[illegible] have thought on in his *Oedipus*:

" It was thy crooked mind hunch'd out thy back,
" And wander'd in thy limbs." STEEVENS.

After this line, we find in the old play the following;

I had no father, I am like no father.

It might have been omitted in the folio merely by accident, (as some lines in the second part of *King Henry VI.* certainly were;) [illegible]at its restoration is not necessary, for the sense is complete without it.
MALONE.

But

But I will sort a pitchy day for thee[3]:
For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life[4];
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
'King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone:
'Clarence, thy turn is next; and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad, till I be best.—
'I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

King EDWARD *is discovered sitting on his throne; Queen* ELIZABETH *with the infant Prince,* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and Others, near him.*

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their pride?
Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions:
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
And two Northumberlands; two braver men
Ne'er spur'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound:
'With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,

3 *But I will* sort *a pitchy day for thee:*] But I will choose out an hour whose gloom [illegible] to sort is to *select.* STEEVENS.

4 *For I will buz abroad such prophecies,*
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;] The quartos add a line between these:

—— *such prophecies,*
Under pretence of outward seeming ill,
That, &c. STEEVENS.

This line is not in the quarto printed by W. W. 1600; but it is in the undated quarto, which in fact was printed in 1619, from that printed in 1600 by V. S. MALONE.

And made our footſtool of ſecurity.—
Come hither, Beſs, and let me kiſs my boy:—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and myſelf,
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
' Went all afoot in ſummer's ſcalding heat,
That thou might'ſt repoſſeſs the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou ſhalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blaſt his harveſt, if your head were lay'd;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This ſhoulder was ordain'd ſo thick, to heave;
And heave it ſhall ſome weight, or break my back:—
Work thou the way,—and thou ſhalt execute[5]. [*Aſide.*

K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloſter, love my lovely queen;
And kiſs your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty, that I owe unto your majeſty,
I ſeal upon the lips of this ſweet babe.

K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

' *Glo.* And, that I love the tree from whence thou ſprang'ſt,
' Witneſs the loving kiſs I give the fruit:—
To ſay the truth, ſo Judas kiſs'd his maſter;
' And cry'd—all hail! when as he meant—all harm. [*Aſide.*

K. Edw. Now am I ſeated as my ſoul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jeruſalem,

[5] *Work thou the wa[illegible] and* thou ſhalt *execute.*] This is the reading of the old play. The folio [illegible] But as the word *ſhalt* is preſerved, the other muſt have been an error of the tranſcriber or compoſitor. MALONE.

I believe we ſhould read—and *this* ſhall execute.

Richard laying his hand on his forehead ſays: *Work thou the way*—then bringing down his hand, and beholding it,—*and* this *ſhall execute.*

Though *that* may ſtand, the arm being included in the ſhoulder. JOHNSON.

The quartos read—*and* thou *ſhalt execute.*

I ſuppoſe he ſpeaks this line, firſt *touching* his *head*, and then *looking* on his *hand.* STEEVENS.

And

And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs[6], mirthful comick shows,
Such as befit the pleasures of the court?—
Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewel, sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*

[6] *With stately* triumphs,] By *triumphs* are meant masques, revels, processions, &c. See Vol. II. p. 441, n. 4. MALONE.

*** THE following SUMMARY ACCOUNT of the times and places of the several battles fought between the two houses of York and Lancaster, and of the numbers killed on both sides, is given by Trussel, at the end of his *History of England*, a book of little value, but in matters of this kind tolerably correct. I have compared his account with our earliest historians, and in some places corrected it by them.

1. THE BATTLE OF SAINT ALBANS, fought on the 23d of May 1455, between Richard Plantagenet, duke of York, and King Henry VI. In this battle the duke of York was victorious, and Henry was taken prisoner.

KILLED, on the royal side 5041, (among whom were Edmond duke of Somerset, Henry earl of Northumberland, Humphry earl of Stafford, and Thomas lord Clifford;) on the side of the duke of York, 600. TOTAL—5641.

2. THE BATTLE OF BLOARHEATH in Shropshire, fought on the 30th of September 1459, between James lord Audley on the part of King Henry, and Richard Nevil earl of Salisbury on the part of the duke of York; in which battle lord Audley was slain, and his army defeated.

KILLED—2411.

3. THE BATTLE OF NORTHAMPTON, 20th of July, 1460, between Edward Plantagenet, earl of March, eldest son of the duke of York, and Richard Nevil earl of Warwick, on the one side, and King Henry on the other; in which the Yorkists were victorious.

KILLED—1035, among whom were John Talbot earl of Shrewsbury, Humphrey duke of Buckingham, and Sir William Lucy.

4. THE BATTLE OF WAKEFIELD, December 30, 1460, between Richard duke of York and Queen Margaret; in which the duke of York was defeated.

KILLED—2801, among whom were the duke of York, Edmond earl of Rutland his second son, Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, his base uncles, and the earl of Shrewsbury. Richard Nevil earl of Salisbury was in this battle taken prisoner, and afterwards beheaded at Pomfret.

5 THE BATTLE OF MORTIMER'S CROSS, in Herefordshire, on Candlemas-day, 1460-1, between Edward duke of York, on the one side, and Jasper earl of Pembroke, and James Butler earl of Wiltshire, on the other; in which the duke of York was victorious.

KILLED,

KILLED, 3800, among whom was Sir Owen Tuther or Tudor, who married Queen Catharine, the widow of King Henry V.

6. THE SECOND BATTLE OF SAINT ALBANS, February 17, 1460-1, between Queen Margaret on one ſide, and the duke of Norfolk and the earl of Warwick on the other; in which the queen obtained the victory.

KILLED—2303; among whom was Sir John Gray, a Lancaſtrian, whoſe widow, Lady Gray, afterwards married King Edward the Fourth.

7. THE ACTION AT FERRYBRIDGE, in Yorkſhire, March 28, 1461, between lord Clifford on the part of King Henry, and the lord Firzwalter on the part of the duke of York.

KILLED—230, among whom were lord Fitzwalter, John lord Clifford, and the baſtard ſon of the earl of Saliſbury.

8. THE BATTLE OF TOWTON, four miles from York, Palm-Sunday, March 29, 1461, between Edward duke of York and King Henry; in which King Henry was defeated.

KILLED—37,046; among whom were Henry Percy earl of Northumberland, the earl of Shrewſbury, and the lords Nevil, Beaumond, Willoughby, Wells, Roos, Gray, Dacres, and Fitzhugh. The earl of Devonſhire was taken priſoner, and ſoon afterwards beheaded at York.

9. THE BATTLE OF HEDGELEY MOOR, in Northumberland, April 29, 1463, between John Nevil viſcount Montague, on the part of King Edward IV. and the lords Hungerford and Roos on the part of King Henry VI. in which the Yorkiſts were victorious.

KILLED—108, among whom was Sir Ralph Percy.

10. THE BATTLE OF HEXHAM, May 15, 1463, between viſcount Montague and King Henry, in which that king was defeated.

KILLED—2024. Henry Beaufort, duke of Somerſet, and the lords Roos and Hungerford, fighting on the ſide of King Henry, were taken priſoners, and ſoon afterwards beheaded.

11. THE BATTLE OF HEDGECOTE, four miles from Banbury, July 25, 1469, between William Herbert earl of Pembroke, on the part of King Edward, and the lords Fitzhugh and Latimer, and Sir John Conyers, on the part of King Henry; in which the Lancaſtrians were defeated.

KILLED—5009. Th[illegible] earl of Pembroke and his brother, Richard Widville earl of Rivers, father to King Edward's queen, Sir John Widville, John Tiptoft [illegible]ghby, Stafford and Wells, were taken priſoners, and ſoon afterwards beheaded.

13. THE BATTLE OF STAMFORD, in Lincolnſhire, October 1, 1469, between Sir Robert Wells and King Edward; in which the former was defeated and taken priſoner. The vanquiſhed who fled, in order to lighten themſelves threw away their coats, whence the place of combat was called *Loſecoatfield*.

KILLED—10,000.

14. THE BATTLE OF BARNET, on Eaſter-Sunday, April 14, 1471, between King Edward on one ſide, and the earl of Warwick, the

the marquis of Montague and the earl of Oxford on the part of King Henry VI. in which the Lancaſtrians were defeated.

Killed—10,300; among whom were the earl of Warwick, the marquis of Montague, the lord Cromwell, and the ſon and heir of lord Say.

15. The Battle of Tewksbury, May 3, 1471, between King Edward and Queen Margaret, in which the queen was defeated, and ſhe and her ſon Prince Edward were taken priſoners.

On the next day the prince was killed by King Edward and his brothers, and Edmond duke of Somerſet beheaded.

Killed—3,032. Shortly afterwards in an action between the baſtard ſon of lord Falconbridge and ſome Londoners, 1092 perſons were killed.

16. The Battle of Bosworth, in Leiceſterſhire, Auguſt 22, 1486, between King Richard III. and Henry earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII. in which King Richard was defeated and ſlain.

Killed, on the part of Richard, 4,013, among whom were John duke of Norfolk, and Walter lord Ferrers; on the part of Richmond, 181.

The Total Number of perſons who fell in this conteſt, was Ninety-one Thousand and Twenty-six. Malone.

The three parts of *King Henry VI.* are ſuſpected, by Mr. Theobald, of being ſuppoſititious, and are declared, by Dr. Warburton, to be certainly not Shakſpeare's. Mr. Theobald's ſuſpicion ariſes from ſome obſolete words; but the phraſeology is like the reſt of our authour's ſtile, and ſingle words, of which however I do not obſerve more than two, can conclude little.

Dr. Warburton gives no reaſon, but I ſuppoſe him to judge upon deeper principles and more comprehenſive views, and to draw his opinion from the general effect and ſpirit of the compoſition, which he thinks inferior to the other hiſtorical plays.

From mere inferiority nothing can be inferred; in the productions of wit there will be inequality. Sometimes judgment will err, and ſometimes the matter itſelf will defeat the artiſt. Of every authour's works one will be the beſt, and one will be the worſt. The colours are not equally pleaſing, nor the attitudes equally graceful, in all the pictures of Titian or Reynolds.

D[illegible]neſs of ſentiment may ſufficiently ſhow that a work does not really belong to the reputed authour. But in theſe plays no ſuch marks of ſpuriouſneſs are found. The diction, the verſification, and the figures, are Shakſpeare's. Theſe plays, conſidered, without regard to characters and incidents, merely as narratives in verſe, are more happily conceived and more accurately finiſhed than thoſe of *King John*, *Richard II.* or the tragick ſcenes of *King Henry IV.* and *V.* If we take theſe plays from Shakſpeare, to whom ſhall they be given? What authour of that age had the ſame eaſineſs of expreſſion and fluency of numbers?

Having

Having considered the evidence given by the plays themselves, and found it in their favour, let us now enquire what corroboration can be gained from other testimony. They are ascribed to Shakspeare by the first editors, whose attestation may be received in questions of fact, however unskilfully they superintended their edition. They seem to be declared genuine by the voice of Shakspeare himself, who refers to the second play in his epilogue to *King Henry V.* and apparently connects the first act of *King Richard III.* with the last of the third part of *K. Henry VI.* If it be objected that the plays were popular, and that therefore he alluded to them as well known; it may be answered, with equal probability, that the natural passions of a poet would have disposed him to separate his own works from those of an inferior hand. And, indeed, if an authour's own testimony is to be overthrown by speculative criticism, no man can be any longer secure of literary reputation.

Of these three plays I think the second the best. The truth is, that they have not sufficient variety of action, for the incidents are too often of the same kind; yet many of the characters are well discriminated. King Henry, and his queen, king Edward, the duke of Gloucester, and the earl of Warwick, are very strongly and distinctly painted.

The old copies of the two latter parts of *K. Henry VI.* and of *K. Henry V.* are so apparently imperfect and mutilated, that there is no reason for supposing them the first draughts of Shakspeare. I am inclined to believe them copies taken by some auditor who wrote down, during the representation, what the time would permit, then perhaps filled up some of his omissions at a second or third hearing, and when he had by this method formed something like a play, sent it to the printer. JOHNSON.

So, Heywood, in the Preface to his *Rape of Lucrece*, (fourth impression) 1630:

"—for though some have used a double sale of their labours, first to the stage and after to the press, for my own part I here proclaim myself ever faithful to the first, and never guilty of the last: yet since some of my plays have (unknown to me, and without any of my direction) accidentally come into the printer's hands, and therefore so corrupt and mangled (copied only by the ear), that I have been as unable to know them as ashamed to challenge them, this therefore I was the willinger," &c.

I formerly coincided with Dr. Johnson on this subject, at a time when I had examined the two old plays published in quarto under the title of *The Whole Contention of the two famous houses of York and Lancaster*, in two parts, with less attention than I have lately done. That dramas were sometimes imperfectly taken down in the theatre, and afterwards published in a very mutilated state, is proved decisively by the prologue to a play entitled *If you know not me you know Nobody*, by Thomas Heywood, 1623:

"———'Twas ill nurst,
"And yet receiv'd as well perform'd at first;

"Grac'd

"Grac'd and frequented; for the cradle age
"Did throng the feats, the boxes, and the ftage,
"So much, that fome by *ftenography* drew
"The plot, *put it in print*, fcarce one word true:
"And in that lamenefs it has limp'd fo long,
"The author now, to vindicate that wrong,
"Hath took the pains upright upon its feet
"To teach it walk;—fo pleafe you, fit and fee it."

But the old plays in quarto, which have been hitherto fuppofed to be imperfect reprefentations of the fecond and third parts of *K. Henry VI.* are by no means mutilated and imperfect. The fcenes are as well connected, and the verfification as correct, as that of moft of the other dramas of that time. The fact therefore, which Heywood's prologue afcertains, throws no light upon the prefent contefted queftion. Such obfervations as I have made upon it, I fhall fubjoin in a diftinct Effay on the fubject. MALONE.

There is another circumftance which may ferve to ftrenghten Dr. Johnfon's fuppofition, viz. moft of the fragments of Latin verfes, omitted in the quartos, are to be found in the folio; and when any of them are inferted in the former, they are fhamefully corrupted and mif-fpelt. The auditor, who underftood Englifh, might be unfkill'd in any other language. STEEVENS.

I have already given fome reafons, why I cannot believe, that thefe plays were *originally* written by Shakfpeare. The queftion, who did write them? is at beft, but an argument *ad ignorantiam*. We muft remember, that very many old plays are *anonymous*; and that *play-writing* was fcarcely yet thought reputable: nay, fome authors exprefs for it great horrors of repentance.—I will attempt, however, at fome future time, to anfwer this queftion: the difquifition of it would be too long for this place.

One may at leaft argue, that the plays were not written by Shakfpeare, from Shakfpeare himfelf. The *Chorus* at the end *K. Henry V.* addreffes the audience

"——— for *their fake*,
"In your fair minds let *this* acceptance take."

But it could be neither agreeable to the po[illegible]'s judgment or his modefty, to recommend his new play from the [illegible]erit and fuccefs of *King Henry VI.*—His claim to indulgence is, tha[illegible], though *bending* and unequal [illegible] *the ftory*: and this fufficiently accounts for the connection o[illegible] the whole, and the allufions of particular paffages. FARMER.

It is feldom that Dr. Farmer's arguments fail to enforce conviction; but here, perhaps, they may want fomewhat of their ufual weight. I think that Shakfpeare's bare mention of thefe pieces, is a fufficient proof they were his. That they were fo, could be his only motive for inferring benefit to himfelf from the fpectator's recollection of their paft fuccefs. For the fake of three hiftorical dramas of mine which have already afforded you entertainment, let me (fays he) intreat your indulgence

indulgence to a fourth. Surely this was a ſtronger plea in his behalf than any ariſing from the kind reception which another might have already met with in the ſame way of writing. Shakſpeare's claim to favour is founded on his having previouſly given pleaſure in the courſe of three of thoſe hiſtories; becauſe he is a *bending*, ſupplicatory author, and not a literary bully like Ben Jonſon; and becauſe he has ventured to exhibit a ſeries of annals in a ſuite of plays, an attempt which till then had not received the ſanction of the ſtage.

I hope Dr. Farmer did not wiſh to exclude the three dramas before us, together with the *Taming of a Shrew*, from the number of thoſe produced by our author, on account of the Latin quotations to be found in them. His proofs of Shakſpeare's want of learning are too ſtrong to ſtand in need of ſuch a ſupport; and yet *Venus and Adonis*, "the firſt heire of his invention," is uſher'd into the world with a Latin motto:

Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Caſtalia plena miniſtrat aqua. STEEVENS.

Though the objections, which have been raiſed to the genuineneſs of the *three plays of Henry the ſixth*, have been fully conſidered and anſwered by Dr. Johnſon, it may not be amiſs to add here from a contemporary writer, a paſſage, which not only points at Shakſpeare as the author of them, but alſo ſhews, that, however meanly we may now think of them in compariſon with his later productions, they had, at the time of their appearance, a ſufficient degree of excellence to alarm the jealouſy of the older playwrights. The paſſage, to which I refer, is in a pamphlet, entitled, *Greene's Groatſworth of Witte*, ſuppoſed to have been written by that voluminous author, Robert Greene, M. A. and ſaid, in the title-page to be *publiſhed at his dying requeſt*; probably, about 1592. The concluſion of this piece is an addreſs to his brother-poets, to diſſuade them from writing any more for the ſtage, on account of the ill treatment which they were uſed to receive from the players. It begins thus: *To thoſe gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance, that ſpend their wits in making playes*, R. G. *wiſheth a better exerciſe*, &c. After having addreſt himſelf particularly to *Chriſtopher Marlowe* and *Thomas Lodge*, (as I gueſs from circumſtances, for their names are not mentioned;) he goes on to a third (perhaps *George Peele*); and having warned him againſt *depending on ſo meane a ſtay* as the players, he adds: *Yes, truſt them not: for there is an upſtart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his tygres* head wrapt in a players hyde, *ſuppoſes hee is as well able to bombaſte out a blanke verſe as the beſt of you; and being an abſolute* Johannes fac totum *is, in his own conceit, the onely* Shake-ſcene *in a countrey.* There can be no doubt, I think, that *Shake-ſcene* alludes to *Shakſpeare*; or that *tygres head wrapt in a players hyde* is a parodie upon the following line of York's ſpeech to Margaret, *Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, Act I. ſc. iv:

"Oh *tygres* heart, *wrapt in a* woman's *hide*." TYRWHITT.

DISSERTATION

ON

THE THREE PARTS

OF

KING HENRY VI.

THE CONTENTS.

ERRATA.

Page 404, l. *penult.* of note, for *undoubted* r. *undated*.
421, l. 21, for 40, r. 459.

A DISSER-

A DISSERTATION ON THE THREE PARTS OF KING HENRY VI.

TENDING TO SHEW

That those Plays were *not* written ORIGINALLY by *SHAKSPEARE.*

SEVERAL passages in *The* Second *and* Third *Part of King Henry VI.* appearing evidently to be of the hand of Shakspeare, I was long of opinion that the *three* historical dramas which are the subject of the present disquisition, were properly ascribed to him; not then doubting that the whole of these plays was the production of the same person. But a more minute investigation of the subject, into which I have been led by the present revision of all our author's works, has convinced me, that, though the premises were true, my conclusion was too hastily drawn; for though the hand of Shakspeare is unquestionably found in the two latter of these plays, it does not therefore necessarily follow, that they were *originally* and *entirely* composed by him. My thoughts upon this point have already been intimated in the foregoing notes; but it is now necessary for me to state my opinion more particularly, and to lay before the reader the grounds on which, after a very careful inquiry, it has been formed.

What at present I have chiefly in view is, to account for the visible *inequality* in these pieces; many traits of Shakspeare being clearly discernible in them, while the

inferior parts are not merely unequal to the reſt, (from which no certain concluſion can be drawn,) but of quite a different complexion from the inferior parts of our author's undoubted performances.

My hypotheſis then is, that *The* Firſt *Part of K. Henry VI.* as it now appears, (of which no quarto copy is extant,) was the entire or nearly the entire production of ſome ancient dramatiſt; that *The Whole Contention of the two Houſes of York and Lancaſter,* &c. written probably before the year 1590, and printed in quarto, in 1600, was alſo the compoſition of ſome writer who preceded Shakſpeare; and that from this piece, which is in two parts, (the former of which is entitled, *The firſt Part of the Contention of the two famous Houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter, with the death of the good duke Humphrey,* &c. and the latter, *The true Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt,*) our poet formed the two plays, entitled *The* Second *and* Third *Parts of King Henry VI.* as they appear in the firſt folio edition of his works.

Mr. Upton has aſked, "How does the painter diſtinguiſh copies from originals but by manner and ſtyle? And have not authors their peculiar ſtyle and manner, from which a true critick can form as unerring a judgment as a painter?" Dr. Johnſon, though he has ſhewn, with his uſual acuteneſs, that "this illuſtration of the critick's ſcience will not prove what is deſired," acknowledges in a preceding note, that "diſſimilitude of ſtyle and heterogeneouſneſs of ſentiment may ſufficiently ſhew that a work does not really belong to the reputed author. But in theſe plays (he adds) no ſuch marks of ſpuriouſneſs are found. The diction, the verſification, and the figures, are Shakſpeare's."—By theſe criterions then let us examine *The* Firſt *Part of K. Henry VI.* (for I chooſe to conſider that piece ſeparately;) and if the diction, the figures, or rather the alluſions, and the verſification of that play, (for theſe are our ſureſt guides) ſhall appear to be different from the other two parts, *as they are exhibited in the folio,* and from our author's other plays, we may fairly conclude that he was not the writer of it.

I. With

I. With reſpect to the diction and the alluſions, which I ſhall conſider under the ſame head, it is very obſervable that in *The* Firſt *Part of King Henry VI.* there are more alluſions to mythology, to claſſical authors, and to ancient and modern hiſtory, than, I believe, can be found in any one piece of our author's written on an Engliſh ſtory; and that theſe alluſions are introduced very much in the ſame manner as they are introduced in the plays of Greene, Peele, Lodge, and other dramatiſts who preceded Shakſpeare; that is, they do not naturally ariſe out of the ſubject, but ſeem to be inſerted merely to ſhew the writer's learning. Of theſe the following are the moſt remarkable.

1. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known.
2. A far more glorious ſtar thy ſoul will make
Than Julius Cæſar, or bright—

This blank, Dr. Johnſon with the higheſt probability conjectures, ſhould be filled up with "Berenice;" a word that the tranſcriber or compoſitor probably could not make out. In the ſame manner he left a blank in a ſubſequent paſſage for the name of "Nero," as is indubitably proved by the following line, which aſcertains the omitted word. See N°. 6.

3. Was Mahomet inſpired with a dove?
4. Helen, the mother of Great Conſtantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
5. Froiſard, a countryman of ours, records, &c.
6. ——— and, like thee, [Nero,]
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burning.

[In the original copy there is a blank where the word *Nero* is now placed.]

7. The ſpirit of deep prophecy ſhe hath,
Exceeding the nine Sybils of old Rome.
8. A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops—.
9. Divineſt creature, Aſtræa's daughter—.
10. ——— Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.

11. A ſtatelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
    Than Rhodope's or Memphis', ever was.
12. ——— an urn more precious
    Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius.
13. I ſhall as famous be by this exploit,
    As Scythian Thomyris, by Cyrus' death.
14. I thought I ſhould have ſeen ſome Hercules,
    A ſecond Hector, for his grim aſpéct.
15. Neſtor-like aged, in an age of care.
16. Then follow thou thy deſperate ſire of Crete,
    Thou Icarus.
17. Where is the great Alcides of the field?
18. Now am I like that proud inſulting ſhip,
    That Cæſar and his fortune bare at once.
19. Is Talbot ſlain; the Frenchman's only ſcourge,
    Your kingdom's terror, and black Nemeſis?
10. Thou may'ſt not wander in that labyrinth;
    There Minotaurs, and ugly treaſons lurk.
21. See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
    As if, with Circe, ſhe would change my ſhape.
22. ——— thus he goes,
    As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;
    With hope to find the like event in love.

Of particular expreſſions there are many in this play, that ſeem to me more likely to have been uſed by the authors already named, than by Shakſpeare; but I confeſs, with Dr. Johnſon, that ſingle words can conclude little. However, I will juſt mention that the words *proditor* and *immanity*, which occur in this piece, are not, I believe, found in any of Shakſpeare's undiſputed performances: not to inſiſt on a direct Latiniſm, *pile-eſteemed*, which I am confident was the word intended by the author, though, being a word of his own formation, the compoſitor has printed—*pil'd*-eſteem'd, inſtead of it[1].

The verſification of this play appears to me clearly of a different colour from that of all our author's genuine dramas, while at the ſame time it reſembles that of many of the plays produced before the time of Shakſpeare.

[1] See *K. Henry VI.* P. I. p. 24, n. 7.

In all the tragedies written before his time, or juſt when he commenced author, a certain ſtately march of verſification is very obſervable. The ſenſe concludes or pauſes almoſt uniformly at the end of every line; and the verſe has ſcarcely ever a redundant ſyllable. As the reader may not have any of theſe pieces at hand, (by the poſſeſſion of which, however, his library would not be much enriched,) I ſhall add a few inſtances,—the firſt that occur:

"Moſt loyal lords, and faithful followers,
"That have with me, unworthy general,
"Paſſed the greedy gulph of Ocean,
"Leaving the confines of fair Italy,
"Behold, your Brutus draweth nigh his end,
"And I muſt leave you, though againſt my will.
"My ſinews ſhrink, my numbed ſenſes fail,
"A chilling cold poſſeſſeth all my bones;
"Black ugly death, with viſage pale and wan,
"Preſents himſelf before my dazzled eyes,
"And with his dart prepared is to ſtrike."

Locrine, 1595.

"My lord of Glouceſter, and lord Mortimer,
"To do you honour in your ſovereign's eyes,
"That, as we hear, is newly come aland,
"From Paleſtine, with all his men of war,
"(The poor remainder of the royal fleet,
"Preſerv'd by miracle in Sicil road,)
"Go mount your courſers, meet him on the way:
"Pray him to ſpur his ſteed, minutes and hours,
"Untill his mother ſee her princely ſon,
"Shining in glory of his ſafe return."

Edward I. by George Peele, 1593.

"Then go thy ways, and clime up to the clouds,
"And tell Apollo that Orlando ſits
"Making of verſes for Agelica.
"And if he do deny to ſend me down
"The ſhirt which Deianira ſent to Hercules,
"To make me brave upon my wedding day,
"Tell him I'll paſs the Alps, and up to Meroe,

"(I know he knows that watry lakiſh hill)
"And pull the harp out of the minſtrels hands,
"And pawne it unto lovely Proſerpine,
"That ſhe may fetch the faire Angelica."

Orlando Furioſo, by Robert Greene, printed in 1599; written before 1592.

"The work that Ninus rear'd at Babylon,
"The brazen walls fram'd by Semiramis,
"Carv'd out like to the portal of the ſunne,
"Shall not be ſuch as rings the Engliſh ſtrand
"From Dover to the market-place of Rye."

* * *

"To plain our queſtions, as Apollo did."

* * *

"Facile and debonaire in all his deeds,
"Proportion'd as was Paris, when in gray,
"He courted Oenon in the vale by Troy."

* * *

"Who dar'd for Edward's ſake cut through the ſeas,
"And venture as Agenor's damſel through the deepe."

* * *

"England's rich monarch, brave Plantagenet,
"The Pyren mountains ſwelling above the clouds,
"That ward this wealthy Caſtile in with walls,
"Could not detain the beauteous Eleanor;
"But hearing of the fame of Edward's youth,
"She dar'd to brave Neptunus' haughty pride,
"And brave the brunt of froward Eolus."

* * *

"Daphne, the damſel that caught Phœbus faſt,
"And lock'd him in the brightneſs of her looks,
"Was not ſo beauteous in Apollo's eyes,
"As is fair Margaret, to the Lincoln earl."

* * *

"We muſt lay plots for ſtately tragedies,
"Strange comick ſhews, ſuch as proud Roſcius
"Vaunted before the Roman emperours."

* * *

"Lacy, thou can'ſt not ſhrowd thy traiterous thoughts,
"Nor cover, as did Caſſius, all his wiles;

"For

"For Edward hath an eye that looks as far
" As Lynceus from the ſhores of Greecia."

* * *

" Pardon, my lord: If Jove's great royalty
" Sent me ſuch preſents as to Danae;
" If Phœbus tied to Latona's webs,
" Came courting from the beauty of his lodge;
" The dulcet tunes of frolick Mercurie,
" Nor all the wealth heaven's treaſury affords,
" Should make me leave lord Lacy or his love."

* * *

" What will thou do?—
" Shew thee the tree leav'd with refined gold,
" Whereon the fearful dragon held his ſeate,
" That watch'd the garden call'd Heſperides,
" Subdued and wonne by conquering Hercules."

* * *

" ——————— Margaret,
" That overſhines our damſels, as the moone
" Darkens the brighteſt ſparkles of the night."

* * *

" Should Paris enter in the courts of Greece,
" And not lie fetter'd in fair Helen's looks?
" Or Pœbus ſcape thoſe piercing amoriſts,
" That Daphne glanced at his deitie?
" Can Edward then ſit by a flame and freeze,
" Whoſe heats puts Hellen and fair Daphne down?"

The honourable Hiſtorie of Friar Bacon, &c. by Robert Greene; written before 1592, printed in 1598.

" *King.* Thus far, ye Engliſh Peers, have we diſplay'd
" Our waving enſigns with a happy war;
" Thus nearly hath our furious rage reveng'd
" My daughter's death upon the traiterous Scot:
" And now before Dunbar our camp is pitch'd,
" Which if it yield not to our compromiſe,
" The place ſhall furrow where the palace ſtood,
" And fury ſhall envy ſo high a power,
" That mercy ſhall be baniſh'd from our ſword.
" *Doug.* What ſeeks the Engliſh king?

" *King*. Scot, ope those gates, and let me enter in.
" Submit thyself and thine unto my grace,
" Or I will put each mother's son to death,
" And lay this city level with the ground."

James IV. by Robert Greene, printed in 1598; written before 1592.

" Valeria, attend; I have a lovely bride
" As bright as is the heaven chrystaline;
" As faire as is the milke-white way of Jove,
" As chaste as Phœbe in her summer sports,
' As soft and tender as the azure downe
" That circles Citherea's silver doves;
" Her do I meane to make my lovely bride,
" And in her bed to breathe the sweet content
" That I, thou know'st, long time have aimed at."

The Taming of a Shrew, written before 1594.

" *Pol*. Faire Emilia, summers bright sun queene,
" Brighter of hew than is the burning clime,
" Where Phœbus in his bright equator sits,
" Creating gold and pretious minerals,
" What would Emilia doe, if I were fond
" To leave faire Athens, and to range the world?
" *Emil*. Should thou assay to scale the seate of Jove,
" Mounting the subtle airie regions,
" Or be snatcht up, as erst was Ganimede,
" Love should give wings unto my swift desires,
" And prune my thoughts, that I would follow thee,
" Or fall and perish as did Icarus." *Ibid*.

" Barons of England, and my noble lords,
" Though God and fortune have bereft from us
" Victorious Richard, scourge of infidels,
" And clad this land in stole of dismal hue,
" Yet give me leave to joy, and joy you all,
" That from this wombe hath sprung a second hope,
" A king that may in rule and virtue both
" Succeed his brother in his emperie."

The troublesome raigne of King John, 1591.

" —— as sometimes Phaeton,
" Mistrusting silly Merops for his sire—." *Ibid*.

" As

"As cursed Nero with his mother did,
"So I with you, if you resolve me not." *Ibid.*

* * *

"Peace, Arthur, peace! thy mother makes thee wings,
"To soar with peril after Icarus." *Ibid.*

* * *

"How doth Alecto whisper in my ears,
"Delay not, Philip, kill the villaine straight." *Ibid.*

* * *

"*Philippus atavis edite regibus,*
"What saist thou, Philip, sprung of ancient kings,—
"*Quo me rapit tempestas?*" *Ibid.*

* * *

"Morpheus, leave here thy silent Ebon cave,
"Besiege his thoughts with dismal phantasies;
"And ghastly objects of pale threatning Mors.
"Affright him every minute with stern looks." *Ibid.*

* * *

"Here is the ransome that allaies his rage,
"The first freehold that Richard left his sonne,
"With which I shall surprize his living spies,
"As Hector's statue did the fainting Greeks." *Ibid.*

* * *

"This cursed country, where the traitors breathe,
"Whose perjurie (as proud Briareus)
"Beleaguers all the sky with misbelief." *Ibid.*

* * *

"Must Constance speak? let tears prevent her talk.
"Must I discourse? let *Dido* sigh, and say,
"She weeps again to hear the wrack of Troy." *Ibid.*

* * *

"John, 'tis thy sins that make it miserable.
"*Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.*" *Ibid.*

* * *

"*King.* Robert of Artoys, banish'd though thou be,
"From France, thy native country, yet with us
"Thou shalt retain as great a signiorie,
"For we create thee earle of Richmond here:
"And now go forwards with our pedigree;
"Who next succeeded Philip of Bew?

"*Art.*

"*Art*. Three sonnes of his, which, all succesfully,
"Did sit upon their father's regal throne;
"Yet died, and left no issue of their loynes.
"*King*. But was my mother sister unto these?
"*Art*. She was, my lord; and only Isabel
"Was all the daughters that this Philip had."

The raigne of King Edward III. 1596.

The tragedies of *Marius and Sylla*, by T. Lodge, 1594, *A Looking Glass for London and England*, by T. Lodge and R. Greene, 1598, *Solyman and Perseda*, written before 1592, *Selimus Emperour of the Turks*, 1594, *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1592, and *Titus Andronicus*, will all furnish examples of a similar versification; a versification so exactly corresponding with that of *The first Part of King Henry VI.* and *The Whole Contention of the two Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, &c. as it originally appeared, that I have no doubt these plays were the production of some one or other of the authors of the pieces above quoted or enumerated.

A passage in a pamphlet written by Thomas Nashe, an intimate friend of Greene, Peele, &c. shews that The *first* part of *King Henry VI.* had been on the stage before 1592; and his favourable mention of this piece inclines me to believe that it was written by a friend of his. "How would it have joyed brave Talbot, (says Nashe in *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592,) the terror of the French, to thinke that after he had lyen two hundred yeare in his tombe, he should triumph again on the stage; and have his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least, (at several times) who in the tragedian that represents his person behold him fresh bleeding."

This passage was several years ago pointed out by my friend Dr. Farmer, as a proof of the hypothesis which I am now endeavouring to establish. That it related to the old play of *K. Henry VI.* or, as it is now called, *The* first *Part of King Henry VI.* cannot, I think, be doubted. *Talbot* appears in the *first* part, and not in the *second* or *third* part; and is expresly spoken of in the play, (as well as in Hall's Chronicle) as "the terror of the French."

Holinshed,

Holinshed, who was Shakspeare's guide, omits the passage in Hall, in which Talbot is thus described; and this is an additional proof that this play was not our author's. But of this more hereafter.

The first *part of King Henry VI.* (as it is now called) furnishes us with other *internal* proofs also of its not being the work of Shakspeare.

1. The author of that play, whoever he was, does not seem to have known precisely how old Henry the Sixth was at the time of his father's death. He opens his play indeed with the funeral of Henry the Fifth, but no where mentions expressly the young king's age. It is clear, however, from one passage, that he supposed him to have passed the state of infancy before he lost his father, and even to have remembered some of his sayings. In the fourth act, sc. iv. speaking of the famous Talbot, he says,

> When *I was young,* (as yet I am not old,)
> *I do remember how my father said,*
> A stouter champion never handled sword.

But Shakspeare, as appears from two passages, one in the *second*, and the other in the *third*, part of *King Henry VI.* knew that that king could not possibly remember any thing his father had said; and therefore Shakspeare could not have been the author of the *first* part.

> No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
> But I was made a king at *nine months old.*
> *K. Henry VI.* P. II. Act IV. sc. ix.

> When I was crown'd, I was but *nine months old.*
> *K. Henry VI.* P. III. Act I. sc. i.

The first of these passages is found in the folio copy of The *second* part of *King Henry VI.* and not in *The first part of the Contention,* &c. printed in quarto; and according to my hypothesis, was one of Shakspeare's additions to the old play. This therefore does not prove that the *original* author, whoever he was, was not likewise the author of the *first* part of *King Henry VI.*; but, what is more material to our present question, it proves that *Shakspeare* could not be the author of that play. The second of these passages is found in *The true*

Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke, &c. and is a decisive proof that The *first* part of *King Henry VI.* was written *neither* by the author of that tragedy, nor by Shakspeare.

2. A second internal proof that Shakspeare was not the author of the *first* part of these three plays, is furnished by that scene, (Act II. sc. v. p. 48.) in which it is said, that the earl of Cambridge *raised an army* against his sovereign. But Shakspeare in his play of *K. Henry V.* has represented the matter truly as it was; the earl being in the second act of that historical piece condemned at Southampton for conspiring to *assassinate* Henry.

3. I may likewise add, that the author of The *first* part of *K. Henry VI.* knew the true pronunciation of the word *Hecate*, and has used it as it is used by the Roman writers:

"I speak not to that railing *Heca-té*."

But Shakspeare in his *Macbeth* always uses *Hecate* as a dissyllable; and therefore could not have been the author of the other piece[2].

Having now, as I conceive, vindicated Shakspeare from being the writer of The *first* part of *King Henry VI.* it may seem unnecessary to inquire who was the author; or whether it was the production of the same person or persons who wrote the two pieces, entitled, *The first Part of the Contention of the two Houses.* &c. and *The true Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke*, &c. However, I shall add a word or two on that point.

We have already seen that the author of the play last named could not have written *The first part of K. Henry VI.* The following circumstances prove that it could not have been written by the author of *The first Part of the Contention, &c.* supposing for a moment that piece, and *The*

[2] It may perhaps appear a minute remark, but I cannot help observing that the second speech in this play ascertains the writer to have been very conversant with Hall's Chronicle:

"*What should I say?* his deeds exceed all speech."

This phrase is introduced on almost every occasion by that writer, when he means to be eloquent. Holinshed, and not Hall, was Shakspeare's historian (as has been already observed); this therefore is an additional proof that this play was not our author's.

true Tragedie of the duke of Yorke, &c. to have been the work of different hands.

1. The writer of *The first part of the Contention, &c.* makes Salisbury say to Richard duke of York, that the person from whom the duke derived his title, (he means his maternal uncle Edmund Mortimer, though he ignorantly gives him a different appellation, was " done to death by that monstrous rebel Owen Glendower;" and Shakspeare in this has followed him:

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity, till he died.

On this false assertion the duke of York makes no remark. But the author of *The First Part of K. Henry VI.* has represented this Edmund Mortimer, not as put to death, or kept in captivity to the time of his death, by Owen Glendower, (who himself died in the second year of *King Henry V.*) but as a *state* prisoner, who died in the Tower in the reign of *King Henry VI.* in the presence of this very duke of York, who was then only Richard Plantagenet[3].

2. A correct statement of the issue of King Edward the Third, and of the title of Edmund Mortimer to the crown, is given in *The first part of K. Henry VI.* But in *The first part of the Contention, &c.* we find a very incorrect and false statement of Edward's issue, and of the title of Mortimer, whose father, Roger Mortimer, the author of that piece ignorantly calls the *fifth son* of that monarch. Those two plays therefore could not have been the work of one hand.

On all these grounds it appears to me clear, that neither Shakspeare, nor the author of *The first part of the Contention*, &c. or *The true Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke*, &c. could have been the author of *The* First *Part of King Henry VI.*

It is observable that in The *Second* and *Third* Part of *King Henry VI.* many thoughts and many modes of ex-

[3] See *the first part of King Henry VI.* p. 49; and the *second part* p. 152.

pression

pression are found, which likewise occur in Shakspeare's other dramas: but in the *First* Part I recollect but one marked expression, that is also found in one of his undisputed performances:

"As I am sick with *working of my thoughts*."

So, in *K. Henry V*:

"*Work, work your thoughts*, and therein see a siege.

But surely this is too slight a circumstance to overturn all the other arguments that have now been urged to prove this play not the production of our author. The co-incidence might be accidental, for it is a co-incidence not of thought but of language;—or the expression might have remained in his mind in consequence of his having often seen this play; (we know that he has borrowed many other expressions from preceding writers;)—or lastly, this might have been one of the very few lines that he wrote on revising this piece; which, however few they were, might, with other reasons, have induced the first publishers of his works in folio to print it with the *second* and *third* part, and to ascribe it to Shakspeare.

Before I quit this part of the subject, it may be proper to mention one other circumstance that renders it very improbable that Shakspeare should have been the author of The *First* Part of *K. Henry VI*. In this play, though one scene is entirely in rhyme, there are very few rhymes dispersed through the piece, and no alternate rhymes; both of which abound in our author's undisputed *early* plays. This observation indeed may likewise be extended to the *second* and *third* part of these historical dramas; and perhaps it may be urged, that if this argument has any weight, it will prove that he had no hand in the composition of those plays. But there being no alternate rhymes in those two plays may be accounted for, by recollecting that in 1591, Shakspeare had not written his *Venus and Adonis*, or his *Rape of Lucrece*; the measures of which perhaps insensibly led him to employ a similar kind of metre occasionally in the dramas that he wrote shortly after he had composed those poems. The paucity

of

of regular rhymes must be accounted for differently. My solution is, that working up the materials which were furnished by a preceding writer, he naturally followed his mode: and in the original plays from which these two were formed very few rhymes are found. Nearly the same argument will apply to the *first* part; for its date also, were that piece Shakspeare's, would account for the want of alternate rhymes. The paucity of regular rhymes indeed cannot be accounted for by saying that here too our author was following the track of another poet; but the solution is unnecessary; for from the beginning to the end of that play, except perhaps in some scenes of the fourth act, there is not a single print of the footsteps of Shakspeare.

I have already observed that it is highly improbable that *The first Part of the Contention of the two Houses of York and Lancaster*, &c. and *The true Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke*, &c. printed in 1600, were written by the author of *The* first *part of King Henry VI*. By whom these two plays were written, it is not here necessary to inquire; it is sufficient, if probable reasons can be produced for supposing this two-part piece not to have been the composition of Shakspeare, but the work of some preceding writer, on which he formed those two plays which appear in the first folio edition of his works, comprehending a period of twenty-six years. from the time of Henry's marriage to that of his death.

II. I now therefore proceed to state my opinion concerning *The* Second and Third *Part of King Henry VI*.

"A book entituled, *The First Part of the Contention of the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good duke Humphrie, and the banishment and deathe of the duke of Yorke, and the tragical ende of the proude Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable rebellion of Jack Cade, and the duke of Yorke's first claime unto the crown*," was entered at Stationers' Hall, by Thomas Millington, March 12, 1593-4. This play, however, (on which *The* Second *Part of King Henry VI*. is formed) was not then printed; nor was *The true Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt, &c.*

4 (on

(on which Shakſpeare's *Third* Part *of King Henry VI.* is founded) entered at Stationers' Hall at the ſame time; but they were both printed for T. Millington in 1600 [4].

The firſt thing that ſtrikes us in this entry is, that *the name of Shakſpeare is not mentioned*; nor, when the two plays were publiſhed in 1600, did the printer aſcribe them to our author in the title-page, (though his reputation was then at the higheſt,) as ſurely he would have done, had they been his compoſitions.

In a ſubſequent edition indeed of the ſame pieces, printed by one Pavier, without date, but in reality in 1619, after our great poet's death, the name of Shakſpeare appears; but this was a bookſeller's trick, founded upon our author's celebrity; on his having new modelled theſe plays; and on the proprietors of the Globe and Black-friars' theatre not having publiſhed Shakſpeare's *Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.* The very ſame deception was practiſed with reſpect to *King John*. The old play (written perhaps by the ſame perſon who was the author of *The Contention of the two famous Houſes, &c.*) was printed in 1591, like that piece, *anonymouſly*. In 1611, (Shakſpeare's *King John*, founded on the ſame ſtory, having been probably often acted and admired,) the old piece in two parts was reprinted; and, in order to deceive the purchaſer, was ſaid in the title-page to be written by *W. Sh.* A ſubſequent printer in 1622 grew more bold, and affixed Shakſpeare's name to it at full length.

It is obſervable that Millington the bookſeller, by whom *The firſt part of the Contention of the two famous Houſes, &c.* was entered at Stationers' Hall, in 1593-4, and for whom that piece and *The Tragedie of the duke of Yorke, &c.* were printed in 1600, was not the proprietor of any one of Shakſpeare's undiſputed plays, except *King Henry V.* of which he publiſhed a *ſpurious* copy, that, I think, muſt have been imperfectly taken down in ſhort-hand in the play-houſe.

[4] They were probably printed in 1600, becauſe Shakſpeare's alterations of them were then popular, as *King Leir and his three daughters* was printed in 1605, becauſe our author's play was probably at that time firſt produced.

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The next obſervable circumſtance with reſpect to theſe two quarto plays, is, that they are ſaid in their title-pages to have been "ſundry times acted by the earle of Pembrooke his ſervantes." *Titus Andronicus* and *The* old *Taming of a Shrew* were acted by the ſame company of Comedians; but not *one* of our author's plays is ſaid in its title-page to have been acted by any but the Lord Chamberlain's, or the Queen's, or King's ſervants. This circumſtance alone, in my opinion, might almoſt decide the queſtion.

This much appears on the firſt ſuperficial view of theſe pieces; but the paſſage quoted by Mr. Tyrwhitt from an old pamphlet, entitled *Greene's Groatſworth of Witte*, &c. affords a ſtill more deciſive ſupport to the hypotheſis that I am endeavouring to maintain; which indeed that pamphlet firſt ſuggeſted to me. As this paſſage is the chief hinge of my argument, though it has already been printed in a preceding page, it is neceſſary to lay it again before the reader.—"Yes," ſays the writer, Robert Greene, (addreſſing himſelf, as Mr. Tyrwhitt conjectures with great probability, to his poetical friend George Peele,) "truſt them [the players] not; for there is an upſtart crowe BEAUTIFIED WITH OUR FEATHERS, that with his *tygres heart wrapt in a players hide* ſuppoſes hee is as well able to bombaſte out a blank verſe as the beſt of you; and being an abſolute *Johannes fac totum*, is, in his own conceit, the only *Shake-ſcene* in a country."—"O tyger's heart, wrapt in a woman's hide!" is a line of the old quarto play, entitled *The firſt part of the Contention of the two houſes*, &c.

That Shakſpeare was here alluded to, cannot, I think, be doubted. But what does the writer mean by calling him "*a crow beautified with our feathers?*" My ſolution is, that GREENE and PEELE were the joint-authors of the two quarto plays, entitled *The firſt part of the Contention of the two famous houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*, &c. and *The true Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke*, &c. or that Greene was the author of one, and Peele of the other. Greene's pamphlet, from whence the foregoing paſſage

is extracted, was written recently before his death, which happened in September 1592. How long he and Peele had been dramatick writers, is not precisely ascertained. Peele took the degree of Master of Arts at Oxford, in 1579: Greene took the same degree in Cambridge in 1583. Each of them has left four or five plays, and they wrote several others which have not been published. The earliest of Peele's printed pieces, *The Arraignment of Paris*, appeared in 1584; and one of Greene's pamphlets was printed in 1583. Between that year and 1591 it is highly probable that the two plays in question were written. I suspect they were produced in 1588 or 1589. We have undoubted proofs that Shakspeare was not above working on the materials of other men. His *Taming of the Shrew*, his *King John*, and other plays, render any arguments on that point unnecessary. Having therefore probably not long before the year 1592, when Greene wrote this dying exhortation to his friend, new-modelled and amplified these two pieces, and produced on the stage what in the folio edition of his Works are called *The* Second *and* Third *Part of King Henry VI.* and having acquired considerable reputation by them, Greene could not conceal the mortification that he felt at his own fame and that of his associate, both of them old and admired play-wrights, being eclipsed by a new *upstart* writer, (for so he calls our great poet,) who had then first perhaps attracted the notice of the publick by exhibiting two plays, formed upon old dramas written by them, considerably enlarged and improved. He therefore in direct terms charges him with having acted like the crow in the fable, *beautified himself with their feathers*; in other words, with having acquired fame *furtivis coloribus*, by new-modelling a work originally produced by them: and wishing to depretiate our author, he very naturally quotes a line from one of the pieces, which Shakspeare had thus *re-written*; a proceeding which the authors of the original plays considered as an invasion both of their literary property and character. This line with many others Shakspeare adopted without any alteration.

tion. The very term that Greene uses,—"to *bombast* out a blank verse," exactly corresponds with what has been now suggested. This new poet, says he, knows as well as any man how to *amplify* and swell out a blank verse. *Bumbast* was a soft stuff of a loose texture, by which garments were rendered more swelling and protuberant.

Several years after the death of Boiardo, Francesco Berni undertook to new-versify Boiardo's poem, entitled ORLANDO INNAMORATO. Berni (as Baretti observes) "was not satisfied with merely making the versification of that poem better; he interspersed it with many stanzas of his own, and changed almost all the beginnings of the cantos, introducing each of them with some moral reflection arising from the canto foregoing." What Berni did to Boiardo's poem after the death of its author, and more, I suppose Shakspeare to have done to *The first part of the Contention of the two houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, &c. and *The true Tragedie of Richarde duke of Yorke*, &c. in the life time of Greene and Peele, their literary parents; and this *Rifacimento* (as the Italians call it) of these two plays I suppose to have been executed by Shakspeare, and exhibited at the Globe or Blackfriars theatre, in the year 1591.

I have said Shakspeare did what Berni did, and more. He did not content himself with writing new beginnings to the acts; he new-versified, he new-modelled, he transposed many of the parts, and greatly amplified and improved the whole. Several lines, however, and even whole speeches which he thought sufficiently polished, he accepted, and introduced into his own work, without any, or with very slight, alterations.

In the present edition, all those lines which he adopted without any alteration, are printed in the usual manner; those speeches which he altered or expanded, are distinguished by inverted commas; and to all the lines entirely composed by himself asterisks are prefixed. The total number of lines in our author's *Second* and *Third Part* of *K. H.* [illegible] *VI.* is SIX THOUSAND AND FORTY-THREE:

of these, as I conceive, 1771 lines were written by some author who preceded Shakspeare; 2373 were formed by him on the foundation laid by his predecessors; and 1899 lines were entirely his own composition.

That the reader may have the whole of the subject before him, I shall here transcribe the fourth scene of the fourth act of *The* Third *Part* of *K. Henry VI.* (which happens to be a short one,) together with the corresponding scene in the original play; and also a speech of Queen Margaret in the fifth act, with the original speech on which it is formed. The first specimen will serve to shew the method taken by Shakspeare, where he only new-polished the language of the old play, rejecting some part of the dialogue, and making some slight additions to the part which he retained; the second is a striking proof of his facility and vigour of composition, which has happily expanded a thought comprized originally in a very short speech, into thirty-seven lines, none of which appear feeble or superfluous.

THE TRUE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARDE DUKE OF YORKE, &c. Sign. F. 4. edit. 1600.

Enter the Queene, and the Lord Rivers.

Riv. Tell me, good madam,
Why is your grace so passionate of late.
Queene. Why, brother Rivers, heare you not the news
Of that succe*s*s king Edward had of late?
Riv. What? losse of some pitcht battaile against Warwick?
Tush; fear not, faire queen, but cast these cares aside.
King Edwards noble minde his honours doth display;
And Warwicke may lose, though then he got the day.
Queene. If that were all, my griefes were at an end;
But greater troubles will, I feare, befall.
Riv. What? is he taken prisoner by the foe,
To the danger of his royal person then?
Queene. I, there's my griefe; king Edward is surprisde,
And led away as prisoner unto Yorke.

Riv. The newes is paſſing ſtrange, I muſt confeſſe;
Yet comfort yourſelfe, for Edward hath more friends
Than Lancaſter at this time muſt perceive,—
That ſome will ſet him in his throne againe.
Queene. God grant they may! but gentle brother, come,
And let me leane upon thine arm a while,
Untill I come unto the ſanctuarie;
There to preſerve the fruit within my womb,
King Edwards ſeed, true heir to Englands crowne.
[*Exeunt.*

KING HENRY VI. PART III. ACT IV. SCENE IV.

Enter the QUEEN, *and* RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this ſudden change?
Queen. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
What late misfortune is befall'n king Edward?
Riv. What, loſs of ſome pitch'd battle againſt Warwick?
Queen. No, but the loſs of his own royal perſon.
Riv. Then is my ſovereign ſlain?
Queen. Ay, almoſt ſlain, for he is taken priſoner;
Either betray'd by falſhood of his guard,
Or by his foe ſurpriz'd at unawares:
And, as I further have to underſtand,
Is new committed to the biſhop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.
Riv. Theſe news, I muſt confeſs, are full of grief:
Yet gracious madam, bear it as you may;
Warwick may loſe, that now hath won the day.
Queen. Till then, fair hope muſt hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from deſpair,
For love of Edward's offſpring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle paſſion,
And bear with mildneſs my misfortune's croſs;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And ſtop the riſing of blood-ſucking ſighs,
Leſt with my ſighs or tears I blaſt or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the Engliſh crown.
[illegible] But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

Queen. I am informed, that he comes towards London
To ſet the crown once more on Henry's head:
Gueſs thou the reſt; king Edward's friends muſt down.
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For truſt not him that once hath broken faith,)
I'll hence forthwith unto the ſanctuary,
To ſave at leaſt the heir of Edward's right;
There ſhall I reſt ſecure from force, and fraud.
Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;
If Warwick take us, we are ſure to die. [*Exeunt.*

THE TRUE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARDE DUKE OF YORKE, *&c.* Sign. G 4. edit. 1600.

Enter the Queene, Prince Edward, Oxford, Somerſet, with drumme and ſouldiers.

Queene. Welcome to England, my loving friends of France;
And welcome Somerſet and Oxford too.
Once more have we ſpread our ſailes abroad;
And though our tackling be almoſt conſumde,
And Warwicke as our main-maſt overthrowne,
Yet, warlike lordes, raiſe you that ſturdie poſt,
That bears the ſailes to bring us unto reſt;
And Ned and I, as willing pilots ſhould,
For once with careful mindes guide on the ſterne,
To bear us thorough that dangerous gulfe,
That heretofore hath ſwallowed up our friendes.

KING HENRY VI. PART III. ACT V. SCENE IV.

March. Enter Queen MARGARET, *Prince* EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, *and Soldiers.*

Q. Mar. Great lords, wiſe men ne'er ſit and wail their loſs,
But cheerly ſeek how to redreſs their harms.
What though the maſt be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, the holding anchor loſt,
And half our ſailors ſwallow'd in the flood.
Yet lives our pilot ſtill: Is't meet, that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the ſea,
And give more ſtrength to that which hath too muc

Whiles, in his moan, the ſhip ſplits on the rock,
Which induſtry and courage might have ſav'd?
Ah, what a ſhame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say, Warwick was our anchor; What of that?
And Montague our top-maſt; What of him?
Our ſlaughter'd friends the tackles; What of theſe?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerſet another goodly maſt?
The friends of France our ſhrouds and tacklings?
And, though unſkilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the ſkilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm, to ſit and weep;
But keep our courſe, though the rough wind ſay—no,
From ſhelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves, as ſpeak them fair.
And what is Edward, but a ruthleſs ſea?
What Clarence, but a quick-ſand of deceit?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
All theſe the enemies to our poor bark.
Say, you can ſwim; alas, 'tis but a while:
Tread on the ſand; why, there you quickly ſink:
Beſtride the rock; the tide will waſh you off,
Or elſe you famiſh, that's a threefold death.
This ſpeak I, lords, to let you underſtand,
In caſe ſome one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthleſs waves, with ſands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childiſh weakneſs to lament, or fear [5].

If the reader wiſhes to compare *The firſt part of the Contention of the two houſes*, &c. with *The* Second *Part of King Henry VI.* which was formed upon it, he will find various paſſages quoted from the elder drama in the notes on that play. The two celebrated ſcenes, in which the dead body of the duke of Gloſter is deſcribed, and the death of Cardinal Beaufort is repreſented, may be worth

[5] Com[illegible] alſo the account of the death of the duke of York (p. [illegible]) and King Henry's Soliloquy (p. 287) with the old play as q[illegible] the notes.—Sometimes our author new-verſified the old, [illegible] the addition of any new, matter. See p. 335, n.

examining with this view; and will ſufficiently aſcertain how our author proceeded in new-modelling that play; with what expreſſion, animation, and ſplendour of colouring he filled up the outline that had been ſketched by a preceding writer [6].

Shakſpeare having thus given celebrity to theſe two old dramas, by altering and writing ſeveral parts of them over again, the bookſeller, Millington, in 1593-4, to avail himſelf of the popularity of the new and admired poet, got, perhaps from Peele, who was then living, or from the author, whoever he was, or from ſome of the commedians belonging to the earl of Pembroke, the *original* play on which *the* Second *Part of K. Henry VI.* was founded; and entered it on the Stationers' books, certainly with an intention to publiſh it. Why it did not then appear, cannot be now aſcertained. But both that, and the other piece on which *The* Third *Part of King Henry VI.* was formed, was printed by the ſame bookſeller in 1600, either with a view to lead the common reader to ſuppoſe that he ſhould purchaſe two plays *as altered* and new-modelled by Shakſpeare, or, without any ſuch fraudulent intention, to derive a profit from the exhibition of a work that ſo great a writer had thought proper to retouch, and form into thoſe dramas which for ſeveral years before 1600 had without doubt been performed with conſiderable applauſe. In the ſame manner *The* old *Taming of a Shrew*, on which our author formed a play, had been entered at Stationers' Hall in 1594, and was printed in 1607, without doubt with a view to paſs it on the publick as the production of Shakſpeare.

When William Pavier republiſhed *The Contention of the two Houſes*, &c. in 1619 [7], he omitted the words in the

[6] See p. 185, n. 8; and p. 196, n. 9. Compare alſo Clifford's ſpeech to the rebels in p. 229, Buckingham's addreſs to King Henry in p. 249, and Iden's ſpeech in p. 255, with the old play, as quoted in the notes.

[7] Pavier's edition has no date, but it is aſcertai[illegible]ed to have been printed in 1619, by the Signatures; the *laſt* of which [illegible] The play of *Pericles* was printed in 1619, for the ſame bookſeller, a[illegible] its *firſt* ſignature is R. The undoubted copy, therefore, of *The Who*[illegible]*ention*, &c. and *Pericles*, muſt have been printed at the ſame tim[illegible]

original title page,—"*as it was acted by the earl of Pembrooke his servantes*;"—just as, on the republication of *King John* in two parts, in 1611, the words,—"*as it was acted in the honourable city of London*,"—were omitted; because the omitted words in both cases marked the respective pieces not to be the production of Shakspeare [8]. And as in *King John* the letters *W. Sh.* were added in 1611 to deceive the purchaser, so in the republication of *The Whole Contention*, &c. Pavier, having dismissed the words above mentioned, inserted these: "*Newly* CORRECTED *and* ENLARGED *by William Shakspeare*;" knowing that these pieces had been made the ground work of two other plays; that they had in fact been *corrected* and *enlarged*, (though not in that copy which Pavier printed, which is a mere republication from the edition of 1600,) and exhibited under the titles of *The* Second *and* Third *Part* of *K. Henry VI.*; and hoping that this new edition of the *original* plays would pass for those *altered* and *augmented* by Shakspeare, which were then unpublished.

If Shakspeare had originally written these three plays of *King Henry VI.* would they not probably have been found by the bookseller in the same Mſ.? Would not the three parts have been procured, whether surreptitiously or otherwise, *all together?* Would they not in that Mſ. have borne the titles of the *First* and *Second* and *Third* Part of *King Henry VI.?* And would not the bookseller have entered them on the Stationers' books, and published such of them as he did publish, under those titles, and *with the name of Shakspeare?* On the other hand, if that which is now distinguished by the name of *The* First *Part of King Henry VI.* but which I suppose in those times was only called "*The historical play of King Henry VI.*" if this was the production of some old dramatist, if it had appeared on the stage some years before 1591, (as from Nashe's mention of it seems to be implied,) perhaps in 1587 or 1588, if its popularity was in 1594 in its wane, and the attention of the publick was entirely taken up by Shakspeare's alteration of two other [illegible], which had likewise appeared before 1591, would

[8] See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, [illegible] ol. [illegible] Article, *King John*.

not

not the superior popularity of these two pieces, altered such a poet, attract the notice of the booksellers? and fi ing themselves unable to procure them from the thea would they not gladly seize on the *originals* on which t new and admired writer had worked, and publish them soon as they could, neglecting entirely the preceding play, or *First Part of King Henry VI.* (as it is now called, which Shakspeare had not embellished with his pen?— Such, we have seen, was actually the process; for Thomas Millington, neglecting entirely *The First Part of K. Henry VI.* entered the ORIGINAL of *The Second Part of K. Henry VI.* at Stationers' Hall in 1593-4, and published the ORIGINALS of both that and *The Third Part* in 1600. When Heminge and Condell printed these three pieces in folio, they were necessarily obliged to name the old play of *King Henry VI.* the *first* part, to distinguish it from the two following historical dramas, founded on a later period of the same king's reign.

Having examined such external evidence as time has left us concerning these two plays, now denominated *The* Second *and* Third *Parts of King Henry VI.* let us see whether we cannot by internal marks ascertain how far Shakspeare was concerned in their composition.

It has long been a received opinion that the two quarto plays, one of which was published under the title of *The First Part of the Contention of the two Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, &c. and the other under the title of *The true Tragedie of Richarde duke of Yorke*, &c. were spurious and imperfect copies of Shakspeare's *Second* and *Third Part of King Henry VI.*; and many passages have been quoted in the notes to the late editions of Shakspeare, as containing merely the various readings of the quartos and the folio; the passages being supposed to be in substance the same, only variously exhibited in different copies. The variations have been accounted for, by supposing that the imperfect and spurious quarto copies (as they were called) were taken down either by an unskilful short-hand writer, or by some auditor who picked up "during the representation what the time would permit, then filled up some of his omissions at a second or third hearing, and when he had

had by this method formed something like a play, sent it to the printer. To this opinion, I with others for a long time subscribed: two of Heywood's pieces furnishing indubitable proofs that plays in the time of our author were sometimes imperfectly copied during the representation, by the ear, or by short-hand writers[9]. But a minute examination of the two pieces in question, and a careful comparison of them with Shakspeare's *Second* and *Third Part of King Henry VI.* have convinced me that this could not have been the case with respect to them. No fraudulent copyist or short-hand writer would invent circumstances *totally different* from those which appear in Shakspeare's new-modelled draughts as exhibited in the first folio; or insert *whole speeches*, of which scarcely a trace is found in that edition. In the course of the foregoing notes many of these have been particularly pointed out. I shall now bring into one point of view all those internal circumstances which prove in my apprehension decisively, that the quarto plays were not spurious and imperfect copies of Shakspeare's pieces, but elder dramas on which he formed his *Second* and *Third* Part of *King Henry VI.*

1. In some places a speech in one of these quartos consists of ten or twelve lines. In Shakspeare's folio the same speech consists of perhaps only half the number[1]. A copyist by the ear, or an unskilful short-hand writer, might mutilate and exhibit a poet's thoughts or expressions imperfectly; but would he dilate and amplify them, or introduce totally new matter? Assuredly he would not.

2. Some circumstances are mentioned in the old quarto plays, of which there is not the least trace in the folio; and many minute variations are found between them and the folio, that prove the pieces in quarto to have been original and distinct compositions.

In the last act of the *First Part of the Contention*, &c. the duke of Buckingham after the battle of Saint Albans, is brought in wounded, and carried to his tent; but in Shak-

9 See p. 377.

1 See p. 127, n. 2; p. 150, n. 8; p. 154, n. *; p. 243, n. *; p. 333. n. 7; and p. 356, n. 2.

speare's

ſpeare's play he is not introduced on the ſtage after the battle.

In one of the *original* ſcenes between Jack Cade and his followers, which Shakſpeare has made the ſeventh ſcene of the fourth act of his *Second Part of King Henry VI.* Dick Butcher drags a ſerjeant, that is, a catch-pole, on the ſtage, and a dialogue conſiſting of ſeventeen lines paſſes between Cade, &c. at the concluſion of which it is determined that the ſerjeant ſhall be "brain'd with his own mace." Of this not one word appears in our author's play [2]. In the ſame piece Jack Cade, hearing that a knight, called Sir Humphrey Stafford, was coming at the head of an army againſt him, to put himſelf on a par with him makes himſelf a knight; and finding that Stafford's brother was alſo a knight, he dubs Dick Butcher alſo. But in Shakſpeare's play the latter circumſtance is omitted.

In the old play Somerſet goes out immediately after he is appointed regent of France. In Shakſpeare's *Second Part of King Henry VI.* he continues on the ſtage with Henry to the end of the ſcene (Act I. ſc. iii.) and the king addreſſes him as they go out.

In the old play, the dutcheſs of Gloſter enters with Hume, Bolinbroke, and Margery Jourdain, and after ſome converſation with them, tells them that while they perform their rites, ſhe will go to the top of an adjoining tower, and there write down ſuch anſwers as the ſpirits, that they are to raiſe, ſhall give to her queſtions. But in Shakſpeare's play, Hume, *Southwell*, (who is not introduced in the elder drama) and Bolingbroke, &c. enter without the dutcheſs; and after ſome converſation the dutcheſs appears above, (that is, on the tower,) and encourages them to proceed [3].

In Shakſpeare's play, when the duke of York enters, and finds the dutcheſs of Gloſter, &c. and her co-adjutors performing their magick rites, (p. 141,) the duke ſeizes the paper in which the anſwers of the ſpirit to certain queſtions

[2] See p. 227, n. *; and *The First Part of the Contention*, 4to 1600, Sign. G. 3.

[3] See p. 137, n. 2.

written down, and reads them aloud. In the old play the answers are not here recited by York; but in a subsequent scene Buckingham reads them to the king; (see p. 141, n. 9, and p. 149, n. 3.) and this is one of the many transpositions that Shakspeare made in new-modelling these pieces, of which I shall speak more fully hereafter.

In the old play, when the king pronounces sentence on the dutchess of Gloster, he particularly mentions the mode of her penance; and the sentence is pronounced in prose. "Stand forth dame Eleanor Cobham, dutchess of Gloster, and hear the sentence pronounced against thee for these treasons that thou hast committed against us, our state and peers. First, for thy haynous crimes thou shalt *two* daies in London do penance *barefoot in the streets, with a white sheete about thy bodie, and a wax taper burning in thy hand*: that done, thou shalt be banished for ever into the Isle of Man, there to end thy wretched daies; and this is our sentence irrevocable.—Away with her." But in Shakspeare's play, (p. 155) the king pronounces sentence in *verse* against the dutchess *and her confederates* at the same time; and only says in general, that "after *three* days open penance, she shall be banished to the Isle of Man."

In Shakspeare's play, (p. 175) when the duke of York undertakes to subdue the Irish rebels, if he be furnished with a sufficient army, *Suffolk* says, that he "will see that charge performed." But in the old play the queen enjoins *the duke of Buckingham* to attend to this business, and he accepts the office.

In our author's play Jack Cade is described as a *clothier*, in the old play he is "the *dyer* of Ashford." In the same piece, when the king and Somerset appear at Kenelworth, a dialogue passes between them and the queen, of which not one word is preserved in the corresponding scene in *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* (p. 231.) In the old play, Buckingham states to the king the grounds on which York had taken up arms; but in Shakspeare's piece, (p. 242) York himself assigns his reasons for his conduct.

In the old play near the conclusion, young Clifford, when

when he is preparing to carry off the dead body of his father, is aſſaulted by Richard, and after putting him to flight, he makes a ſpeech conſiſting of four lines. But in Shakſpeare's play (p. 252) there is no combat between them, nor is Richard introduced in that ſcene. The four lines therefore above mentioned are neceſſarily omitted.

In the old play the queen drops her glove, and finding that the dutcheſs of Gloſter makes no attempt to take it up, ſhe gives her a box on the ear:

"Give me my *glove*; *why*, minion, can you not *ſee*?"

But in Shakſpeare's play, (p. 133,) the queen drops not a glove, but a *fan*:

"Give me my *fan*: *What*, minion, can you not?"

In Shakſpeare's *Second Part of King Henry VI.* (p. 20 ,) Suffolk diſcovers himſelf to the captain who had ſeized him, by ſhewing his *George*. In the old play he announces his quality by a *ring*, a ſeal-ring we may ſuppoſe, exhibiting his arms. In the ſame ſcene of Shakſpeare's play, he obſerves that the captain threatens more

"Than *Bargulus*, the ſtrong *Illyrian* pirate."

But in the elder drama Suffolk ſays, he

"Threatens more plagues than mighty *Abradas*,
"The great *Macedonian* pirate."

In the ſame ſcene of the original play the captain threatens to *ſink* Suffolk's ſhip; but no ſuch menace is found in Shakſpeare's play.

In *The True Tragedie of Richarde duke of York*, &c. Richard (afterwards duke of Gloſter) informs Warwick that his *father* the earl of Saliſbury was killed in an action which he deſcribes, and which in fact took place at Ferrybridge in Yorkſhire. But Shakſpeare in his *Third Part of King Henry VI.* (p. 283) formed upon the piece above-mentioned, has rightly deviated from it, and for *father* ſubſtituted *brother*, it being the natural brother of Warwick, (the baſtard

baſtard ſon of Saliſbury) that fell at Ferrybridge. The earl of Saliſbury, Warwick's father, was beheaded at Pomfret.

In the ſame old play a ſon is introduced who has killed his father, and afterwards a father who has killed his ſon. King Henry, who is on the ſtage, ſays not a word till they have both appeared, and ſpoken; he then pronounces a ſpeech of ſeven lines. But in Shakſpeare's play (p. 290) this ſpeech is enlarged, and two ſpeeches formed on it; the firſt of which the king ſpeaks after the ſon has appeared, and the other after the entry of the father.

In our author's play, (p. 322,) after Edward's marriage with Lady Grey, his brothers enter, and converſe on that event. The king, queen, &c. then join them, and Edward aſks Clarence how he approves his choice. In the elder play there is no previous dialogue between Gloſter and Clarence; but the ſcene opens with the entry of the king, &c. who deſires the opinion of his brothers on his recent marriage.

In our author's play (p. 311,) the following line is found:

> "And ſet the *murderous Machiavel* to ſchool."

This line in *The true Tragedie of Richarde duke of Yorke*, &c. ſtood thus:

> "And ſet the *aſpiring Cataline* to ſchool."

Cataline was the perſon that would naturally occur to Peele or Greene, as the moſt ſplendid *claſſical* example of inordinate ambition: but Shakſpeare, who was more converſant with Engliſh books, ſubſtituted Machiavel, whoſe name was in ſuch frequent uſe in his time that it became a ſpecifick term for a conſummate politician[4]; and accordingly he makes his hoſt in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, when he means to boaſt of his own ſhrewdneſs, exclaim, "Am I ſubtle? am I a *Machiavel*?"

Many other variations beſide thoſe already mentioned might be pointed out; but that I may not weary the reader, I will only refer in a note to the moſt ſtriking diverſities that

4 See p. 104, n. 5. of this volume.

are

are found between Shakspeare's *Second* and *Third Part* of *King Henry VI.* and the elder dramas printed in quarto[5].

The supposition of imperfect or spurious copies cannot account for such numerous variations in the *circumstances* of these pieces; (not to insist at present on the *language* in which they are clothed;) so that we are compelled (as I have already observed) to maintain, either that Shakspeare wrote *two* plays on the story which forms his *Second Part of King Henry VI.* a hasty sketch, and an entirely distinct and more finished performance; or else we must acknowledge that he formed that piece on a foundation laid by another writer, that is, upon the quarto copy of *The First Part of the Contention of the Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, &c.—And the same argument precisely applies to *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* which is founded on *The true Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke*, &c. printed in quarto, 1600.

Let us now advert to the *Resemblances* that are found in these pieces as exhibited in the folio, to passages in our author's undisputed plays; and also to the *Inconsistencies* that may be traced between them; and, if I do not deceive myself, both the one and the other will add considerable support to the foregoing observations.

In our author's genuine plays, he frequently borrows from himself, the same thoughts being found in nearly the same expressions in different pieces. In *The* Second *and* Third *Part of King Henry VI.* as in his other dramas, these coincidencies with his other works may be found[6]; and this was one of the circumstances that once weighed much in my mind, and convinced me of their authenticity. But a collation of these plays with the old pieces on which they are founded, has shewn me the fallacy by which I was deceived;

5 See p. 127, n. 2; p. 137, n. 1; p. 139, n. 3; p. 140, n. 8; p. 154, n. *; p. 170, n. 2; p. 174, n. 5; p. 178, n. 2; p. 199, n. 8; p. 201, n. 2; p. 205, n. 6; p. 227, n. 7; p. 231, n. 4; p. 242, n. 9, and n. *; p. 255, n. 6; p. 265, n. 7; p. 267, n. 2; p. 268, n. 7; p. 272, n. 9; p. 274, n. 2; p. 275, n. 4; p. 278, n. 4; p. 283, n. 8; p. 286, n. 4; p. 290, n. 5; p. 311, n. 9; p. 321, n. 4; p. 328, n. 8, and n. 9; p. 350, n. 8.

6 See p. 127, n. 7; p. 131, n. 7; p. 193, n. 1; p. 197, n. *; p. 206, n. 8; p. 227, n. 7; p. 256, n. 9; p. 287, n. 8; p. 300, n. 6; p. 358, n. 8; and p. 363, n. 9.

ceived; for the paſſages of theſe two parts of *K. Henry VI.* which correſpond with others in our author's undiſputed plays, exiſt *only* in the *folio* copy, and not in the *quarto*; in other words, in thoſe parts of theſe new-modelled pieces, which were of Shakſpeare's writing, and not in the originals by another hand, on which he worked. This, I believe, will be found invariably the caſe, except in three inſtances.

The firſt is, "You have no children, butchers;" which is, it muſt be acknowledged, in *The true Tragedie of Richarde duke of Yorke*, &c. 1600; (as well as in *The* Third *Part of King Henry VI.*) and is alſo introduced with a ſlight variation in *Macbeth*[7].

Another inſtance is found in *K. John*. That king, when charged with the death of his nephew, aſks,

"Think you, I bear the ſhears of deſtiny?
"Have I commandment on the pulſe of life?"

which bears a ſtriking reſemblance to the words of Cardinal Beaufort in *The firſt part of the Contention of the two houſes*, &c. which Shakſpeare has introduced in his *Second Part of King Henry VI.*

"—— Died he not in his bed?
"Can I make men live whe'r they will or no?"

The third inſtance is found in *The true Tragedie of Richarde duke of Yorke*, &c. In that piece are the following lines, which Shakſpeare adopted with a very ſlight variation, and inſerted in his *Third Part of King Henry VI.*:

"—— doves will peck in reſcue of their brood.—
"Unreaſonable creatures feed their young;
"And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
"Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
"Who hath not ſeen them even with thoſe ſame wings
"Which they have ſometime uſed in fearful flight,
"Make war with him that climb'd unto their neſt,
"Offering their own lives in their young's defence?"

So, in our author's *Macbeth*:

"—— the poor wren—
"The moſt diminutive of birds, will fight,
"Her young ones in the neſt, againſt the owl."

[7] See p. 364, of this volume, and Vol. IV. p. 411.

But whoever recollects the various thoughts that Shakspeare has borrowed from preceding writers, will not be surprised that in a *similar* situation, in *Macbeth*, and *King John*, he should have used the expressions of an old dramatist, with whose writings he had been particularly conversant; expressions too, which he had before employed in former plays: nor can, I think, these three instances much diminish the force of the foregoing observations. That it may have its full weight, I have in the present edition distinguished by asterisks all the lines in *The Second* and *Third Part of King Henry VI.* of which there is no trace in the old quarto plays, and which therefore I suppose to have been written by Shakspeare. Though this has not been effected without much trouble, yet, if it shall tend to settle this long-agitated question, I shall not consider my labour as wholly thrown away.

Perhaps a similar coincidency in *The* First *Part of King Henry VI.* may be urged in opposition to my hypothesis relative to that play. "Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire," are in that piece called the attendants on the brave lord Talbot; as in Shakspeare's *King Henry V.* "famine, sword, and fire, are leash'd in like hounds, crouching under the martial Henry for employment." If this image had proceeded from our author's imagination, this coincidency might perhaps countenance the supposition that he had some hand at least in that scene of *The* First *Part of King Henry VI.* where these attendants on war are personified. But that is not the case; for the fact is, that Shakspeare was furnished with this imagery by a passage in *Holinshed*, as the author of the old play of *King Henry VI.* was by *Hall's* Chronicle: "The Goddesse of warre, called Bellonas—hath these three hand-maides ever of necessity attendynge on her; *bloud*, *fyre*, and *famine*[8]."

In our present inquiry, it is undoubtedly a very striking circumstance that *almost* all the passages in The *Second* and *Third Part of King Henry VI.* which resemble others in Shakspeare's undisputed plays, are not found in the original pieces in quarto, but in his *Rifacimento* published in

[8] Hall's *Chron.* Henry VI. fol. xxix.

folio,

folio. As these *Resemblances* to his other plays, and a peculiar Shakspearian phraseology, ascertain a *considerable portion* of these disputed dramas to be the production of Shakspeare, so on the other hand certain passages which are *discordant* (in matters of fact) from his other plays, are proved by this *Discordancy*, not to have been composed by him; and these discordant passages, being found in the original quarto plays, prove that those pieces were composed by another writer.

Thus, in *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* (p. 303,) Sir John Grey is said to have lost "his life in quarrel of the house of *York*;" and king Edward stating the claim of his widow, whom he afterwards married, mentions, that his lands after the battle of Saint Albans (February 17, 1460-1) "were seized on by the conqueror." Whereas in fact they were seized on by Edward himself after the battle of Towton, (in which he was conqueror,) March 29, 1461. The conqueror at the second battle of Saint Albans, the battle here meant, was Queen Margaret. This statement was taken from the old quarto play; and, from carelessness was adopted by Shakspeare without any material alteration. But at a subsequent period when he wrote his *King Richard III.* he was under a necessity of carefully examining the English chronicles; and in that play, Act I. sc. iii. he has represented this matter truly as it was:

"In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,
"Were *factious for the house of Lancaster*;—
"(And, Rivers, so were you;)—Was not your husband
"In Margaret's battle at Saint Albans slain?"

It is called "Margaret's battle," because she was there victorious.

An equally decisive circumstance is furnished by the same play. In *The* Third *Part of King Henry VI.* (p. 320.) Warwick proposes to marry his *eldest* daughter (*Isabella*) to Edward prince of Wales, and the proposal is accepted by Edward; and in a subsequent scene Clarence says he will marry the *younger* daughter (*Anne*). In these particulars Shakspeare has implicitly followed the elder drama. But the fact is, that the prince of Wales married Anne the *younger* daughter of the earl of Warwick, and the duke of

Clarence married the *elder*, Isabella. Though the auth *The true Tragedie of the duke of Yorke*, &c. was here ins rate, and though Shakspeare too negligently followed steps,—when he wrote his *King Richard III.* he had ga better information; for there Lady ANNE is rightly re sented as the widow of the prince of Wales, and the *you* daughter of the earl of Warwick:

"Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
"And leave the world to me to bustle in.
"For then I'll marry Warwick's *youngest* daughter;
"What though I kill'd her husband, and her father," &c.

i. e. Edward prince of Wales, and king Henry VI.
King Richard III. Act I. sc. i.

I have said that certain passages in *The Second and Third Part of King Henry VI.* are ascertained to be Shakspeare's by a peculiar phraseology. This peculiar phraseology, without a single exception, distinguishes such parts of these plays as are found in the folio, and not in the *elder* quarto dramas, of which the phraseology, as well as the versification, is of a different colour. This observation applies not only to the new original matter produced by Shakspeare, but to his alteration of the old. Our author in his undoubted compositions has fallen into an inaccuracy, of which I do not recollect a similar instance in the works of any other dramatist. When he has occasion to quote the same paper twice, (not from memory, but *verbatim*,) from negligence he does not always attend to the words of the paper which he has occasion to quote, but makes one of the persons of the drama recite them with variations, though he holds the very paper quoted before his eyes. Thus, in *All's well that ends well*, Act V. sc. iii. Helena says,

"—here's your letter; This it says:
"*When from my finger you can get this ring,*
"*And are by me with child,*"—

Yet, as I have observed in Vol. IV. p. 55, n. 6. Helena in Act III. sc. ii. *reads* this very letter aloud, and there the

rds are different, and in plain prose: "When thou get the ring from my finger, which never shall come ıd shew me a child begotten of thy body," &c. In ıanner, in the first scene of *The Second Part of King VI.* Suffolk presents to the duke of Glofter, protec... of the realm, the articles of peace concluded between France and England. The protector begins to read the articles, but when he has proceeded no further than these words,—"Item, that the *dutchy* of Anjou and the *county* of Maine shall be released and delivered to th king her father,"—he is suddenly taken ill, and rend red incapable of proceeding: on which the bishop of W nchester is called upon to read the remainder of the pap . He accordingly reads the whole of the article, of which the duke of Glofter had only read a part: "It m, *It is further agreed between them,* that *the dut ies of Anjou and Maine* shall be released and delivered *ver* to the king her father, and she sent," &c. Now th gh Maine in our old chronicles is sometimes called a county, and sometimes a dutchy, yet words cannot t us change their form under the eyes of two readers: nor do they in the original play, entitled *The first part of the Contention of the two houses,* &c for there the article as recited by the protector corresponds with that recited by the bishop, without the most minute variation. "Item, It is further agreed between them, that the *dutchies of Anjou and of Maine* shall be released and delivered *over* to the king her father, and she sent," &c. Thus in the old play says the duke, and so says the cardinal after him. This one circumstance, in my apprehension, is of such weight, that though it stood alone, it might decide the present question. Our author has fallen into a similar inaccuracy in the fourth scene of the same act, where the duke of York recites from a paper the questions that had been put to the Spirit, relative to the duke of Suffolk, Somerset[9], &c.

Many minute marks of Shakspeare's hand may be traced in such parts of the old plays as he has new-modelled. I at present recollect one that must strike every

[9] See p. 141, n. *.

reader who is converſant with his writings. He very frequently uſes adjectives adverbially; and this kind of phraſeology, if not peculiar to him, is found more frequently in his writings than thoſe of any of his contemporaries. Thus,—"I am myſelf *indifferent* honeſt;"—"as *diſhonourable* ragged as an old faced ancient;"—*equal* ravenous;"—"leaves them *inviſible*[1];" &c. In *The true Tragedie of the duke of Yorke*, &c. the king, having determined to marry Lady Grey, injoins his brothers to uſe her *honourably*. But in Shakſpeare's play the words are,—"uſe her *honourable*." So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"Young man, thou could'ſt not die more *honourable*."

In like manner, in *The Third Part of King Henry VI*, we find this line:

"Is either ſlain, or wounded *dangerous*."

but in the old play the words are—"wounded *dangerouſly*."

In the ſame play the word *handkerchief* is uſed; but in the correſponding ſcene in *The Third Part of King Henry VI*. (p. 270.) Shakſpeare has ſubſtituted the northern term *napkin*, which occurs ſo often in his works, in its room.

The next circumſtance to which I wiſh to call the attention of thoſe who do not think the preſent inveſtigation wholly incurious, is, the *Tranſpoſitions* that are found in theſe plays. In the preceding notes I have frequently obſerved that not only ſeveral lines, but ſometimes whole ſcenes[2], were tranſpoſed by Shakſpeare.

In p. 270, a Meſſenger, giving an account of the death of the duke of York, ſays,

"Environed he was with many foes;
"And ſtood againſt them, as the hope of Troy
"Againſt the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.
"But Hercules himſelf muſt yield to odds;"—

When this paſſage was printed, not finding any trace

[1] See Vol. V. p. 233, n. 3; Vol. IV. p. 564, n. 6; Vol. III. p. 441, n. 2.
[2] See p. 335, n. 9; p. 340, n. 6; p. 344, n. 5.

of

of the laſt three lines in the correſponding part of the old play, I marked them inadvertently as Shakſpeare's original compoſition; but I afterwards found that he had borrowed them from a ſubſequent ſcene on a quite different ſubject, in which Henry, taking leave of Warwick, ſays to him,

"Farewell my Hector, and *my Troy's true hope!*"

and the laſt line, "But Hercules," &c. is ſpoken by Warwick near the concluſion of the piece, after he is mortally wounded in the battle of Barnet.

So, in *The true Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke*, &c. after the duke has ſlain Clifford, he ſays,

"*Now, Lancaſter, ſit ſure*:—thy ſinews ſhrink."

Shakſpeare has not made uſe of that line in that place, but availed himſelf of it afterwards, where Edward brings forth Warwick wounded; *King Henry VI.* P. III. Act V. ſc. ii.

"*Now*, Mountague, *ſit faſt*: I ſeek for thee," &c.

Many other tranſpoſitions may be traced in theſe plays, to which I ſhall only refer in a note[3].

Such tranſpoſitions as I have noticed, could never have ariſen from any careleſſneſs or inaccuracy of tranſcribers or copyiſts; and therefore are to be added to the many other circumſtances which prove that *The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.*, as exhibited in the folio, were formed from the materials of a preceding writer.

It is alſo obſervable, that many lines are *repeated* in Shakſpeare's *Second and Third Part of King Henry VI.*[4], but no ſuch repetitions are found in the old quarto plays. The repetition undoubtedly aroſe from Shakſpeare's not always following his original ſtrictly, but introducing expreſſions which had ſtruck him in other parts of the old plays; and afterwards, forgetting that he had before uſed ſuch expreſſions, he ſuffered them to remain in their original places alſo.

3 See p. 193, n. 9; p. 211, n. 5; p. 245, n. 8; p. 330, n. 4; p. 354, n. 8, and n. 9; p. 359, n. 9.

4 See p. 287, n. 6; p. 301, n. 9; p. 313, n. 2; p. 317, n. *.

Another proof that Shakſpeare was not the author of *The Contention of the two houſes*, &c. is furniſhed by the inconſiſtencies into which he has fallen, by ſometimes adhering to, and ſometimes deviating from, his original: an inaccuracy which may be ſometimes obſerved in his undiſputed plays.

One of the moſt remarkable inſtances of this kind of inconſiſtency is found in *The Second Part of K. Henry VI.* p. 217, where he makes Henry ſay,

"I'll ſend ſome holy biſhop to entreat," &c.

a circumſtance which he took from Holinſhed's Chronicle; whereas in the old play no mention is made of a biſhop on this occaſion. The king there ſays, he will himſelf come and parley with the rebels, and in the mean time he orders Clifford and Buckingham to gather an army. In a ſubſequent ſcene, however, Shakſpeare forgot the new matter which he had introduced in the former; and *Clifford* and *Buckingham* only parley with Cade, &c. *conformably to the old play* [5].

In *Romeo and Juliet* he has fallen into a ſimilar inaccuracy. In the poem on which that tragedy is founded, Romeo, in his interview with the Friar, after ſentence of baniſhment has been pronounced againſt him, is deſcribed as paſſionately lamenting his fate in the following terms:

"Firſt *nature* did he blame, the *author of his life*,
"In which his joys had been ſo ſcant, and ſorrows aye ſo rife;
"The time and place of *birth* he fiercely did reprove;
"He cryed out with open mouth againſt *the ſtars above*.—
"On *fortune* eke he *rail'd*," &c.

The friar afterwards reproves him for want of patience. In forming the correſponding ſcene Shakſpeare has *omitted* Romeo's invective againſt his fate, but inadvertently copied the friar's remonſtrance *as it lay before him*:

"Why *rail'ſt* thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?"

[5] See alſo p. 139, n. 6; p. 316, n. 6; and p. 317, n. *.

If

If the following ſhould be conſidered as a trifling circumſtance, let it be remembered, that circumſtances which, ſeparately conſidered, may appear unimportant, ſometimes acquire ſtrength, when united to other proofs of more efficacy: in my opinion, however, what I ſhall now mention is a circumſtance of conſiderable weight. It is obſervable that the prieſt concerned with Eleanor Cobham Dutcheſs of Gloceſter, in certain pretended operations of magick, for which ſhe was tried, is called by Hall, John *Hum*. So is he named in *The firſt part of the Contention of the two Houſes of Yorke*, &c. the original, as I ſuppoſe, of *The* Second *Part of K. Henry VI.* Our author probably thinking the name harſh or ridiculous, ſoftened it to *Hume*; and by that name this prieſt is called in *his* play printed in folio. But in Holinſhed he is named *Hun*; and ſo undoubtedly, or perhaps for ſoftneſs, *Hune*, he would have been called in the original quarto play juſt mentioned, if Shakſpeare had been the author of it; for Holinſhed and not Hall was his guide, as I have ſhewn inconteſtably in a note on *King Henry V.* Vol. V. p. 40. But Hall was undoubtedly the hiſtorian who had been conſulted by the original writer of *The Contention of the two Houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*; as appears from his having taken a line from thence, "That *Alexander Iden, an eſquire of Kent*[6]," and from the ſcene in which Cardinal Beaufort is exhibited on his death-bed. One part of the particular deſcription of the Cardinal's death and dying words, in the old quarto play, is founded on a paſſage in Hall, which Holinſhed, though in general a ſervile copyiſt of the former chronicler, has omitted. The paſſage is this. "Dr. John Baker, his pryvie counſailer and hys chapellayn, wrote, that lying on his death-bed he [Cardinal Beaufort] ſaid theſe words: 'Why ſhould I dye, havyng ſo much riches? If the whole realme would ſave my lyfe, I am able either by pollicie to get it, or by ryches to bye it. Fye! will not death be hyered, nor will money

[6] See Hall, Henry V. fol. lxxix. Holinſhed ſays, "a gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Iden, awaited ſo his time," &c.

do

do nothynge?" From this the writer of the old play form-ed theſe lines:

> O death, if thou will let me live
> But one whole year, I'll give thee as much gold
> As will purchaſe ſuch another iſland.

which Shakſpeare new-modelled thus:

> If thou be'ſt death, I'll give thee England's treaſure,
> Enough to purchaſe ſuch another iſland,
> So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

If Shakſpeare had been the author of *The firſt part of the Contention*, &c. finding in his Holinſhed the name *Hun*, he would either have preſerved it, or ſoftened it to *Hune*. Working on the old play, where he found the name of *Hum*, which ſounded ridiculous to his ear, he changed it to *Hume*. But whoever the original writer of the old play was, having uſed the name of *Hum*, he muſt have formed his play on Hall's Chronicle, where *alone* that name is found. Shakſpeare therefore having made Holinſhed, and not Hall, his guide, could not have been the writer of it.

It may be remarked, that by the alteration of this prieſt's name he has deſtroyed a rhyme intended by the author of the original play, where Sir John begins a ſoliloquy with this jingling line:

> "Now, Sir John *Hum*, no word but *mum*:
> "Seal up your lips, for you muſt ſilent be."

which Shakſpeare has altered thus:

> "—But how now, Sir John *Hume?*
> "Seal up your lips, and give no words but *mum*.

Lines rhiming in the middle and end, ſimilar to that above quoted, are often found in our old Engliſh plays, (previous to the time of Shakſpeare,) and are generally put into the mouths of prieſts and friars.

It has already been obſerved, that in the original play on which *The* Second *Part of King Henry VI.* is founded, "*Abradas*, the *Macedonian* pirate," is mentioned. This

This hero does not appear in Shakſpeare's new-modelled play, "*Bargulus*, the ſtrong *Illyrian* pirate," being introduced in his room. *Abradas* is ſpoken of (as Mr. Steevens has remarked) by Robert Greene, the very perſon whom I ſuppoſe to have been one of the joint authors of the original plays, in a pamphlet, entitled *Penelope's Web*, 1589:—"*Abradas*, the great *Macedonean pirate*, thought every one had a letter of mart that bare ſayles in the ocean." Of this pirate or his atchievements, however celebrated he may have been, I have not found the ſlighteſt trace in *any book* whatſoever, except that above quoted: a ſingular circumſtance, which appears to me ſtrongly to confirm my hypotheſis on the preſent ſubject; and to ſupport my interpretation of Greene's words in his *Groatſworth of Witte*, in a former part of the preſent diſquiſition.

However this may be, there are certainly very good grounds for believing that *The firſt part of the Contention of the two houſes of York and Lancaſter*, &c. *and the True Tragedie of Richarde duke of Yorke*, &c. were written by the author or authors of the old *King John*, printed in 1591.

In *The true Tragedie*, &c. we find the following lines:

"*Let England be true within itſelf*,
"We need not France, nor any alliance with her."

The firſt of theſe lines is found, with a very minute variation, in the old *King John*, where it runs thus:

"Let England *live but* true within itſelf,—".

Nor is this the only coincidence. In the deſervedly admired ſcene in which Cardinal Beaufort's death is repreſented, in the original play, (as well as in Shakſpeare's *Second Part of King Henry VI.*) he is called upon to hold up his hand, as a proof of his confidence in God:

"Lord Cardinal,
"If thou dieſt aſſured of heavenly bliſſe,
"Hold up thy hand, and make ſome ſign to us.
[*The Cardinal dies.*
"O ſee, he dies, and makes no ſign at all:
"O God, forgive his ſoule!"

I quote

I quote from the original play.—It is remarkable that a ſimilar proof is demanded in the old play of *King John* alſo, when that king is expiring:

"Then, good my lord, if you forgive them all,
"Lift up your hand, in token you forgive."

Again:

"—— in token of thy faith,
"And ſigne thou dieſt the ſervant of the Lord,
"Lift up thy hand, that we may witneſſe here
"Thou dieſt the ſervant of our Saviour Chriſt.—
"Now joy betide thy ſoul!"

This circumſtance appears to me to add conſiderable ſupport to my conjecture.

One point only remains. It may be aſked, if *The* Firſt *Part of King Henry VI.* was not written by Shakſpeare, why did Heminge and Condell print it with the reſt of his works? The only way that I can account for their having done ſo, is by ſuppoſing, either that their memory at the end of thirty years was not accurate concerning our author's pieces, (as appears indeed evidently from their omitting *Troilus and Creſſida*, which was not recollected by them, till the whole of the firſt folio, and even the table of contents, (which is always the laſt work of the preſs,) had been printed; or, that they imagined the inſertion of this hiſtorical drama was neceſſary to underſtanding the two pieces that follow it; or laſtly, that, Shakſpeare, for the advantage of his own theatre, having written a few lines in *The* Firſt *Part of King Henry VI.* after his own *Second* and *Third* Part had been played, they conceived this a ſufficient warrant for attributing it, along with the others, to him, in the general collection of his works. If Shakſpeare was the author of any part of this play, perhaps the ſecond and the following ſcenes of the fourth act were his; which are for the moſt part written in rhyme, and appear to me ſomewhat of a different complexion from the reſt of the play. Nor is this the only inſtance of their proceeding on this ground; for is it poſſible to conceive that they could have

have any other reaſon for giving *Titus Andronicus* a place in their edition of Shakſpeare's works, than his having written twenty or thirty lines in that piece, or having retouched a few verſes of it, if indeed he did ſo much?

Shakſpeare's referring in the Epilogue to *K. Henry V.* which was produced in 1599, to theſe three parts of *King Henry VI.* of which the firſt, by whom ſoever it was written, appears from the teſtimony of a contemporary to have been exhibited with great applauſe[7]; and the two latter, having been, as I conceive, eight years before new-modelled and almoſt re-written by our author, we may be confident were performed with the moſt brilliant ſucceſs; his ſupplicating the favour of the audience to his new play of *King Henry V.* "*for the ſake*" of theſe old and *popular* dramas, which were ſo cloſely connected with it, and in the compoſition of which, as they had for many years been exhibited, he had ſo conſiderable a ſhare; the connexion between the laſt ſcene of *King Henry VI.* and the firſt ſcene of *K. Richard III.*; the Shakſpearian diction, verſification, and figures, by which the *Second* and *Third Part of King Henry VI.* are diſtinguiſhed; "the eaſineſs of expreſſion and the fluency of numbers," which, it is acknowledged, are found here, and were poſſeſſed by no other author of that age; all theſe circumſtances are accounted for by the theory now ſtated, and all the objections[8] that have been founded upon them, in my apprehenſion, vaniſh away.

On the other hand, the entry on the Stationers' books of the old play, entitled *The firſt part of the Contention of the two houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*, &c. without the name of the author; that piece, and *The true Tragedie of Richarde duke of Yorke*, &c. being printed in 1600, anonymouſly; their being founded on the Chronicle of *Hall*, who was not Shakſpeare's hiſtorian, and repreſented by the ſervants of Lord Pembroke, by whom

[7] See p. 390, of this Diſſertation.

[8] See theſe ſeveral objections ſtated by Dr. Johnſon in the notes at the end of *The Third Part of King Henry VI.*

none

none of his uncontested dramas were represented; the colour, diction, and versification of these old plays; the various circumstances, lines, and speeches, that are found in them, and not in our author's new-modification of them, as published in folio by his original editors; the resemblances that have been noticed between his other works and such parts of these dramas as are *only* exhibited in their folio edition; the discordances (in matters of fact) between certain parts of the old plays printed in quarto and Shakspeare's undoubted performances; the transpositions that he has made in these pieces; the repetitions, and the peculiar Shakspearian inaccuracies, and phraseology, which may be traced in the folio, and not in the old quarto plays; these and other circumstances, which have been stated in the foregoing pages, form, when united, such a body of argument and proofs, in support of my hypothesis, as appears to me, (though I will not venture to assert that "the probation bears no hinge nor loop to hang a doubt on,) to lead directly to the door of *truth*."

It is observable that several portions of the English History had been dramatized *before* the time of Shakspeare. Thus, we have *King John* in two parts, by an anonymous writer; *Edward I.* by George Peele; *Edward II.* by Christopher Marlowe; *Edward III.* anonymous; *Henry IV.* containing the deposition of *Richard II.* and the accession of *Henry* to the crown, anonymous[8]; *Henry V.* and *Richard III.* both by anonymous authors[9]. Is it not then highly probable, that the *whole* of the story of *Henry VI.* had also been brought upon the scene? and that the first of the plays now in question, formerly (as I believe) called *The historical play of King Henry VI.* and now named *The* First *Part of King Henry VI.*, as well as *The first part of the Contention of the two houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, &c. and *The true Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke*, &c. (which three pieces comprehend the entire reign of that king from his birth to his death,)

[8] See Vol. V. p. 4, n. 1.

[9] Entered on the Stationers' books in 1594.

were

were the composition of some of the authors, who had produced the historical dramas above enumerated?

In consequence of an hasty and inconsiderate opinion formed by Mr. Pope, without any minute examination of the subject, *K. John* in two parts, printed in 1591, and *The* old *Taming of a Shrew*, which was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1594, and printed in 1607, passed for half a century for the compositions of Shakspeare. Further inquiries have shown that they were the productions of earlier writers; and perhaps a more profound investigation of this subject than I have been able to make, may hereafter prove decisively, that the *first* of the three *Henries* printed in folio, and both the parts of *The Whole Contention of the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, as exhibited in quarto, and printed in 1600, ought to be classed in the same predicament with the two old plays above mentioned. For my own part, if it should ever be thought proper to reprint the old dramas on which Shakspeare founded some of his plays, which were published in two volumes a few years ago, I have no doubt that *The first part of the Contention of the two houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, &c. and *The true Tragedie of the duke of Yorke*, &c. should be added to the number.

Gildon somewhere says, that "in a conversation between Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, Ben asked him the reason why he wrote his historical plays." Our author (we are told) replied, that "finding the nation generally very ignorant of history, he wrote them in order to instruct the people in that particular." This anecdote, like many other traditional stories, stands on a very weak foundation; or to speak more justly, it is certainly a fiction. The malignant Ben does indeed, in his *Devil's an Ass*, 1616, sneer at our author's historical pieces, which for twenty years preceding had been in high reputation, and probably were *then* the only historical dramas that had possession of the theatre; but from the list above given, it is clear that Shakspeare was not the *first* who dramatized our old chronicles; and that the principal events of the English History were familiar to the ears of his

his audience, before he commenced a writer for the stage*: though undoubtedly at this day whatever knowledge of our annals is dispersed among the people, is derived from the frequent exhibition of our author's historical plays.

* This point is established not only by the list referred to, but by a passage in a pamphlet already quoted, entitled *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devil*, written by Thomas Nashe, quarto, 1592: "Whereas the afternoone being the eldest time of the day, wherein men that are their owne masters (as gentlemen of the Court, the innes of court, and the number of captaines and soldiers about London) do wholly bestow themselves upon pleasure, and that pleasure they devide (how virtuously it skilles not,) into gaming, following of harlots, drinking, or *seeing a play*; is it not then better, since of foure extreames all the world cannot keepe them but they will choose one, that they should betake them to the least, which is *Playes*? Nay, what if I prove playes to be no extreame, but a rare exercise of vertue? First, for the *subject* of them; *for the most part it is borrowed* out of our ENGLISH CHRONICLES, wherein our fore-fathers' valiant acts, that have been long buried in rustic brasse and worme-eaten books, are revived, and they themselves raised from the grave of oblivion, and brought to plead their aged honours in open presence; than which, what can be a sharper reproofe to these degenerate dayes of ours?"

After an elogium on the brave Lord Talbot, and on the actor who had personated him in a popular play of that time, "before ten thousand spectators at the least;" (which has already been printed in a former page,) and after observing "what a glorious thing it is to have King Henry the Fifth represented on the stage, leading the French king prisoner, and forcing both him and the Dolphin to swear fealty,"—the writer adds these words:

"In playes, all cousenages, all cunning drifts, over-guilded with outward holinesse, all stratagems of warre, all the canker-wormes that breed in the rust of peace, are most lively anatomized. They shew the ill successe of treason, the fall of hasty climbers, *the wretched end of usurpers*; *the miserie of civil dissention*, and how just God is evermore in punishing *murder*. And to prove every one of these allegations, could I propound the circumstances *of this play and that*, if I meant to handle this theame otherwise than *obiter*."

It is highly probable that the words, "*the miserie of civil dissention*," allude to the very plays which are the subjects of the present disquisition, *The first part of the Contention of the two houses*, &c. and *The true Tragedie of Richarde duke of Yorke*; as, by "the wretched end of *Usurpers*", and the justice of God in "*punishing murder*," old plays on the subject of *King Richard III*. and that of *Hamlet*, prior to those of Shakspeare, were, I believe, alluded to.

He

He certainly did not consider writing on fables that had already been formed into dramas, as any derogation from his fame; if indeed fame was ever an object of his thoughts. We know that plays on the subjects of *Measure for Measure, The Taming of the Shrew, The Merchant of Venice, King John, King Richard II. King Henry IV. King Henry V. King Richard III. King Lear, Antony and Cleopatra,* and, I strongly suspect, on those of *Hamlet, Timon of Athens, and Julius Cæsar*[2], existed before he commenced a dramatick author; and perhaps in process of time it may be found, that many of the fables of his *other* plays also had been unskilfully treated, and produced upon the stage, by preceding writers.

Such are the only lights that I am able to throw on this very dark subject. The arguments which I have stated have entirely satisfied my own mind; whether they are entitled to bring conviction to the minds of others, I shall not presume to determine. I produce them, however, with the more confidence, as they have the approbation of one who has given such decisive proofs of his taste and knowledge, by ascertaining the extent of *Shakspeare's learning*, that I have no doubt his thoughts on the present question also, will have that weight with the publick to which they are undoubtedly entitled. It is almost unnecessary to add, that I mean my friend Dr. Farmer; who many years ago delivered it as his opinion, that these plays were not written *originally* by Shakspeare. MALONE.

[2] See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I.

KING RICHARD III.

Persons Represented.

King Edward *the Fourth.*
Edward, *Prince of* Wales, *afterwards* K. Edward V. } *Sons to the king.*
Richard, *duke of* York, }
George, *duke of* Clarence, }
Richard, *duke of* Glofter, *afterwards* King Richard III. } *Brothers to the king.*
A young fon of Clarence.
Henry, *earl of* Richmond, *afterwards* King Henry VII.
Cardinal Bourchier, *Archbifhop of* Canterbury.
Archbifhop of York. *Bifhop of* Ely.
Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Norfolk: *Earl of* Surrey, *his fon.*
Earl Rivers, *brother to* K. Edward's *Queen:*
Marquis of Dorfet, *and Lord* Grey, *her fons.*
Earl of Oxford.
Lord Haftings.
Lord Stanley.
Lord Lovel.
Sir Thomas Vaughan. *Sir* Richard Ratcliff.
Sir William Catefby. *Sir* James Tyrrel.
Sir James Blount. *Sir* Walter Herbert.
Sir Robert Brakenbury, *Lieutenant of the* Tower.
Chriftopher Urfwick, *a Prieft. Another Prieft.*
Lord Mayor of London. *Sheriff of* Wiltfhire.

Elizabeth, *Queen of* K. Edward IV.
Margaret, *widow of* K. Henry VI.
Dutchefs of York, *mother to* K. Edward IV. Clarence, *and* Glofter.
Lady Anne, *widow of* Edward *Prince of* Wales, *fon to* K. Henry VI.; *afterwards married to the duke of* Glofter.
A young daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Purfuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Meffengers, Ghofts, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE, England.

LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD III.[1]

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now is the winter of our diſcontent[2]
Made glorious ſummer by this ſun of York[3];
And

[1] This tragedy, though it is called the Life and Death of this prince, comprizes, at moſt, but the laſt eight years of his time; for it opens with George duke of Clarence being clapped up in the Tower, which happened in the beginning of the year 1477; and cloſes with the death of Richard at Boſworth field, which battle was fought on the 22d of Auguſt, in the year 1485. THEOBALD.

It appears that ſeveral dramas on the preſent ſubject had been written before Shakſpeare attempted it. See the notes at the concluſion of this play, which was firſt enter'd at Stationers' Hall by Andrew Wiſe, Oct. 20, 1597, under the title of *The Tragedie of King Richard the Third, with the Death of the Duke of Clarence.* Before this, viz. Aug. 15th, 1586, was entered. *A Tragical report of King Richard the Third, a Ballad.* It may be neceſſary to remark that the words, *ſong, ballad, book, enterlude* and *play*, were often ſynonymouſly uſed. STEEV.

This play was written, I imagine, in the ſame year in which it was firſt printed,—1597. The *Legend of King Richard III.* by Francis Seagars, was printed in the firſt edition of *the Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, 1559, and in that of 1575; and 1587, but Shakſpeare does not appear to be indebted to it. In a ſubſequent edition of that book printed in 1610, the old legend was omitted, and a new one inſerted, by Richard Nichols, who has very freely copied the play before us. In 1597, when this tragedy was publiſhed, Nichols, as Mr. Warton has obſerved, was but thirteen years old. *Hiſt. of Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 267.

The real length of time in this piece is fourteen years; (not eight years, as Mr. Theobald ſuppoſed;) for the ſecond ſcene commences with the funeral of King Henry VI. who was murdered on the 21ſt of May, 1471. The impriſonment of Clarence, which is repreſented previouſly in the firſt ſcene, did not in fact take place till 1477-8.

MALONE.

[2] — *the winter of our diſcontent*—] So, in an old play entitled *Wily Beguiled*:

"Preſaging ſome good future hap ſhall fall,
"After theſe blaſting blaſts of diſcontent."

And all the clouds, that lowr'd upon our houſe,
In the deep boſom of the ocean bury'd.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruiſed arms hung up for monuments;
Our ſtern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful meaſures.
Grim-viſag'd war hath ſmooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now,—inſtead of mounting barbed ſteeds[4],
To fright the ſouls of fearful adverſaries,—
He capers[5] nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the laſcivious pleaſing of a lute.
But I,—that am not ſhap'd for ſportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glaſs;
I, that am rudely ſtamp'd, and want love's majeſty,
To ſtrut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,

Wily beguil'd had appeared before 1596, being mentioned by Naſhe in a pamphlet entitled *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, which was publiſhed in that year. MALONE.

3 — *this ſun of York*;] Alluding to the cognizance of Edward IV. which was *a ſun*, in memory of the *three ſuns*, which are ſaid to have appeared at the battle which he gained over the Lancaſtrians at Mortimer's Croſs. STEEVENS.

See p. 268, n. 2. MALONE.

4 *Our ſtern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,*
Our dreadful marches to delightful meaſures.
Grim-viſag'd war hath ſmooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now,—inſtead of mounting barbed ſteeds, &c.] Shakſpeare ſeems to have had the following paſſage from Lily's *Alexander and Campaſpe*, 1584, before him, when he wrote theſe lines: "Is the warlike ſound of drum and trump turn'd to the ſoft noiſe of lyre and *lute*? The neighing of *barbed ſteeds*, whoſe loudneſs filled the air with terror, and whoſe breaths dimmed the ſun with ſmoak, converted to delicate tunes, and amorous glances?" &c. REED.

The *Meaſures* were in our authour's time a ſpecies of dance. See Vol. II. p. 406, n. 4. A *barbed* ſteed is a horſe covered with a capariſon or trappings. *Barbed* and *barded* are (as Mr. Steevens has ſuggeſted) ſynonymous; or rather, *barbed* is a corruption of *barded*. See "A *Barbed* horſe," and "*Bardes*," in Minſheu's DICT. 1617, the latter of which he defines "*horſe-trappings*." MALONE.

5 *He capers*—] War *capers*. This is poetical, though a little harſh; if it be York that capers, the antecedent is at ſuch a diſtance, that it is almoſt forgotten. JOHNSON.

4 Cheated

Cheated of feature by dissembling nature [6],
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity [7]:
And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover [8],
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,—
I am determined to prove a villain,

[6] *Cheated of feature by* dissembling *nature*,] By *dissembling* is not meant *hypocritical* nature, that pretends one thing and does another: but nature that puts together things of a dissimilar kind, as a brave soul and a deformed body. WARBURTON.

Dissembling is here put very licentiously for *fraudful*, *deceitful*. JOHNSON.

I once thought that Dr. Johnson's interpretation was the true one. *Dissimulation* necessarily includes *fraud*, and this might have been sufficient to induce Shakspeare to use the two words as synonymous, though fraud certainly may exist without dissimulation. But the following lines in the old *K. John*, 1591, which our authour must have carefully read, were perhaps in his thoughts, and seem rather in favour of Dr. Warburton's interpretation:

"Can *nature* so *dissemble* in her frame,
"To make the one so like as like may be,
"And in the other print no character
"To challenge any mark of true descent?

Feature is used here, as in other pieces of the same age, for *beauty* in general. See Vol. VII. p. 484, n. 6. MALONE.

[7] *And* descant *on mine own deformity*:] *Descant* is a term in musick, signifying in general that kind of harmony wherein one part is broken and formed into a kind of paraphrase on the other. The propriety and elegance of the above figure, without such an idea of the nature of *descant*, could not be discerned. SIR J. HAWKINS.

That this is the original meaning of the term, is certain. But I believe the word is here used in its secondary and colloquial sense, without any reference to musick. MALONE.

[8] *And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover*,] Shakspeare very diligently inculcates, that the wickedness of Richard proceeded from his deformity, from the envy that rose at the comparison of his own person with others, and which incited him to disturb the pleasures that he could not partake. JOHNSON.

And hate the idle pleasures[9] of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous[1],
By drunken prophesies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And, if king Edward be as true and just[2],
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up;
About a prophesy, which says—that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, *guarded, and* BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day: What means this armed guard,
That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is—George.

Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers:—
O, belike, his majesty hath some intent,
That you shall be new-christen'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for, I protest,
As yet I do not: But, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophesies, and dreams[3];

And

9 *And* hate *the idle pleasures*—] Perhaps we might read:
And bate *the idle pleasures*—. JOHNSON.

1 —*inductions dangerous*,] Preparations for mischief. The *induction* is preparatory to the action of the play. JOHNSON.

Marston has put this line, with little variation, into the mouth of Fame:
"Plots ha' you laid? *inductions* dangerous?" STEEVENS.

2 —*Edward be as* true and just,] The meaning is, if Edward keeps his word. JOHNSON.

3 *He hearkens after prophesies, and dreams*;] From Holinshed: "Some have reported that the cause of this nobleman's death rose of a foolish prophesie, which was, that after king Edward should raign one whose first letter of his name should be a G; wherewith the king and the queene were sore troubled, and began to conceive a grievous grudge

against

And from the croſs-row plucks the letter G,
And ſays—a wizard told him, that by G
His iſſue diſinherited ſhould be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought, that I am he:
Theſe, as I learn, and ſuch like toys as theſe[4],
Have mov'd his highneſs to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women:—
'Tis not the king, that ſends you to the Tower;
My lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis ſhe,
That tempts him to this harſh extremity.
Was it not ſhe, and that good man of worſhip,
Anthony Woodeville, her brother there[5],
That made him ſend lord Haſtings to the Tower;
From whence this preſent day he is deliver'd?
We are not ſafe, Clarence, we are not ſafe.

Clar. By heaven, I think, there is no man ſecure,
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and miſtreſs Shore.
Heard you not, what an humble ſuppliant
Lord Haſtings was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining[6] to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what,—I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herſelf[7],

againſt this duke, and could not be in quiet till they had brought him to his end." Philip de Comines, a contemporary hiſtorian, ſays that the Engliſh at that time were never unfurniſhed with ſome prophecy or other, by which they accounted for every event. MALONE.

4 —*toys*—] Fancies, freaks of imagination. JOHNSON.
So, in *Hamlet*, Act I. ſc. iv:
"The very place puts *toys* of deſperation
"Without more motive into every brain—." REED.

5 —*her brother* there,] *There* is in this place, according to our authour's uſual practice, a diſſyllable. MALONE.

6 *Humbly complaining*, &c.] I think theſe two lines might be better given to Clarence. JOHNSON.

7 *The jealous o'er worn widow, and herſelf*,] That is, the queen and Shore. JOHNSON.

Since

Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty goſſips in this monarchy.
Brak. I beſeech your graces both to pardon me;
His majeſty hath ſtraitly given in charge,
That no man ſhall have private conference,
Of what degree ſoever, with his brother.
Glo. Even ſo? an pleaſe your worſhip, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we ſay:
We ſpeak no treaſon, man;—We ſay, the king
Is wiſe, and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well ſtruck in years [8]; fair, and not jealous:—
We ſay, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a paſſing pleaſing tongue;
And that the queen's kindred are made gentle-folks:
How ſay you, ſir? can you deny all this?
Brak. With this, my lord, myſelf have nought to do.
Glo. Naught to do with miſtreſs Shore? I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were beſt to do it ſecretly, alone.
Brak. What one, my lord?
Glo. Her huſband, knave:—Would'ſt thou betray me?
Brak. I beſeech your grace to pardon me; and, withal,
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.
Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.
Glo. We are the queen's abjects [9], and muſt obey.
Brother,

[8] *Well ſtruck in years;*] This odd expreſſion in our language was preceded by one as uncouth though of a ſimilar kind.
"*Well* ſhot *in years he ſeem'd,*" &c. Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. V. c. vi: The meaning of neither is very obvious; but as Mr. Warton has obſerved in his Eſſay on the *Faery Queen*, by an imperceptible progreſſion from one kindred ſenſe to another, words at length obtain a meaning entirely foreign to their original etymology. STEEVENS.

[9] — *the queen's abjects*—] That is, not the queen's *ſubjects*, whom ſhe might protect, but her *abjects*, whom ſhe drives away. JOHNSON.
So, in *The Caſe is altered. How? Art Dalio, and Millo,* 1604:
"This ougly *object* or rather *abject* of nature." HENDERSON.
I cannot approve of Dr. Johnſon's explanation. *The queen's abjects* means the moſt ſervile of her ſubjects, who muſt of courſe obey all her commands,

Brother, farewel; I will unto the king;
And whatfoe'er you will employ me in,—
Were it, to call king Edward's widow—fifter [1],—
I will perform it, to enfranchife you.
Mean time, this deep difgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know, it pleafeth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprifonment fhall not be long;
I will deliver you, or elfe lie for you:
Mean time, have patience.

Clar. I muft perforce [2]; farewel.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, *and Guard.*

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou fhalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee fo,
That I will fhortly fend thy foul to heaven,
If heaven will take the prefent at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Haftings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Haft. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!

commands, which would not be the cafe of thofe whom fhe had driven away from her. In the preceding page Glocefter had faid of Shore's wife—

"—— I think, it is our way,
"If we will keep in favour with the king,
"To be her men, and wear her livery."

In Ben Jonfon's *Every Man out of his Humour*, Puntarvolo fays to Shift, "I'll make thee ftoop, thou *abject*." MASON.

[1] *Were it to call king Edward's widow—fifter,*] This is a very covert and fubtle manner of infinuating treafon. The natural expreffion would have been, *were it to call king Edward's* wife, *fifter*. I will folicit for you, though it fhould be at the expence of fo much degradation and conftraint, as to own the low-born wife of King Edward for a fifter. But by flipping, as it were cafually, *widow*, into the place of *wife*, he tempts Clarence with an oblique propofal to kill the king. JOHNSON.

King Edward's widow is, I believe, only an expreffion of contempt, meaning the *widow Grey*, whom Edward had chofen for his queen. Glofter has already called her, *the jealous o'erworn widow*. STEEV.

[2] *I muft perforce;*] Alluding to the proverb, "Patience perforce is a medicine for a mad dog." STEEVENS.

Well

Well are you welcome to this open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?
Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.
Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.
Hast. More pity, that the eagle should be mew'd[3],
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.
Glo. What news abroad?
Hast. No news so bad abroad, as this at home;—
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.
Glo. Now, by saint Paul[4], this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?
Hast. He is.
Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.
[*Exit* HASTINGS.
He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter:
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father?

3 —*should be* mew'd,] A *mew* was the place of confinement where a hawk was kept till he had moulted. So, in *Albumazar*:
"Stand forth, transform'd Antonio, fully *mew'd*
"From brown sear feathers of dull yeomanry,
"To the glorious bloom of gentry." STEEVENS.

4 *Now, by saint Paul,*—] The folio reads—*Now, by saint* John. STEEVENS.

The

The readieſt way to make the wench amends,
Is—to become her huſband, and her father:
The which will I; not all ſo much for love,
As for another ſecret cloſe intent,
By marrying her, which I muſt reach unto.
But yet I run before my horſe to market:
Clarence ſtill breathes; Edward ſtill lives, and reigns;
When they are gone, then muſt I count my gains. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. Another Street.

Enter the corſe of King Henry *the Sixth, borne in an open coffin, Gentlemen bearing halberds, to guard it; and Lady* Anne *as mourner.*

Anne. Set down, ſet down your honourable load,—
If honour may be ſhrouded in a hearſe,—
Whilſt I a while obſequiouſly lament[5]
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaſter.—
Poor key-cold[6] figure of a holy king!
Pale aſhes of the houſe of Lancaſter!
Thou bloodleſs remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghoſt,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy ſlaughter'd ſon,
Stabb'd by the ſelf-ſame hand that made theſe wounds!
Lo, in theſe windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpleſs balm of my poor eyes:—
O, curſed be the hand, that made theſe holes!

5 — obſequiouſly *lament*] *Obſequious*, in this inſtance, means *funeral*. So, in *Hamlet*, Act I. ſc. ii:
"*To do* obſequious *ſorrow*." STEEVENS.

6 — *key-cold*—] A key, on account of the coldneſs of the metal of which it is compoſed, was anciently employed to ſtop any ſlight bleeding. The epithet is common to many old writers. So, in the *Country Girl*, by T. B. 1647:
"The *key-cold* figure of a man." STEEVENS.

Again, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*:
"And then in *key-cold* Lucrece' bleeding ſtream
"He falls—." MALONE.

Curſed the heart, that had the heart to do it!
Curſed the blood, that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wiſh to adders, ſpiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whoſe ugly and unnatural aſpect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappineſs *!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miſerable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!—
Come, now, towards Chertſey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
And, ſtill as you are weary of the weight,
Reſt you, whiles I lament king Henry's corſe.
[*The Bearers take up the corpſe, and adva*[nce].

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the corſe, and ſet it down.
Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To ſtop devoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villains, ſet down the corſe; or, by ſaint Paul,
I'll make a corſe of him that diſobeys [7].
1. *Gent.* My lord, ſtand back, and let the coffin paſs.
Glo. Unmanner'd dog! ſtand thou when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breaſt,
Or, by ſaint Paul, I'll ſtrike thee to my foot,
And ſpurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldneſs.
[*The bearers ſet down the coffin.*
Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—

* —*to his unhappineſs!*] To his miſchievous diſpoſition. See Vol. II. p. 187, n. 8, and p. 234, n. 2. MALONE.

7 *I'll make a corſe of him that diſobeys.*] So, in *Hamlet*:
"*I'll make a ghoſt of him that lets me.*" JOHNSON.

Avaunt,

Avaunt; thou dreadful miniſter of hell!
Thou hadſt but power over his mortal body,
His ſoul thou canſt not have; therefore, be gone.
Glo. Sweet ſaint, for charity, be not ſo curſt.
Anne. Foul devil, for God's ſake, hence, and trouble
us not;
For thou haſt made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with curſing cries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries [8]:—
O, gentlemen, ſee, ſee! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afreſh [9]!—
Bluſh, bluſh, thou lump of foul deformity;

[8] — pattern *of thy butcheries*:] *Pattern* is *inſtance*, or *example*. JOHNSON.

Holinſhed ſays: "The dead corps on the Aſcenſion even was conveied with billes and glaives pompouſlie (if you will call that a funerall pompe) from the Tower to the church of ſaint Paule, and there laid on a beire or coffen bare-faced; the ſame in the preſence of the beholders did bleed; where it reſted the ſpace of one whole daie. From thenſe he was carried to the Black-friers, and bled there likewiſe;" &c. STEEVENS.

[9] —*ſee, dead Henry's wounds*
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afreſh!—] It is a tradition very generally received, that the murdered body bleeds on the touch of the murderer. This was ſo much believed by Sir Kenelm Digby that he has endeavoured to explain the reaſon. JOHNSON.

So, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:
"The more I ſound his name, the more he bleeds:
"This blood condemns me, and in guſhing forth
"Speaks as it falls, and aſks me why I did it."

Again, in the *Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612:
"The captain will aſſay an old concluſion often approved; that at the murderer's ſight the blood revives again and boils afreſh; and every wound has a condemning voice to cry out guilty againſt the murderer."

Mr. Tollet obſerves that this opinion ſeems to be derived from the ancient Swedes, or Northern nations from whom we deſcend; for they practiſed this method of trial in dubious caſes, as appears from Pitt's *Atlas*, in Sweden, p. 20. STEEVENS.

See alſo *Demonologie*, quarto, 1603, p. 79, and Goulart's *Admirable and Memorable Hiſtories*, tranſlated by Grimeſton, quarto, 1607, p. 422. REED.

For

For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman, and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead,
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;
* As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man;
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man [1],
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

[1] *Vouchsafe,* diffus'd *infection of a man,*] I believe, *diffus'd* in this place signifies *irregular, uncouth*; such is its meaning in other passages of Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

Diffus'd infection of a man may mean, thou that art as dangerous as a pestilence, that infects the air by its diffusion. *Diffus'd* may, however, mean *irregular*. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

" —— rush at once
" With some *diffused* song."

Again, in Green's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: "I have seen an English gentleman so *defused* in his sutes; his doublet being for the weare of Castile, his hose for Venice," &c. STEEVENS.

Anne.

Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excus'd;
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.
Glo. Say, that I slew them not?
Anne. Why then, they are not dead* ;
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your husband.
Anne. Why, then he is alive.
Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.
Anne. In thy soul's throat thou ly'st; queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous faulchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.
Glo. I was provoked by her sland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders [2].
Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
Which never dreamt on aught but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this king?
Glo. I grant ye.
Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then, God grant me too,
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.
Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him [3].
Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.
Glo. Let him thank me, that holp to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place, than earth.
Anne. And thou unfit for any place, but hell.
Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

* *Why then, they are not dead*;] Thus the quarto. The folio reads: *Then say, they are not slain*. MALONE.

[2] *That laid their guilt*—] The crime of my brothers. He has just charged the murder of lady Anne's husband upon Edward. JOHNSON.

[3] *O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous*.
Glo. *The fitter for the king of heaven*, &c.] So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:
"I'll do't: but yet she is a goodly creature.
"*Dion*. The fitter then the gods should have her." STEEV.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method[4];—
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect[5].

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck;
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'er-shade thy day, and death thy life!

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

4 — *a slower method*;—] As *quick* was used for *sprightly*, so *slower* was put for *serious*. In the next scene lord Grey desires the queen to
"——cheer his grace with *quick* and merry words. STEEVENS.

5 *Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.*] *Effect*, for executioner. He asks, was not the *causer* as ill as the *executioner*? She answers, Thou wast both. WARBURTON.

So, in the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608:
"—— thou art the *cause*,
"*Effect*, quality, property; thou, thou."
Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. "I have read the *cause* of his *effects* in Galen." STEEVENS.

Our authour, I think, in another place uses *effect*, for *efficient* cause.
MALONE.

Glo.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.
Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.
Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.
Glo. He lives, that loves you better than he could.
Anne. Name him.
Glo. Plantagenet.
Anne. Why, that was he.
Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.
Anne. Where is he?
Glo. Here: [*She spits at him.*] Why dost thou spit at me?
Anne. 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!
Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.
Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.
Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.
Anne. 'Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead[6]!
Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death[7].
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:

6 *'Would they were basilisks,* &c.] So, in *the Winter's Tale:*
" Make me not sighted like the basilisk,
" I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
" By my regard, but kill'd none so."
See also *K. Henry VI.* P. II. p. 181, n. *. MALONE.

7 *— they kill me with a living death.*] In imitation of this passage, and, I suppose, of a thousand more, Pope writes:
" —— *a* living death *I bear,*
" *Says Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.*" JOHNSON.
So, in Watson's Sonnets, printed about 1580:
" Love is a sowre delight, a sugred griefe,
" *A living death,* an ever dying life."
We have again the same expression in *Venus and Adonis:*
" For I have heard it [love] is a *life in death,*
" That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath."
MALONE.

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear[8],—
Not, when my father[9] York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him:
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death;
And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never su'd to friend, nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet soothing word[*];
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.
[*She looks scornfully at him.*
Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[*He lays his breast open; she offers at it with his sword.*
Nay, do not pause; for I did kill king Henry;—
But 'twas thy beauty[1] that provoked me.
Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward;—
[*She again offers at his breast.*

8 *These eyes, which never, &c.*] The twelve following beautiful lines added after the first editions. POPE.

They were added with many more. JOHNSON.

9 *Not, when my father*—] The old copies read—*No*, when, &c. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. I am not sure that it is necessary. MALONE.

* —*sweet soothing word*;] Thus the quarto, 1598. The folio has—sweet *smoothing* word. MALONE.

1 *But 'twas thy beauty*—] Shakspeare countenances the observation, that no woman can ever be offended with the mention of her beauty. JOHNSON.

But

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.
[*She lets fall the sword.*
Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler; though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glo Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and, even with the word,
This hand, which for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shall you know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take is not to give. [*She puts on the ring.*

Glo. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-place[2]:

[2] — *Crosby-place:*] A house near Bishopsgate-street, belonging to the duke of Glofter. JOHNSON.

Crosby-place is now *Crosby*-square in Bishopsgate-street; part of the house is yet remaining, and is a meeting place for a presbyterian congregation. Sir J. HAWKINS.

Where—after I have solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey monast'ry this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—
I will with all expedient duty[3] see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.—
Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewel.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve:
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewel already[4].

[*Exeunt Lady* ANNE, *and two* Gentlemen.

Glo. Take up the corse, sirs.

2. *Gent*. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glo. No, to White-Fryars; there attend my com[ing.]

[*Exeunt the rest, with the c[orse.]*

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!
Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,

3 —*with all* expedient *duty*—] See Vol. V. p. 25, n. 4. MALONE.

4 *Imagine, I have said farewel already*.] Cibber, who altered *King Richard III*. for the stage, was so thoroughly convinced of the ridiculousness and improbability of this scene, that he thought himself obliged to make Tressel say;

When future chronicles shall speak of this,
They will be thought romance, not history. STEEVENS.

Edward,

Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury [*]?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature [5],
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal [6],—
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woeful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt, and am mishapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier [7],
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man [8].
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.

* — *whom I, some three months since,*
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?] Here we have the exact time of this scene ascertained, namely August 1471. King Edward however is in the second act introduced dying. That king died in April 1483; so there is an interval between this and the next act of almost twelve years. Clarence, who is represented in the preceding scene as committed to the Tower before the burial of King Henry VI. was in fact not confined nor put to death till seven years afterwards, March, 1477-8. MALONE.

5 *Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,*] i. e. when nature was in a prodigal or lavish mood. WARBURTON.

6 — *and, no doubt, right royal,*—] Richard means to represent *Edward* as *full of all the noble properties of a king. No doubt, right royal*, may, however, be ironically spoken, alluding to the incontinence of Margaret, his mother. STEEVENS.

7 — *a beggarly* denier,] A *denier* is the twelfth part of a French sous, and appears to have been the usual request of a beggar. So, in *the Cunning Northern Beggar*, b. l. an ancient ballad:
"For still will I cry, good your worship, good sir,
"Bestow one poor denier, sir." STEEVENS.

8 — *a* marvellous proper *man.*] *Marvellous* is here used adverbially. *Proper* in old language was *handsome*. See Vol. III. p. 14, n. 7. MALONE.

But, first, I'll turn yon' fellow in his grave;
And then return lamenting to my love.—
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, *Lord* RIVERS, *and Lord* GREY.

Riv. Have patience, madam; there's no doubt, his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of me?

Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter, when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet[9];
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM, *and* STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley[1].

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

9 *It is determin'd, not concluded yet*;] *Determin'd* signifies the final conclusion of the will: *concluded*, what cannot be altered by reason of some act, consequent on the final judgment. WARBURTON.

1 —*and Stanley.*] The old copies all have *Derby*, instead of *Stanley*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald, who has shewn the necessity of the change by observing that "Thomas Lord Stanley, Lord Steward of Edward the Fourth's houshold, (the person here meant) was not created Earl of Derby till after the accession of Henry the Seventh. Accordingly in the fourth and fifth acts of this play, before the battle of Bosworth-field, he is every where called Lord Stanley." MALONE.

Q. Eliz.

Q. Eliz. The countess Richmond*, good my lord of Stanley,
To your good prayer will scarcely say—amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?

Stan. But now the duke of Buckingham, and I,
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement
Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them [2] to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. 'Would all were well!—But that will never be;—
I fear, our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and* DORSET.

Glo They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:—
Who are they, that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,

* *The countess Richmond,*—] Margaret, daughter to John Beaufort, first duke of Somerset. After the death of her first husband, Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, half-brother to K. Henry VI. by whom she had only one son, afterwards K. Henry VII. she married first Humphrey duke of Buckingham, and secondly, Thomas lord Stanley. MALONE.

2 —*to* warn *them*—] i. e. to *summon.* So, in *Julius Cæsar:*
"They mean to *warn* us at Philippi here." STEEVENS.

I must

I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks[3]?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal grace,—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter:
The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shews itself,
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it[4].

Glo. I cannot tell;—The world is grown so bad,
That wrens may prey[5] where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloster;
You envy my advancement, and my friends:

3 — *insinuating* Jacks?] See Vol. II. p. 214, n. 5. MALONE.

4 *Of your ill-will*, &c.] This line is restored from the first edition. POPE.

By the first edition Mr. Pope, as appears from his *Table of Editions*, means the quarto of 1598. But that and the subsequent quartos read — and *to* remove. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. The folio has only—

Makes him to send, that he may learn the ground—.

Here clearly a line was omitted; yet had there been no quarto copy, it would have been thought hardy to supply the omission: but of all the errors of the press omission is the most frequent; and it is a great mistake to suppose that these *lacunæ* exist only in the imagination of editors and commentators. MALONE.

5 — may *prey*.] The quarto 1598 and the folio read—*make* prey. The correction, which all the modern editors have adopted, is taken from the quarto, 1602. MALONE.

God

God grant, we never may have need of you!

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while great promotions
Are daily given, to enoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz. By him, that rais'd me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord; for—

Glo. She may, lord Rivers?—why, who knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may she,—

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:
I wis, your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,
With those gross taunts I often have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant-maid,
Than a great queen, with this condition—
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at:
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter Queen MARGARET, *behind.*

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!
Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

Glo.

Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the king?
Tell him, and spare not; look, what I have said [5]
I will avouch in presence of the king:
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
'Tis time to speak, my pains [6] are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil [7]! I remember them too well:
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize [8] his blood, I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—
And, Rivers, so were you:—Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at saint Albans slain [9]?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.

5 *Tell him, and spare not; look, what I have said*—] This verse I have restored from the old quartos. THEOBALD.

Here we have another proof of a line being passed over by the transcriber, or the compositor at the press, when the first folio was printed, for the subsequent line is not sense without this. MALONE.

6 —*my pains*—] My labours; my toils. JOHNSON.

7 Out, *devil!*] Mr. Lambe observes in his notes on the ancient metrical history of the *Battle of Floddon Field*, that *out* is an interjection of abhorrence or contempt, most frequent in the mouths of the common people of the north. It occurs again in Act IV:

"—*out* on ye, owls!" STEEVENS.

8 —*royalize*,] i. e. to make royal. So, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

"Who means to-morrow for to *royalize*
"The triumphs," &c. STEEVENS.

9 —*Was not your husband,*
In Margaret's battle, &c.] It is said in *King Henry VI.* that he died *in quarrel of the house of York.* JOHNSON.

The account here given is the true one. See this inconsistency accounted for in p. 303, and in the *Dissertation* at the end of the Third Part of *King Henry VI.* p. 415. MALONE.

Glo.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,
Ay, and forswore himself,—Which Jesu pardon!—
Q. Mar. Which God revenge!
Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;
And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up:
I would to God, my heart were flint, like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childish-foolish for this world.
Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,
Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.
Riv. My lord of Glοster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king[1];
So should we you, if you should be our king.
Glo. If I should be?—I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!
Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king;
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.
Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.— [*advancing.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates[2], that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me[3]:

[1] — *our* lawful *king*;] So the quarto 1598, and the subsequent quartos. The folios has—*sovereign* king.

In this play the variations between the original copy in quarto, and the folio, are more numerous than, I believe, in any other of our authour's pieces. The alterations, it is highly probable, were made, not by Shakspeare, but by the players, many of them being very injudicious. The text has been formed out of the two copies, the folio, and the early quarto; from which the preceding editors have in every scene selected such readings as appeared to them fit to be adopted. To enumerate every variation between the copies would encumber the page with little use. MALONE.

[2] *Hear me, you wrangling pirates*, &c.] This scene of Margaret's imprecations is fine and artful. She prepares the audience, like another Cassandra, for the following tragick revolutions. WARBURTON.

[3] — *which you have* pill'd *from me*:] To *pill* is to pillage. So, in the *Martyr'd Soldier*, by Shirley, 1638:

"He has not *pill'd* the rich, nor flay'd the poor." STEEVENS.

Which

Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects;
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?—
Ah, gentle villain[4], do not turn away!

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight[5]?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make, before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not banished, on pain of death*?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment,
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me,—
And thou, a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance:
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours;
And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,—
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee;

4 *Ah, gentle villain,*] *Gentle* is *high-born*. An opposition is meant between that and *villain*, which means at once a *wicked* and a *low-born wretch*. So before:

Since ev'ry Jack is made a gentleman,
There's many a gentle *person made a Jack*. JOHNSON.

Gentle appears to me to be taken in its common acceptation, but to be used ironically. MASON.

5 — *what mak'st thou in my sight?*] An obsolete expression for—*what dost thou in my sight*. So, in *Othello*:

"Ancient, what *makes* he here?"

Margaret in her answer takes the word in its ordinary acceptation. MALONE.

* *Wert thou not banished, on pain of death?*] Margaret fled into France after the battle of Hexham in 1464, and Edward soon afterwards issued a proclamation, prohibiting any of his subjects from aiding her to return, or harbouring her, should she attempt to revisit England. She remained abroad till the 14th of April 1471, when she landed at Weymouth. After the battle of Tewksbury, in May 1471, she was confined in the Tower, where she continued a prisoner till 1475, when she was ransomed by her father Reignier, and removed to France, where she died in 1482. The present scene is in 1477-8. MALONE.

And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed *.
Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.
Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed, to slay that babe,
And the most mercilefs, that e'er was heard of.
Riv. Tyrants themfelves wept when it was reported.
Dorf. No man but prophefy'd revenge for it.
Buck. Northumberland, then prefent, wept to fee it[6].
Q. Mar. What! were you fnarling all, before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me [7]?
Did York's dread curfe prevail fo much with heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's lofs, my woeful banifhment,
Could all but anfwer for that peevifh brat?
Can curfes pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?—
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curfes!—
Though not by war, by furfeit die your king [8],
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward, thy fon, that now is prince of Wales,
For Edward my fon, that was prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!
Thyfelf a queen, for me that was a queen,
Out-live thy glory, like my wretched felf!
Long may'ft thou live, to wail thy children's lofs;
And fee another, as I fee thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art ftall'd in mine!

* — *hath* plagu'd *thy bloody deed.*] To *plague* was ufed by Shakfpeare and his contemporaries in the fenfe of to *punifh*. See Vol. IV. p. 470, n. 2. MALONE.

6 *Northumberland, then prefent, wept to fee it.*] Alluding to a line in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

"What weeping ripe, my lord Northumberland?" STEEVENS.

7 *And turn you all your hatred now on me?*] Perhaps we ought rather to point thus:

And turn you, all, your hatred now on me?

to fhew that *all* is not to be joined in conftruction with *hatred*. That the poet did not intend that it fhould be connected with *hatred*, feems to be indicated by the foregoing line:

What! were you fnarling *all*, &c.

The quarto reads, perhaps better:

And turn you now your hatred, all on me? MALONE.

8 —*by furfeit die your king!*] Alluding to his luxurious life. JOHNS.

Long

Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—
Rivers,—and Dorset,—you were ſtanders by,—
And ſo waſt thou, lord Haſtings,—when my ſon
Was ſtabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by ſome unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? ſtay, dog, for thou ſhalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in ſtore,
Exceeding thoſe that I can wiſh upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy ſins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conſcience ſtill be-gnaw thy ſoul!
Thy friends ſuſpect for traitors while thou liv'ſt,
And take deep traitors for thy deareſt friends!
No ſleep cloſe up that deadly eye of thine,
Unleſs it be while ſome tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elviſh-mark'd[9], abortive, rooting hog[1]!

Thou

9 —*elviſh*-mark'd,—] The common people in Scotland (as I learn from Kelly's *Proverbs*) have ſtill an averſion to thoſe who have any natural defect or redundancy, as thinking them *mark'd* out for miſchief. STEEVENS.

1 —*rooting hog!*] She calls him *hog*, as an appellation more contemptuous than *boar*, as he is elſewhere termed from his enſigns armorial. JOHNSON.

In the *Mirror for Magiſtrates* is the following *Complaint of Collingbourne, who was cruelly executed for making a rime.*

"*For where I meant the king by name of hog,*
"*I only alluded to his badge the bore:*
"*To Lovel's name I added more,—our dog;*
"*Becauſe moſt dogs have borne that name of yore.*
"*Theſe metaphors I us'd with other more,*
"*As cat and rat, the half-names of the reſt,*
"*To hide the ſenſe that they ſo wrongly wreſt.*"

That *Lovel* was once the common name of a dog, may be likewiſe known from a paſſage in *The Hiſtorie of Jacob and Eſau*, an interlude, 1568.

"Then

Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature[2], and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour[3]! thou detested—

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glo. Ha?

"Then come on at once, take my quiver and my bowe;
"Fette *lovell my bounde*, and my horne to blowe."

The rhime for which Collingbourne suffered, was:

"A cat, a rat, and Lovel the dog,
"Rule all England under a hog." STEEVENS.

The persons levelled at by this rhime were the king, Catesby, Ratcliff, and Lovel, as appears in *the Complaint of Collingbourn*:

"Catesbye was one whom I called a cat,
"A craftie lawyer catching all he could;
"The second Ratcliffe, whom I named a rat,
"A cruel beast to gnaw on whom he should:
"Lord Lovel barkt and byt whom Richard would,
"Whom I therefore did rightly terme our dog,
"Wherewith to ryme I cald the king a hog." MALONE.

2 *The slave of nature,*] The expression is strong and noble, and alludes to the ancient custom of masters branding their profligate slaves; by which it is insinuated that his mishapen person was the mark that nature had set upon him to stigmatize his ill conditions. Shakspeare expresses the same thought in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"*He is deformed, crooked,* &c.
"*Stigmatical in making,*—"

But as the speaker rises in her resentment, she expresses this contemptuous thought much more openly, and condemns him to a still worse state of slavery:

"*Sin, death, and hell, have set their* marks *on him.*"
WARBURTON.

Part of Dr. Warburton's note is confirm'd by a line in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*, from which it appears he was acquainted with the practice of marking slaves:

"Worse than a *slavish wipe*, or birth-hour's blot." MALONE.

3 *Thou* rag *of honour!* &c.] This word of contempt is used again in *Timon*:

"If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor *rag*,
"Must be the subject."

Again, in this play:

"These over-weening *rags* of France." STEEVENS.

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
That thou had'st call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'Tis done by me; and ends in—Margaret.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse 'gainst yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune[4]!
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider[5],
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantick curse;
Lest, to thy harm, thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatick.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquis, you are malapert;
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current[6]:
O, that your young nobility could judge,
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!

4 —*flourish of my fortune!*] This expression is likewise used by Massinger in the *Great Duke of Florence*:
"— I allow these
"As *flourishings of fortune.*" STEEVENS.

5 —*bottled spider,*] A spider is called bottled, because, like other insects, he has a middle slender and a belly protuberant. Richard's form and venom make her liken him to a spider. JOHNSON.

6 *Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current:*] Thomas Grey was created Marquis of Dorset, A.D. 1476. PERCY.

The present scene, as has been already observed, is in 1477-8. MALONE.

They that ſtand high, have many blaſts to ſhake them;
And, if they fall, they daſh themſelves to pieces.

Glo. Good counſel, marry;—learn it, learn it, marquis.

Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more: But I was born ſo high,
Our aiery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and ſcorns the ſun.

Q. Mar. And turns the ſun to ſhade;—alas! alas!—
Witneſs my ſon [7], now in the ſhade of death;
Whoſe bright out-ſhining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkneſs folded up.
Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's neſt [8]:—
O God, that ſee'ſt it, do not ſuffer it;
As it was won with blood, loſt be it ſo!

Buck. Peace, peace, for ſhame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor ſhame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And ſhamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my ſhame,—
And in my ſhame ſtill live my ſorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I kiſs thy hand,
In ſign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befal thee, and thy noble houſe!
Thy garments are not ſpotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compaſs of my curſe.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curſes never paſs
The lips of thoſe that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they aſcend the ſky,
And there awake God's gentle-ſleeping peace.
O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,

7 *Witneſs my* ſon,—] Thus the quarto of 1598, and the folio. The modern editors, after the quarto of 1612, read—*ſun*. MALONE.

8 *Your* aiery *buildeth in our* aiery'*s neſt*:—] An *aiery* is a hawk's or an eagle's neſt. So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608:
"It is a ſubtle bird that breeds among the *aiery* of hawks."
STEEVENS.

His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell[9], have set their marks on him;
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
And sooth the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.—
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's[1]! [*Exit.*

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine; I muse, why she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repay'd;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains[2];—

God

9 *Sin, death, and hell,*—] Possibly Milton took from hence the hint of his famous allegory. BLACKSTONE.

1 *Live each of you the subjects to his hate,*
And he to yours, and all of you to God's!] It is evident from the conduct of Shakspeare, that the house of Tudor retained all their Lancastrian prejudices, even in the reign of queen Elizabeth. In his play of *Richard the Third,* he seems to deduce the woes of the house of York from the curses which queen Margaret had vented against them; and he could not give that weight to her curses, without supposing a right in her to utter them. WALPOLE.

2 *He* is frank'd up *to fatting for his pains*;] *A frank* is an old English word for a *hog-sty*. 'Tis possible he uses this metaphor to Clarence, in allusion to the crest of the family of York, which was a *boar*. Whereto relate those famous old verses on Richard III:

The cat, the rat, and Lovel the dog,
Rule all England under a hog.

He uses the same metaphor in the last scene of Act IV. POPE.

A *frank*

God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us[3].

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd;—
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself. [*Aside.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cat. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—
And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come:—Lords, will you go with me?

Riv. Madam, we will attend your grace.

[*Exeunt all but* Gloster.

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,—
I do beweep to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them—'tis the queen and her allies,
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now they believe it; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

A *frank* was not a common *hog-stye*, but the pen in which those hogs were confined of whom *brawn* was to be made. STEEVENS.

From the manner in which the word is used in *King Henry IV.* a *frank* should seem to mean a pen in which *any* hog is *fatted*. "Does the old boar feed in the old *frank*?" So also, as Mr. Bowle observes to me, in Holinshed's *Description of Britaine*, B. III. p. 1096. "The husbandmen and farmers never *fraunke* them above three or four months, in which time he is dyeted with otes and peason, and lodged on the bare planches of an uneasie coate."

"He feeds like a boar in a frank," as the same gentleman observes, is one of Ray's proverbial sentences. MALONE.

3 — *done* scathe *to us.*] *Scathe* is harm, mischief. So, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:

"Millions of men opprest with ruin and *scath*." STEEVENS.

Enter two Murderers.

But soft, here come my executioners.—
How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates?
Are you now going to dispatch this thing[*]?

1. *Murd.* We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
[*gives the warrant.*
When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1. *Murd.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good dooers; be assur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes drop tears[4]:
I like you, lads;—about your business straight;
Go, go, dispatch.

1. *Murd.* We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in the Tower.

Enter CLARENCE, *and* BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,

* *—to dispatch* this thing?] Seagars in his *Legend of Richard the Third*, speaking of the *murder* of Glo'ster's nephews, makes him say,
"What though he refused, yet be sure you may,
"That other were as ready to take in hand *that thing.*"
The coincidence was, I believe, merely accidental. MALONE.

4 *Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes drop tears:*] This, I believe, is a proverbial expression. It is used again in the tragedy of *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607:
"Men's eyes must *mill-stones* drop, when fools shed tears."
STEEVENS.

So

So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights [5],
That, as I am a christian faithful man [6],
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy [*];
And, in my company, my brother Gloster:
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death [7] within mine eyes!
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

5 *So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1598:

So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams. MALONE.

6 —*faithful man,*] Not an infidel. JOHNSON.

* —*to Burgundy*;] Clarence was desirous to assist his sister Margaret against the French king, who invaded her jointure-lands after the death of her husband, Charles duke of Burgundy, who was killed at the siege of Nancy, in January 1476-7. Isabel the wife of Clarence being then dead, (taken off by poison, administered by the duke of Gloster, as it has been conjectured,) he wished to have married Mary the daughter and heir of the duke of Burgundy; but the match was opposed by Edward, who hoped to have obtained her for his brother-in-law, Lord Rivers; and this circumstance has been suggested as the principal cause of the breach between Edward and Clarence. Mary of Burgundy however chose a husband for herself, having married in August 1477 Maximilian, son of the Emperor Frederick. MALONE.

7 *What sights of ugly death*—] Thus the folio. The quarto has—What ugly sights of death. MALONE.

Ineſtimable ſtones, unvalued jewels [8],
All ſcatter'd in the bottom of the ſea.
Some lay in dead men's ſkulls; and, in thoſe holes,
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in ſcorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the ſlimy bottom [9] of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay ſcatter'd by.

Brak. Had you ſuch leiſure in the time of death,
To gaze upon theſe ſecrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I ſtrive
To yield the ghoſt. but ſtill the envious flood
Kept in my ſoul [1], and would not let it forth
To ſeek the empty, vaſt, and wand'ring air [2];
But ſmother'd it within my panting bulk [3],
Which almoſt burſt to belch it in the ſea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this ſore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempeſt to my ſoul!
I paſs'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman [4] which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The firſt that there did greet my ſtranger ſoul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cry'd aloud,—*What ſcourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford falſe Clarence?

[8] *Ineſtimable ſtones, unvalued jewels,*] *Unvalu'd* is here uſed for *invaluable.* So, in Lovelace's *Poſthumous Poems,* 1659:

"—the *unvalew'd* robe ſhe wore,
"Made infinite lay lovers to adore." MALONE.

[9] *That* woo'd *the ſlimy bottom*—] By ſeeming to gaze upon it; or, as we now ſay, to *ogle* it. JOHNSON.

[1] Kept *in my ſoul,*] Thus the quarto. The folio—*Stopt* in. MALONE.

[2] *To ſeek the empty, vaſt, and wand'ring air;*] Perhaps we ſhould point thus:

To ſeek the empty vaſt, and wand'ring air.

that is, to ſeek the immenſe vacuity. *Vaſt* is uſed by our authour as a ſubſtantive in other places. See Vol. IV. p. 122, n. 4.

Seek is the reading of the quarto, 1598; the folio has *find.* MALONE.

[3] —*within my panting* bulk,] *Bulk* is often uſed by Shakſpeare and his contemporaries for *body.* So again, in *Hamlet:*

"—— it did ſeem to ſhatter all his *bulk,*
"And end his being." MALONE.

[4] —grim *ferryman*—] The folio reads—*ſour* ferryman. STEEV.

And

And ſo he vaniſh'd: Then came wand'ring by
A ſhadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he ſhriek'd out aloud,—
Clarence is come,—falſe, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence[5],—
That ſtabb'd me in the field by Tewkſbury;—
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!—
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me[6], and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noiſe,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a ſeaſon after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impreſſion made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done theſe things,—
That now give evidence againſt my ſoul,—
For Edward's ſake; and, ſee, how he requites me!—
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appeaſe thee[7],
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my miſdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, ſpare my guiltleſs wife*, and my poor children!—
I pray thee, gentle keeper, ſtay by me[8];

5 — fleeting, *perjur'd Clarence,*] *Fleeting* is the ſame as *changing ſides.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
" —— now the *fleeting* moon
" No planet is of mine."
Clarence broke his oath with the earl of Warwick, and joined the army of his brother king Edward IV. STEEVENS.

See p. 371. MALONE.

6 — *a legion of foul fiends*
Environ'd me, &c.] Milton ſeems to have thought on this paſſage where he is deſcribing the midnight ſufferings of *Our Saviour,* in the 4th book of *Paradiſe Regain'd:*
" —— nor yet ſtay'd the terror there,
" Infernal ghoſts, and helliſh furies, round
" Environ'd thee, ſome howl'd, ſome yell'd, ſome ſhriek'd—".
STEEVENS.

7 *O God! if my deep prayers,* &c.] This and the three following lines are found in the folio, but not in the quarto. MALONE.

* — *my guiltleſs wife,*] The wife of Clarence died before he was apprehended and confined in the Tower. See p. 487, n. *. MALONE.

8 *I pray thee, gentle keeper,* &c.] So the quarto, 1598. The folio reads:
Keeper, I pry'thee, ſit by me a while. MALONE.

My

My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord; God give your grace good rest!— [Clarence *reposes himself on a chair.*

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours[9],
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil[1];
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares[2]:
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1. *Murd.* Ho! who's here?

Brak. What would'st thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?

1. *Murd.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

2. *Murd.* O, sir, 'tis better to be brief, than tedious:— Shew him our commission, talk no more.

[*A paper is delivered to* Brackenbury, *who reads it.*

9 *Sorrow breaks seasons, &c.*] In the common editions, the keeper is made to hold the dialogue with Clarence till this line. And here Brakenbury enters, pronouncing these words; which seem to me a reflection naturally resulting from the foregoing conversation, and therefore continued to be spoken by the same person, as it is accordingly in the first edition. Pope.

The keeper introduced in the quarto 1598, was, in fact, Brackenbury, who was lieutenant of the Tower. There can be no doubt therefore that the text, which is regulated according to the quarto, is right. Malone.

1 *Princes have but their titles for their glories,*
An outward honour for an inward toil;] The first line may be understood in this sense, *The glories of princes are nothing more than empty titles:* but it would more impress the purpose of the speaker, and correspond better with the following lines, if it were read:

Princes have but their titles for their troubles. Johnson.

2 —*for unfelt imaginations,*
They often feel a world of restless cares:] They often suffer real miseries for *imaginary* and *unreal* gratifications. Johnson.

Brak.

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:—
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys;—there sits the duke asleep[3]:
I'll to the king; and signify to him,
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1. *Murd.* You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom: Fare you well. [*Exit* Brakenbury.

2. *Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1. *Murd.* No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2. *Murd.* When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake until the great judgment day.

1. *Murd.* Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleeping.

2. *Murd.* The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1. *Murd.* What? art thou afraid?

2. *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1. *Murd.* I thought, thou had'st been resolute.

2. *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

1. *Murd.* I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2. *Murd.* Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope, this holy humour of mine[4] will change; it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1. *Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

[3] *Here are the keys,* &c.] So the quarto, 1598. The folio reads:
There lies the duke asleep, and there the keys. MALONE.

[4] — *this* holy *humour of mine*—] Thus the early quarto. The folio has—this *passionate* humour of mine, for which the modern editors have substituted *compassionate*, unnecessarily. *Passionate*, though not so good an epithet as that which is furnished by the quarto, is sufficiently intelligible. See Vol. IV. p. 487, n. *.

The second murderer's next speech proves that *holy* was the authour's word. The player editors probably changed it, as they did many others, on account of the Statute, 3 Jac. I. c. 21. A little lower, they, from the same apprehension, omitted the word, '*faith*. MALONE.

2. *Murd.*

2. *Murd.* 'Faith, ſome certain dregs of conſcience are yet within me.

1. *Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2. *Murd.* Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

1. *Murd.* Where's thy conſcience now?

2. *Murd.* In the duke of Gloſter's purſe.

1. *Murd.* So, when he opens his purſe to give us our reward, thy conſcience flies out.

2. *Murd.* 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few, or none, will entertain it.

1. *Murd.* What, if it come to thee again?

2. *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot ſteal, but it accuſeth him; a man cannot ſwear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'Tis a bluſhing ſhame-faced ſpirit, that mutinies in a man's boſom; it fills one full of obſtacles: it made me once reſtore a purſe of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to truſt to himſelf, and live without it.

1. *Murd.* 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, perſuading me not to kill the duke.

2. *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would inſinuate with thee[5], but to make thee ſigh.

1. *Murd.* I am ſtrong-fram'd[6], he cannot prevail with me.

[5] *Take the devil in thy mind, and believe* him *not: he would inſinuate with thee,* &c.] One villain ſays, *Conſcience* is at his elbows, perſuading him not to kill the duke. The other ſays, take the devil into thy nearer acquaintance, *into thy mind*, who will be a match for thy conſcience, and believe it not, *&c.* It is plain then, that *him* in both places in the text ſhould be *it*, namely, conſcience. WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare ſo frequently uſes both theſe pronouns indiſcriminately, that no correction is neceſſary. STEEVENS.

In the *Merchant of Venice* we have a long *dialogue* between Launcelot, his *Conſcience*, and the Devil. But though conſcience were not here perſonified, Shakſpeare would have uſed *him* inſtead of *it*. He does ſo in almoſt every page of theſe plays. MALONE.

[6] *I am ſtrong*-fram'd,—] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—I am ſtrong *in fraud*. MALONE.

2. *Murd.*

2. *Murd.* Spoke like a tall fellow [7], that reſpects his reputation. Come, ſhall we fall to work?

1. *Murd.* Take him over the coſtard [8] with the hilts of thy ſword, and then throw him into the malmſey-butt, in the next room.

2. *Murd.* O excellent device! and make a ſop of him.

1. *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

2. *Murd.* Strike.

1. *Murd.* No, we'll reaſon [9] with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1. *Murd.* You ſhall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1. *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1. *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1. *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly doſt thou ſpeak!
Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?
Who ſent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both Murd. To, to, to,—

Clar. To murder me?

Both Murd. Ay, ay.

Clar. You ſcarcely have the hearts to tell me ſo,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1. *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I ſhall be reconcil'd to him again.

2. *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men [1],

To

[7] *Spoke like a* tall *fellow,*] The meaning of *tall*, in old Engliſh, is *ſtout, daring, fearleſs,* and *ſtrong*. JOHNSON.

[8] —*the* coſtard—] i. e. the head. See Vol. II. p. 350, n. 4. STEEVENS.

[9] —*we'll reaſon*—] We'll talk. JOHNSON.
See Vol. I. p. 136, n. 5. MALONE.

[1] *Are you* call'd *forth from out a world of men,*] I think it may be better read: *Are ye* cull'd *forth*—. JOHNSON.
The folio reads:
Are you *drawn* forth *among* a world of men.

I adhere

To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest[2] have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by course of law *,
To threaten me with death, is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption[3]
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me;
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1. *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2. *Murd.* And he, that hath commanded, is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder; Wilt thou then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2. *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too:

I adhere to the reading now in the text. So, in *Nobody and Somebody*, 1598:

"Art thou *call'd* forth amongst a thousand men,
"To minister this soveraigne antidote?" STEEVENS.

The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1598. MALONE.

2 *What lawful* quest—] *Quest* is *inquest* or jury. JOHNSON.

* *Before I be convict*, &c.] Shakspeare has followed the current tale of his own time, in supposing that Clarence was imprisoned by Edward, and put to death by order of his brother Richard, without trial or condemnation. But the truth is, that he was tried, and found guilty by his Peers, and a bill of attainder was afterwards passed against him. According to Sir Thomas More, his death was *commanded* by *Edward*; but he does not *assert* that the duke of Gloster was the instrument. PolydoreVirgil says, though he talked with several persons who lived at the time, he never could get any certain account of the motives that induced Edward to put his brother to death. See p. 487, n. *. MALONE.

3 — *as you hope* to have redemption—] The folio reads—as you hope *for any goodness*. STEEVENS.

This arbitrary alteration was made, and the subsequent line was omitted, by the editors of the folio, to avoid the penalty of the Stat. 3 Jac. I. c. 21. MALONE.

Thou

Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1. *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous blade,
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2. *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1. *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
He sends you not to murder me for this;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publickly;
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1. *Murd.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing[4], brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice[5], was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1. *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed[6], go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Glofter;
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

4 —*springing Plantagenet,*] Blooming Plantagenet; a prince in the *spring* of life. JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser's *Shepherds Calender*, 1579:

"That wouldest me my *springing youth* to spill." MALONE.

When 'gallant, springing,] This should be printed as one word, I think;—*gallant-springing*. Shakspeare is fond of these compound epithets, in which the first adjective is to be considered as an adverb. So, in this play he uses *childish-foolish*, *senseless-obstinate* and *mortal-staring*. TYRWHITT.

5 —*novice,*] Youth; one yet *new* to the world. JOHNSON.

6 *If you are hir'd for* meed,] Thus the folio. The quarto 1598, reads, If you *be* hired for *need*; which is likewise sense: If it be *necessity* which induces you to commit this murder. MALONE.

2. *Murd.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Glofter hates you *.

Clar. O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Ay, fo we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Blefs'd his three fons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his foul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendfhip:
Bid Glofter think on this, and he will weep.

1. *Murd.* Ay, mill-ftones [7]; as he leffon'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not flander him, for he is kind.

1. *Murd.* Right, as fnow in harveft.—Come, you deceive yourfelf;
'Tis he that fends us to deftroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and fwore, with fobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1. *Murd.* Why, fo he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heaven.

2. *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you muft die, my lord.

Clar. Haft thou that holy feeling in thy foul,

* —*your brother Glofter hates you.*] Mr. Walpole fome years ago, fuggefted, from the Chronicle of Croyland, that the true caufe of Glofter's hatred to Clarence was, that Clarence was unwilling to fhare with his brother that moiety of the eftate of the great earl of Warwick, to which Glofter became entitled on his marriage with the younger fifter of the dutchefs of Clarence, Lady Anne Neville, who had been betrothed to Edward prince of Wales. This account of the matter is fully confirmed by a letter, dated Feb. 14, 1471-2, which has been lately publifhed. *Pafton Letters*, Vol. II. p. 91. "Yefterday the king, the queen, my lords of Clarence and Gloucefter, went to Shene to pardon; men fay, not all in charity. The king entreateth my lord of Clarence for my lord of Gloucefter; and, as it is faid, he anfwereth, that he may well have my lady his fifter-in-law, but *they fhall part no livelihood*, as he faith; fo, what will fall, can I not fay." MALONE.

7 — *he will weep.*
1. *Murd. Ay,* millftones;] So, in Maffinger's *City Madam:*
" —— He, good gentleman,
" Will weep when he hears how we are ufed.—
" *Yes, millftones.*" STEEVENS.

To

...counſel me to make my peace with God,
...d art thou yet to thy own ſoul ſo blind,
...hat thou wilt war with God by murdering me?—
Ah, ſirs, conſider, he, that ſet you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.
2. *Murd.* What ſhall we do?
Clar. Relent, and ſave your ſouls.
Which of you [8], if you were a prince's ſon,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,—
If two ſuch murderers as yourſelves came to you,—
Would not entreat for life? as you would beg,
Were you in my diſtreſs,—
1. *Murd.* Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womaniſh.
Clar. Not to relent, is beaſtly, ſavage, deviliſh.—
My friend, I ſpy ſome pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my ſide, and entreat for me:
A begging prince what beggar pities not [9]?
2. *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.
1. *Murd.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do, [*Stabs him.*
I'll drown you in the malmſey-butt within.
[*Exit, with the body.*

[8] *Which of you,* &c.] This line, and the four following lines, are found in the folio, but not in the quarto. I think with Mr. Tyrrwhitt that they have been inſerted in a wrong place. MALONE.
I believe this paſſage ſhould be regulated thus.

Clar. Relent and ſave your ſouls.
1. *Murd.* Relent; 'tis cowardly and womaniſh.
Clar. Not to relent is beaſtly, ſavage, deviliſh.
Which of you, if you were a prince's ſon,
Being pent——
If two ſuch——
Would not entreat for life?
My friend, I ſpy——
O, if thine eye——
Come then on my ſide, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my diſtreſs.
A begging prince what beggar pities not? TYRWHITT.

[9] *A begging prince what beggar pities not?*] To this, in the quarto, the murderer replies:

I, thus and thus: if this will not ſerve,
I'll chop thee in the malmeſey but in the next roome.

and then ſtabs him. STEEVENS.

2. *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter first Murderer.

1. *Murd.* How now? what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?
By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.

2. *Murd.* I would he knew, that I had sav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit.*

1. *Murd.* So do not I; go, coward, as thou art.—
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King EDWARD, *(led in sick,) Queen* ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, *and Others.*

K. Edw. Why, so:—now have I done a good day's work;—
You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And now in peace[1] my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred[2], swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

[1] *And now in peace*—] So the quarto. The folio has—And *more to* peace—. MALONE.

[2] *Dissemble not your hatred,* &c.] I suppose he means, Divest yourselves of that concealed hatred which you have heretofore secretly borne to each other. Do not merely, says Edward, conceal and cover over your secret ill will to each other by a shew of love, but eradicate hatred altogether from your bosoms. MALONE.

Hast.

Haſt. So thrive I, as I truly ſwear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before your king;
Leſt he, that is the ſupreme King of kings,
Co[illegible] your hidden falſhood, and award
Either o[illegible] the other's end.

Haſt. So proſper I, as I ſwear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Haſtings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourſelf are not exempt in this,—
Nor your ſon Dorſet,—Buckingham, nor you;—
You have been factious one againſt the other.
Wife, love lord Haſtings, let him kiſs your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Haſtings;—I will never more remember
Our former hatred, So thrive I, and mine!

K. Edw. Dorſet, embrace him,—Haſtings, love lord marquis.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here proteſt,
'pon my part, ſhall be inviolable.

Haſt. And ſo ſwear I. [*embraces* Dorſet.

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, ſeal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace, [*to the* Queen.] but with all duteous love
Doth cheriſh you, and yours, God puniſh me
With hate in thoſe where I expect moſt love!
When I have moſt need to employ a friend,
And moſt aſſured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you, or yours.
[*embracing* Rivers, &c.

K. Edw. A pleaſing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my ſickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloſter here,
To make the bleſſed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke[3].

[3] — *here comes the noble duke*.] So the quarto. The folio reads:
And in good time
Here comes Sir Richard Ratcliffe and the duke. MALONE.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good-morrow to my ſovereign king, and queen;—
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!
K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have ſpent the day:—
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between theſe ſwelling wrong-incenſed peers.
Glo. A bleſſed labour, my moſt ſovereign liege.
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By falſe intelligence, or wrong ſurmiſe,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage [4],
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this preſence, I deſire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;
I hate it, and deſire all good men's love.—
Firſt, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchaſe with my duteous ſervice;—
Of you, my noble couſin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;—
Of you, lord Rivers,—and lord Grey, of you,—
That all without deſert have frown'd on me *;—
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Engliſhman alive [5],
With

4 *If I unwittingly, or in my rage,*] So the quarto. Folio—*unwillingly*. This line and the preceding hemiſtick are printed in the old copies, as one line; a miſtake that has very frequently happened in the early editions of theſe plays. Mr. Pope, by whoſe licentious alterations our authour's text was much corrupted, omitted the words—*or in my rage*; in which he has been followed by all the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

* *—frown'd on me*;] I have followed the original copy in quarto. The folio here adds:

Of you, lord Woodville, and lord Scales, of you;—.

The eldeſt ſon of earl Rivers was lord Scales: but there was no ſuch perſon as lord Woodville. MALONE.

5 *I do not know*, &c.] Milton in his ΕΙΚΟΝΟΚΛΑΣΤΗΣ, has this obſervation. "The poets, and ſome Engliſh, have been in this point ſo mindful of decorum, as to put never more pious words in the mouth of any perſon, than of a tyrant. I ſhall not inſtance an abſtruſe author,

ith whom my soul is any jot at odds,
ore than the infant that is born to-night;
thank my God for my humility.

Q. [illegible] A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter:—
I would to God, all strifes were well compounded.—
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

G[illegible] Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To [illegible] so flouted in this royal presence?
Wh[illegible] knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?

[*They all start.*

Yo[illegible] do him injury, to scorn his corse.

[illegible]. *Edw.* Who knows not, he is dead! who knows he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence,
[illegible]ut his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand [6],

thor, wherein the king might be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the closet-companion of these his solitudes, William Shakspeare; who introduced the person of Richard the Third, speaking in as high a strain of piety and mortification as is uttered in any passage in this book, and sometimes to the same sense and purpose with some words in this place; *I intended*, saith he, *not only to oblige my friends, but my enemies.* The like saith Richard, Act II. sc. i:

I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.

Other stuff of this sort may be read throughout the tragedy, wherein the poet used not much licence in departing from the truth of history, which delivers him a deep dissembler, not of his affections only, but of religion." STEEVENS.

6 —*some tardy cripple*, &c.] This is an allusion to a proverbial expression which Drayton has versified in the second canto of the *Barons' Wars*:

"Ill news hath wings, and with the wind doth go;
"Comfort's a *cripple*, and comes ever slow." STEEVENS.

That

That came too lag to see him buried:—
God grant, that some, less noble, and less loyal
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service d
K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace; my soul is full of
Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hea
K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou re
Stan. The forfeit [7], sovereign, of my servant
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.
K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brothe
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thoug
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who su'd to me for him [9]? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd [1].
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake

7 *The forfeit*—] He means the *remission* of the forfeit. JOHNSON.

8 *Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death?*] This lamentation is very tender and pathetick. The recollection of the good qualities of the dead is very natural, and no less naturally does the king endeavour to communicate the crime to others. JOHNSON.

9 *Who su'd to me for him?* &c.] This pathetick speech is founded on this slight hint in Sir Thomas More's *History of Edward V.* inserted by Holinshed in his Chronicle: "Sure it is, that although king Edward were consenting to his death, yet he much did both lament his infortunate chance, and repent his sudden execution. Insomuch that when any person sued to him for the pardon of malefactors condemned to death, he would accustomablie say, and openly speake, O infortunate brother, for whose life not one would make suite! openly and apparently meaning by suche words that by the means of some of the nobilitie he was deceived, and brought to his confusion." MALONE.

1 —*be* advis'd?] i. e. deliberate; consider what I was about to do. So, in the *Letters of the Paston Family*, Vol. II. p. 279: "Written in haste with short *advisement*," &c. See also *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, p. 137, n. 8. MALONE.

The

The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,
And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments; and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters, or your waiting vassals,
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:—
But for my brother, not a man would speak,—
Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself
For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—
O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.—
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet[a]. O,
Poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, HAST. RIV. DOR. *and* GREY.

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness!—Mark'd you not,
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O! they did urge it still unto the king:
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.*] Hastings was Lord Chamberlain to king Edward IV. MALONE.

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter the Dutchess of York[3], *with a son* ...
Clarence.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our fathei
Dutch. No, boy.
Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat
And cry,—O Clarence, *my unhappy son!*
Son. Why do you look on us, and shake yoı
And call us—orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?
Dutch. My pretty cousins[4], you mistake me
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loth to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.
Son. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is d
The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will impórtune
With earnest prayers, all to that effect.
Daugh. And so will I.
Dutch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:
Incapable and shallow innocents[5],
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.
Son. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the king, provok'd to't by the queen,

3 *Enter the Dutchess of York,*] Cecily, daughter of Ralph Neville first earl of Westmoreland, and widow of Richard duke of York, who was killed at the battle of Wakefield in 1460. She survived her husband thirty-five years, living till the year 1495. MALONE.

4 *— my pretty cousins,*] The dutchess is here addressing her grandchildren, but *cousin* was the term used in Shakspeare's time, by uncles to nephews and nieces, grandfathers to grandchildren, &c. It seems to have been used instead of our *kinsman*, and *kinswoman*, and to have supplied the place of both. MALONE.

5 *Incapable and shallow innocents,*] *Incapable* is *unintelligent*. See p. 122, n. 8. MALONE.

Devis'd

Deviſ'd impeachments to impriſon him:
And when my uncle told me ſo, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiſs'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Dutch. Ah, that deceit ſhould ſteal ſuch gentle ſhapes,
And with a virtuous vizor hide deep vice!
He is my ſon, ay, and therein my ſhame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you, my uncle did diſſemble[6], grandam?

Dutch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noiſe is this?

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, *diſtractedly*; RIVERS, *and* DORSET, *after her.*

Q. Eliz. Ah! who ſhall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my fortune, and torment myſelf?
I'll join with black deſpair againſt my ſoul,
And to myſelf become an enemy.

Dutch. What means this ſcene of rude impatience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragick violence:—
Edward, my lord, thy ſon, our king, is dead.—
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves, that want their ſap?—
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our ſwift-winged ſouls may catch the king's;
Or, like obedient ſubjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual reſt[7].

Dutch. Ah, ſo much intereſt have I in thy ſorrow,
As I had title in thy noble huſband!
I have bewept a worthy huſband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images[8]:

6 —*my uncle did* diſſemble,] Shakſpeare uſes *diſſemble* in the ſenſe of acting fraudulently, feigning what we do not feel or think; though ſtrictly it means to conceal our real thoughts or affections. So alſo Milton in the paſſage quoted in p. 500, n. 5. MALONE.

7 — *of* perpetual reſt.] So the quarto. The folio reads—of *ne'er changing night*. MALONE.

8 —*his images*:] The children by whom he was repreſented. JOHNSON.

So, in *the Rape of Lucrece*, Lucretius ſays to his daughter,
"O, from thy cheeks my *image* thou haſt torn." MALONE.

But

But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death[9];
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and Edward. O, what cause have I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief,)
To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries?

Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death;
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watry moon[1],
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

Dutch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I, but Edward? and he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we, but Clarence? and he's gone.

Dutch. What stays had I, but they? and they are gone.

9 *But now, two* mirrors *of his princely semblance*
Are crack'd *in pieces by malignant* death;] So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"Poor *broken glass*, I often did behold
"In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;
"But now, that fair fresh *mirror*, dim and old,
"Shows me a bare-bon'd *death* by time out-worn."

Again, in his Third Sonnet:

"Thou art thy mother's *glass*," &c. MALONE.

1 *— being govern'd by the watry moon,*] That I may live hereafter under the influence of the moon, which governs the tides, and by the help of that influence drown the world. The introduction of the moon is not very natural. JOHNSON.

Q. Eliz.

4

Q. Eliz. Was never widow, had so dear a loss.
Chil. Were never orphans, had so dear a loss.
Dutch. Was never mother, had so dear a loss.
Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I[2]:
I for an Edward weep, so do not they[3]:—
Alas, you three, on me, threefold distress'd,

2 — *and so do I;*] So the quarto. The variation of the folio is remarkable. It reads—*so do not they.* MALONE.

3 *I for an Edward weep, so do not they:*—] The text is here made out partly from the folio and partly from the quarto. In the quarto this and the preceding line stand thus:

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;
I for an Edward weep, *and so do they.*

The end of the second line is evidently corrupted. In the MS. from which the folio was printed, or in a corrected quarto copy, the two lines undoubtedly were right:

These babes for Clarence weep, [*and so do I;*
I for an Edward weep,] so do NOT they.

But the compositor's eye passing over two half lines, the passage was printed thus in the folio, in one line;

These babes for Clarence weep, so do not they.

I have stated this matter thus particularly, because it confirms an observation that I have more than once had occasion to make in revising these plays; that there is reason to suspect that many of the difficulties in our authour's works have arisen from the omission of either single words, single lines, or the latter half of one line with the half of the next: a solution which readers are very slow to admit, and generally consider as chimerical. One week's acquaintance with the business of the press (without those proofs which a collation of the quartos with each other and with the first folio affords) would soon convince them that my supposition is not a mere offspring of imagination. In the plays of which there is no authentick copy but the first folio, there is no means of *proving* such omissions to have happened; but the present and other proofs of their having actually happened in the other plays, lay surely a reasonable ground for conjecturing that similar errors have happened in those pieces of which there is only a single ancient copy extant, and entitle such conjectures to indulgence. See Vol. II. p. 4. n. 4; Vol. IV. p. 322, n. 1; Vol. V. p. 36, n. 5, and p. 228, n. 8; Vol. VI. p. 202, n. 5; and Vol. VII. p. 216, n. 4, and p. 555, n. 9. MALONE.

Pour

Pour all your tears; I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother[4]; God is much dis
That you take with unthankfulness his doings:
In common wordly things, 'tis call'd—ungrat
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent
Much more, to be thus opposite with heaven[5],
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful m
Of the young prince your son: send straight fo
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives.
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grav
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY,
INGS, RATCLIFF, *and Others.*

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your grace:—Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Dutch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glo. Amen; and make me die a good old man!—
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing; [*Aside.*
I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,

4 *Comfort, dear mother, &c.*] This line and the following eleven lines are found only in the folio. MALONE.

5 — *to be thus opposite with heaven,*] This was the phraseology of the time. See Vol. IV. p. 57, n. 5. MALONE.

But

But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd[6]
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with[7] some little train, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green, and yet ungovern'd:
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinon, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope, the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm, and true, in me.

Riv. And so in me[8]; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

* *The* broken rancour *of your high-swoln hearts,*
But lately splinted, *knit, and join'd together,*
Must be preserv'd, &c.] Their broken *rancour* recently *splinted* and *knit*, the poet considers as a *new league of amity and concord*; and this it is that Buckingham exhorts them to preserve. MALONE.

6 *Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd*—] Edward the young prince, in his father's life-time, and at his demise, kept his houshold at Ludlow, as prince of Wales; under the governance of Antony Woodville, earl of Rivers, his uncle by the mother's side. The intention of his being sent thither was to see justice done in the Marches; and, by the authority of his presence, to restrain the Welshmen, who were wild, dissolute, and ill-disposed, from their accustomed murders and outrages. Vid. Hall, Holinshed, &c. THEOBALD.

7 *Why with* &c.] This line and the following seventeen lines are found only in the folio. MALONE.

8 Riv. *And so in me*;] This speech (as a modern editor has observed) seems rather to belong to Hastings, who was of the duke of Gloster's party. The next speech might be given to Stanley. MALONE

Glo.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Lud[low]:
Madam,—and you my mother,—will you go
To give your censures[9] in this weighty busin[ess?]
[*Exeunt all but* BUCKINGHAM *and*
Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prin[ce,]
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of[1],
To part the queen's proud kindred from the pri[nce.]
Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then[2], for we'll not stay beh[ind.]

SCENE III.

The same. A Street.

Enter two Citizens, *meeting.*

1. *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour: Whither fast?
2. *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?
1. *Cit.* Yes, that the king is dead.
2. *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better[3]:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter

9 —*your* censures—] To *censure* formerly meant to *deliver an opinion*. So, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:
"Cinna affirms the senate's *censure* just,
"And saith, let Marius lead the legions forth." STEEVENS.
See Vol. I. p. 113, n. 8. MALONE.

1 *As* index *to the story*—] i. e. preparatory,—by way of prelude. So, in *Hamlet*:
"That storms so loud, and thunders in the *index*."
See the note on that passage. MALONE.

2 *Towards* Ludlow *then*,] The folio here and a few lines higher, for *Ludlow* reads—*London*. Few of our authour's plays stand more in need of the assistance furnished by a collation with the quartos, than that before us. MALONE.

3 —*seldom comes the better*:] A proverbial saying, taken notice of in *The English Courtier and Country Gentleman*, quarto, bl. l. 1586,

Sig.

Enter another Citizen.

3. *Cit.* Neighbours, God ſpeed!

1. *Cit.* Give you good morrow, ſir.

3. *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?

2. *Cit.* Ay, ſir, it is too true; God help, the while!

3. *Cit.* Then, maſters, look to ſee a troublous world.

1. *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace, his ſon ſhall reign.

3. *Cit.* Woe to that land, that's govern'd by a child[4]!

2. *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;
That, in his nonage, council under him[5],
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himſelf,
No doubt, ſhall then, and till then, govern well.

1. *Cit.* So ſtood the ſtate, when Henry the ſixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3. *Cit.* Stood the ſtate ſo? no, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this land was famouſly enrich'd
With politick grave counſel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1. *Cit.* Why, ſo hath this, both by his father and mother.

3. *Cit.* Better it were, they all came by his father;
Or, by his father, there were none at all:
For emulation now, who ſhall be neareſt,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.

Sig. B. "— as the proverb ſayth, *ſeldome comes the better.* VALL. That proverb indeed is auncient, and for the moſt part true," &c. REED.

The modern editors read—*a* better. The paſſage quoted above proves that there is no corruption in the text; and ſhews how very dangerous it is to diſturb our authour's phraſeology, merely becauſe it is not familiar to our ears at preſent. MALONE.

4 *Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!*] "Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child." *Eccleſiaſtes*, ch. x. STEEVENS.

5 That, *in his nonage, council under him,*] So the quarto. The folio reads—*Which* in his nonage.—*Which* is frequently uſed by our authour for *who*, and is ſtill ſo uſed in our Liturgy. But neither reading affords a very clear ſenſe. Dr. Johnſon thinks a line loſt before this. I ſuſpect that one was rather omitted after it. MALONE.

O, full

O, full of danger is the duke of Glofter;
And the queen's sons, and brothers, haught and p[illegible]
And were they to be rul'd and not to rule,
This fickly land might solace as before.

1. *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; [illegible] will [illegible]
well.

3. *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men p[illegible] their
cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2. *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fea[r]:
You cannot reason [6] almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3. *Cit.* Before the days of change [7], still is it so:
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2. *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3. *Cit.* And so was I; I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*

6 *You cannot reason*—] i. e. converse. See Vol. IV. p. 546, n. 1.
MALONE.

7 *Before the days of change*, &c.] This is from Holinshed's *Chronicle*, Vol. III. p. 721. "Before such great things, men's hearts of a secret instinct of nature misgive them; as the sea without wind swelleth of himself some time before a tempest." TOLLET.

It is evident in this passage that both Holinshed and Shakspeare allude to St. Luke. See Chap. xxi. 25. &c. HENLEY.

It is manifest that Shakspeare here followed Holinshed, having adopted almost his words. Being very conversant with the sacred writings, he perhaps had the Evangelist in his thoughts when he wrote, above,
"Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear." MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York *, *the young Duke of* York, *Queen* ELIZABETH, *and the Dutchess of* York.

Arch. Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night[8]:
To-

* *Archbishop of York*—] was Thomas Rotheram. He was made Lord Chancellor by King Edward IV. in 1475. MALONE.

[8] *Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;*
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night:] Thus the quarto, 1598. The folio reads:

Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford,
And at Northampton they do rest to-night.

An anonymous Remarker, who appears not to have inspected a single quarto copy of any of these plays, is much surprized that editors should presume to make such changes in the text, (without authority, he intimates,) and assures us the reading of the folio is right, the fact being, that "the prince and his company did in their way to London actually lye at Stony-Stratford one night, and were the next morning taken back by the duke of Glocester to Northampton, where they lay the following night. See Hall, Edw. V. fol. 6."

Shakspeare, it is clear, either forgot this circumstance, or did not think it worthy attending to.—According to the reading of the original copy in quarto, at the time the archbishop is speaking the king had not reached Stony-Stratford, and consequenly his being taken back to Northampton on the morning after he had been at Stratford, could not be in the authour's contemplation. Shakspeare well knew that Stony-Stratford was nearer to London than Northampton; therefore in the first copy the young king is made to sleep on one night at Northampton, and the archbishop very naturally supposes that on the next night, that is, on the night of the day on which he is speaking, the king would reach Stony-Stratford. It is highly improbable that the editor of the folio should have been apprized of the historical fact above stated; and much more likely that he made the alteration for the sake of improving the metre, regardless of any other circumstance. How little he attended to topography appears from a preceding scene, in which Gloster, though in London, talks of sending a messenger to that town, instead of Ludlow. See p. 510, n. 2.

By neither reading can the truth of history be preserved, and therefore we may be sure that Shakspeare did not mean in this instance to adhere to it. According to the present reading, the scene is on the day on which the king was journeying from Northampton to Stratford; and of course the messenger's account of the peers being seized, &c. which

To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Dutch. I long with all my heart to see the prince;
I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say, my son of York
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Dutch. Why, my young cousin? it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother; *Ay*, quoth my uncle Gloster,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

Dutch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:

which was on the next day after the king had lain at Stratford, is accurate. If the folio reading be adopted, the scene is indeed placed on the day on which the king was seized; but the archbishop is supposed to be apprized of a fact which *before the entry of the Messenger* he manifestly does not know, and which Shakspeare did not intend he should appear to know; namely, the duke of Gloster's coming to Stony-Stratford the morning after the king had lain there, taking him forcibly back to Northampton, and seizing the lords Rivers, Grey, &c. The truth is, that the queen herself, the person most materially interested in the welfare of her son, did not hear of the king's being carried back from Stony-Stratford to Northampton till about *midnight* of the day on which this violence was offered him by his uncle. See Hall, Edward V. fol. 6. Historical truth being thus deviated from, we have a right to presume that Shakspeare in this instance did not mean to pay *any* attention to it, and that the reading furnished by the quarto was that which came from his pen: nor is it possible that *he* could have made the alteration which the folio exhibits, it being utterly inconsistent with the whole tenour and scope of the present scene. If the archbishop had known that the young king was carried back to Northampton, he must also have known that the lords who accompanied him, were sent to prison; and instead of eagerly asking the Messenger in p. 515, "*What news?*" might have informed him of the whole transaction.

The truth of history is neglected in another instance also. The messenger says, the lords Rivers, Grey, &c. had been sent by Gloster to *Pomfret*, whither they were not sent till some time afterwards, they being sent at first, according to Sir Thomas More, (whose relation Hall and Holinshed transcribed) "into the North country, into diverse places to prison, and *afterwards* all to Pontefract." MALONE.

He

Was the wretched'st thing[9], when he was young,
long a growing, and so leisurely,
...t, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.
Arch. ...I so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.
Dutch ...hope, he is; but yet let mothers doubt.
York ...ow, by my troth, if I had been remember'd[1],
I could ...ave given my uncle's grace a flout,
To tou... his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.
Dutch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.
York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
'Tw... full two years ere I could get a tooth.
G...dam, this would have been a biting jest.
...utch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?
...ork. Grandam, his nurse.
Dutch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.
York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Q. Eliz. A parlous boy[2]:—Go to, you are too shrewd.
Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.
Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger[3].

Arch. Here comes a messenger: What news?
Mes. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to unfold.
Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?
Mes. Well, madam, and in health.
Dutch. What is thy news?
Mes. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey, are sent to Pomfret,
With them sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Dutch. Who hath committed them?
Mes. The mighty dukes, Glofter, and Buckingham.

9 ...*the* wretched'st *thing*,] *Wretched* is here used in a sense yet re... in familiar language, for *paltry*, *pitiful*, being below expecta-ti... ...HNSON.

1 ...*been remember'd*,] *To be remembered* is in Shakspeare, to have one's memory quick, to have one's thoughts about one. JOHNSON.

2 *A* parlous *boy*:] *Parlous* is keen, shrewd. So, in *Law Tricks*, 1608: "A *parlous* youth, sharp and satirical." STEEVENS.

3 *Enter a Messenger.*] The quarto reads—*Enter Dorset.* STEEVENS.

Q. Eliz. For what offence[4]?

Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclos

Why, or for what, the nobles were committ

Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my hou

The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind[5]

Insulting tyranny begins to jut

Upon the innocent and awless[6] throne:—

Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!

I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Dutch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling d:

How many of you have mine eyes beheld?

My husband lost his life to get the crown;

And often up and down my sons were tost,

For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and los

And being seated, and domestick broils

Clean over-blown, themselves, the conqueror

Make war upon themselves; brother to broth

Blood to blood, self against self:—O, prepost

And frantick outrage, end thy damned spleen

Or let me die, to look on death no more[7]!

4 *For what offence?*] This question is given to the a former copies, but the messenger plainly speaks to the queen or ness. J NSON.

The question is given in the quarto to the archbishop, (or cardinal, as he is there called,) where also we have in the following speech, my gracious *lady*. The editor of the folio altered *lady* to *lord*, but it is more probable that the compositor prefixed *Car.* (the designation there of the archbishop) to the words, "For what offence?" instead of *Qu.* than that *lady* should have been printed in the subsequent speech instead of *lord*. Compositors always keep the names of the interlocutors in each scene ready-composed for use, and hence mistakes sometimes arise. MALONE.

5 *The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle* hind,] So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"—— while she, the picture of pure piety,

"Like a white *hind* under the grype's sharp claws [redacted] E.

6 —*awless*—] Not producing awe, not reverenced. To *jut upon* is to *encroach*. JOHNSON.

7 —*on death*—] So the quarto 1598, and the subsequent quartos. The folio reads—*earth*. MALONE.

Q. Eliz.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.—
Madam, farewel.
Dutch. Stay, I will go with you.
Q. Eliz. You have no cause.
Arch. My gracious lady, go, [*to the* Queen.
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep; And so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours!
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. A Street.

The trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of Wales, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, *Cardinal* Bourchier[*], *and Others.*

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber[8].
Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.
Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.
Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man,

[*] *Cardinal Bourchier,*] Thomas Bourchier was made a Cardinal, and elected Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1464. He died in 1486. MALONE.

[8] —*to your* chamber.] London was anciently called *Camera regia.* POPE.

So, in Heywood's *If you know not me, you know Nobody,* 1633, 2d Part:

"This city, *our great chamber.*" STEEVENS.

This title it began to have immediately after the Norman conquest. See *Coke's* 4 Inst. 243, where it is styled *Camera regis*; Camden's *Britannia,* 374; Ben Jonson's Account of King James's Entertainment in passing to his coronation, &c. REED.

 Than

Than of his outward shew; which, God he know[s],
Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart[9].
Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts
God keep you from them, and from such fa[lse]

Prince. God keep me from false friends! [bu]t
none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to [us].

Enter the Lord Mayor, *and his Tra[in].*

May. God bless your grace with health [an]d
days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and tha[nk you]
all.— [*Exeunt* Mayor,

I thought, my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way:—
Fie, what a slug is Hastings! that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come, or no.

Enter HASTINGS.

Buck. And, in good time[1], here comes the sweating
lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: What, will our mother
come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary: The tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers?—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny,—lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

9 —jumpeth *with the heart.*] So, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:
"Wert thou my friend, thy mind would *jump* with mine."
STEEVENS.

1 —*in good time,*] A la bonne heure. *Fr.* STEEVENS.

Card.

Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here: But if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land,
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditional[2]:
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age[3],
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men[4];
But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.—
Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me?

[2] *Too* ceremonious, *and* traditional:] *Ceremonious* for superstitious; *traditional* for adherent to old customs. WARBURTON.

[3] *Weigh it but with the* grossness *of this age*,] That is, compare the act of seizing him with the *gross* and licentious practices of *these times*, it will not be considered as a violation of sanctuary, for you may give such reasons as men are now used to admit. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton reads—with the *greenness* of *his* age; and endeavours to strengthen his emendation by asserting, in general terms, that "the old quarto" reads—*greatness*; from which he considers *greenness* as no great deviation. The truth is, the quarto 1598, and the two subsequent quartos, as well as the folio, all read—*grossness*. *Greatness* is the corrupt reading of a late quarto of no authority, printed in 1622. MALONE.

[4] *Oft have I heard of sanctuary men*; &c.] These arguments against the privilege of sanctuary are taken from Sir Thomas More's *Life of King Edward the Fifth*, published by Stowe: "—And verily, I have often heard of sanctuary men, but I never heard earst of sanctuary children," &c. STEEVENS.

More's *Life of K. Edward V.* was published also by Hall and Holinshed, and in the Chronicle of Holinshed Shakspeare found this argument. MALONE.

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy ha[ste.]

[*Exeunt* Cardinal, *and* ...

Say, uncle Glofter, if our brother come,
Where fhall we fojourn till our coronatio[n?]

Glo. Where it feems beft unto your roya[l self.]
If I may counfel you, fome day, or two,
Your highnefs fhall repofe you at the Tower
Then where you pleafe, and fhall be thought [fit]
For your beft health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place
Did Julius Cæfar build that place, my lord?

Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that plac[e];
Which, fince, fucceeding ages have re-edify'd.

Prince. Is it upon record? or elfe reported
Succeffively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But fay, my lord, it were not regifter'd;
Methinks, the truth fhould live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all pofterity [5],
Even to the general ending day.

Glo. So wife fo young, they fay, do ne'er live long [6].
[*Afide.*

Prince. What fay you, uncle?

Glo. I fay, without characters, fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word [7]. } [*Afide.*

Prince.

5 *As 'twere* retail'd *to all pofterity,*] *Retail'd* may fignify diffufed, difperfed. JOHNSON.

Minfhew in his Dictionary, 1617, befides the verb *retail* in the mercantile fenfe, has the verb "to *retaile* or *retell*, G. *renombrer*, a Lat. renumerare;" and in that fenfe, I conceive, it is employed here. MALONE.

Richard ufes the word *retailed* in the fame fenfe in the fourth act, that he does in this place, when fpeaking to the queen of her daughter, he fays,

"To whom I will *retail* my conquefts won." MASON.

6 *So wife fo young, they fay, do ne'er live long.*]

Is cadit ante fenem, qui fapit ante diem,

a proverbial line. STEEVENS.

7 *Thus, like the formal* vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.] Dr. Warburton reads—like the

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His

the formal-wise antiquity, and has endeavoured to support this capricious and [illegible]nt alteration of the text by a very long note, which I have not pr[illegible]erved, as in my apprehension it carries neither conviction, nor info[illegible]ion with it. To accommodate the next line to his reading, he [illegible]red the punctuation of it thus:

——like the formal-wise antiquity,
[illegible]oralize;—two meanings in one word.

which [illegible] been adopted, I think, improperly, by the subsequent editors, who yet did not adopt the reading to strengthen which this alteration was made.

The *Vice, Iniquity*, cannot with propriety, be said to *moralize* in ge[illegible]l; but in the old Moralities he, like Richard, did often "*mo-[illegible] two meanings* in one word."

[illegible]ur authour has again used *moralize* as a verb active in his *Rape of [illegible]rece:*

"Nor could she *moralize* his wanton sight,
"More than his eyes were open to the light."

[illegible]n which passage it means, "to interpret or investigate the *latent meaning* of his wanton looks," as in the present passage, it signifies either to extract the double and latent meaning of one word or sentence, or to couch two meanings under one word or sentence. So *moral* is used by our authour in *Much ado about Nothing*, for a *secret meaning*. "There is some *moral* in this Benedictus." See Vol. II. p. 265, n. 7; and Vol. V. p. 601, n. 5. The word which Richard uses in a double sense is *live*, which in his former speech he had used literally, and in the present is used metaphorically. Mr. Mason conceives, because what we now call a motto, was formerly denominated the *mot* or *word*, that *word* may here signify a whole sentence. But the argument is defective. Though in tournaments the motto on a knight's shield was formerly called *The word*, it never at any period was called "*One* word."

The *Vice* of the old moralities was a buffoon character, [See Cotgrave's Dict. "*Badin*, A foole or *Vice* in a play.—*Mime*, A *vice*, foole, jester, &c. in a play."] whose chief employment was to make the audience laugh, and one of the modes by which he effected his purpose was by double meanings, or playing upon words. In these moral representations, *Fraud*, INIQUITY, *Covetousness*, *Luxury*, *Gluttony*, *Vanity*, &c. were frequently introduced. Mr. Upton in a dissertation which, on account of its length, is annexed at the end of this play, has shewn, from Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*, and *the Devil's an Ass*, that *Iniquity* was *sometimes* the *Vice* of the Moralities. Mr. Steevens's note in the subsequent page, shews, that he was not always so.

The *formal* Vice perhaps means, the *shrewd*, the *sensible* Vice.—

His wit set down, to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror [8];
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.—

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

In the *Comedy of Errors*, "a *formal* man" seems to mean
senses; a rational man. Again, in *Twelfth Night*, Vi
"—this is evident to any *formal* capacity." MALONE.

This alteration [of Dr. Warburton's] Mr. Upton very justly ce
Dr. Warburton, has, in my opinion, done nothing but ...
punctuation, if indeed any alteration be really necessary. See ...
sertation on the old *vice* at the end of this play.

To this long collection of notes may be added a question, ...
equivocation Richard refers? The position immediately preceding, ...
fame lives long without characters, that is, without the help of ...
seems to have no ambiguity. He must allude to the former line:

So young, so wise, they say, do ne'er live long,

in which he conceals under a proverb, his design of hastening the prince's
death. JOHNSON.

From the following stage-direction, in an old dramatick piece, entituled, *Histriomastix, or the Player whipt*, 1610, it appears, that the *Vice* and *Iniquity* were sometimes distinct personages:

"Enter a roaring devil, with *the Vice* on his back, *Iniquity* in one hand, and *Juventus* in the other."

The devil likewise makes the distinction in his first speech:

"*Ho, ho, ho! these babes mine are all,*
"*The Vice, Iniquitie, and Child Prodigal.*"

The following part of this note was obligingly communicated by the Rev. Mr. Bowle, of Idmestone near Salisbury. "I know no writer who gives so complete an account of this obsolete character, as archbishop Harsnet, in his *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, p. 114, Lond. 1603: 'It was a pretty part (he tells us) in the old church-playes, when the nimble *Vice* would skip up nimbly like a jackanapes into the devil's necke, and ride the devil a course, and belabour him with his wooden dagger, till he made him roare, whereat the people would laugh to see the devil so *vice*-haunted.' STEEVENS.

[8] —*of this conqueror*;] For this reading we are indebted to Mr. Theobald, who probably derived it from the original edition in 1597. All the subsequent ancient copies read corruptly—*of his* conqueror. MALONE.

Glo.

Glo. Short summers lightly have a forward spring [9]. [*Aside.*

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, *and the Cardinal.*

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?

York. Well, my dread lord [1]; so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late he died [2], that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholding to you, than I.

Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign;
But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

9 *Short summers lightly have a forward spring.*] That is, short summers are usually *preceded* by a forward spring; or in other words, and more appositely to Glofter's latent meaning, a premature spring is usually followed by a short summer. MALONE.

—lightly—] Commonly, in ordinary course. JOHNSON.

So, in the old proverb: "There's lightning *lightly* before thunder." See Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 130, edit. 3. Again, in Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*: "He is not *lightly* within to his mercer." STEEVENS.

1 —*dread lord*;—] The original of this epithet applied to kings has been much disputed. In some of our old statutes, the king is called *Rex metuendissimus*. JOHNSON.

2 *Too* late *he died*;] i. e. too lately, the loss is too fresh in our memory. WARBURTON.

So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*:
"——— I did give that life,
"Which she too early, and *too late* hath spill'd."
Again, in *King Henry V*:
"The mercy that was quick in us but *late*," &c. MALONE.

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know w
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to
Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my c
York. A greater gift! O, that's the sw
Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light
York. O then, I see, you'll part but
In weightier things you'll say a beggar
Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to w
York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier[4].
Glo. What, would you have my weapon, litt
York. I would, that I might thank you as you
Glo. How?
York. Little.
Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in ta
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.
York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little like an ape[5],
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck

3 —*which is no* grief *to give.*] *Which to give*, or the gift of which, induces no *regret*. Thus the authentick copies, the quarto, 1598, and the first folio. A quarto of no authority changed *grief* to *gift*, and the editor of the second folio capriciously altered the line thus

And being a toy, *it is* no grief to give. MALONE.

4 *I weigh it lightly*, &c.] i. e. I should still esteem it but a trifling gift, were it heavier. WARBURTON.

So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. sc. ii:

"You *weigh* me not,—O that's, you care not for me." STEEV.

5 *Because that I am little like an ape*,] The reproach seems to consist in this: that country shews it was common to set the monkey on the back of some other animal, as a *bear*. The duke therefore, in calling himself *ape*, calls his uncle *bear*. JOHNSON.

To this custom there seems to be an allusion in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Gipsies*:

"A gypsy in his shape,
"More calls the beholder,
"Than *the fellow with the ape*,
"Or *the ape on his shoulder*."

Again, in *the first part of the eighth liberal science, entituled Ars adulandi*, &c. *devised and compiled by Ulpial Fulwel*, 1576: "—thou hast an excellent *back* to carry my lord's *ape*."

York also alludes to the hump on Glofter's back, which was commodious for carrying burthens, as it served instead of a porter's knot. STEEVENS.

I don't

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My gracious lord[5], will't please you pass along?
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother; to entreat of her,
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so*.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost;
My grandam told me, he was murther'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt* Prince, YORK, HAST. *Card. and Attendants.*

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed[6] by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable[7];

I don't believe that the reproach is what Dr. Johnson supposes, or that York meant to call his uncle a bear. He merely alludes to Richard's deformity, his high shoulder, or hump-back, as it is called. That was *the scorn* he meant to *give his uncle*. In the third act of the Third Part of *K. Henry VI.* the same thought occurs to Richard himself, where describing his own figure, he says,

" To make an envious mountain on my back,
" Where sits deformity, to mock my body." MASON.

5 *My* gracious *lord,*] For the insertion of the word *gracious*, I am answerable. Gloster has already used the same address. The defect of the metre shews that a word was omitted at the press. MALONE.

* —needs *will have it so.*] The word *needs* was added, to complete the metre, by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

6 *Was not* incensed—] i. e. incited. So, in *Much ado about Nothing:* "—how Don John your brother *incensed* me to slander the lady here." MASON.

7 —*capable*,] here, as in many other places in these plays, means intelligent, quick of apprehension. See p. 504, n. 5. MALONE.

He's

He's all the mother's, from the top to to.
Buck. Well, let them rest.—Come h'
thou art sworn
As deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the
What think'st thou? is it not an easy m:
To make William lord Hastings of our n
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?
Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the princ
That he will not be won to aught against him.
Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will n
Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.
Buck. Well then, no more but this: Go, gentle C
by,
And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided councils [8],
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

[8] —*divided councils,*] That is, a *private consultation, separate* from the known and publick council. So, in the next scene, Hastings says:
Bid him not fear the separated *councils.* JOHNSON.

Mr. Reed has shewn from Hall's Chronicle that this circumstance is founded on the historical fact. But Holinshed, Hall's copyist, was our authour's authority: "But the protectoure and the duke after that they had sent to the lord Cardinal,—the lord Stanley and the lord Hastings then lord Chamberlaine, with many other noblemen, to commune and devise about the coronation *in one place*, as fast were they in *another place*, contriving the contrarie, and to make the protectour king." "—the lord Stanley, that was after earle of Darby, wisely mistrusted it, and sayde unto the lorde Hastings, that he much misliked *these two several councels.*" MALONE.

Glo.

lo. Commend me to lord William: tell him, Catesby,
a ancient ot of dangerous adversaries
o-morrow re let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give mis s Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. od Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

Cate y good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. ll we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Ca ou shall, my lord.

Gl Crosby-place, there shall you find us both. [*Exit* CATESBY.

Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lo astings will not yield to our complots?

. Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will do[9]:—
, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
e earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
hereof the king my brother was possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes; that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II[1].

Before Lord Hastings' *House.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, my lord,— [*knocking.*

Hast. [*within.*] Who knocks?

Mes. One from the lord Stanley.

Hast. [*within.*] What is't o'clock?

Mes. Upon the stroke of four.

9 —*will do:*] The folio reads—will *determine.* STEEVENS.

1 Scene II.] Every material circumstance in the following scene is taken from the *Chronicles,* except that it is a *knight* with whom Hastings converses, instead of *Buckingham.* STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep the tedious nights?
Mes. So it should seem by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble lordship.
Hast. And then,—
Mes. And then he sends you word,
He dreamt to-night the boar had rased his helm[2]:
Besides, he says, there are two councils held;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—
If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.
Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated councils:
His honour[3], and myself, are at the one;
And, at the other, is my good friend Catesby[4];
Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting instance[5]:

And

2 —*the* boar *had* rased *his helm.*] So Holinshed, after Hall and Sir Thomas More: "The selfe night next before his death the lorde Stanley sent a trustie secret messenger unto him at midnight in all haste, requiring him to rise and ride away with him, for he was dispofed utterlie no longer to byde, he had so fearful a dreame, in which him thought that a *boare* with his tuskes so *rased* them both by the heades that the bloud ran about both their shoulders. And forasmuch as the Protector gave the boare for his cognizance, this dreame made so fearful an impression in his heart, that he was thoroughly determined no longer to tarie, but had his horse readie, if the lorde Hastings would go with him," &c. MALONE.

3 *His* honour—] This was the usual address to noblemen in Shakspeare's time. MALONE.

4 *And, at the other, is my good friend Catesby*; &c.] So, in the Legend of Lord Hastings, *Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1575:
"I fear'd the end; my Catesby being there
"Discharg'd all doubts; him held I most entyre." MALONE.

5 —*wanting instance*:] That is, *wanting* some *example* or *act of malevolence*, by which they may be justified: or which, perhaps, is nearer to the true meaning, wanting any *immediate* ground or reason. JOHNSON.

This

[illegible] dreams—I wonder, he's so fond
[illegible] trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:
[illegible]o fly the b[illegible]r, before the boar pursues,
Were to in[illegible]se the boar to follow us,
And mak[illegible] [illegible]ursuit, where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid [illegible] master rise and come to me;
And w[illegible] [illegible]ll both together to the Tower,
Wher[illegible] [illegible] shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Me[illegible] [illegible] go, my lord, and tell him what you say. [*Exit.*

Enter CATESBY.

C[illegible] Many good morrows to my noble lord!

[illegible] Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring:
W[illegible] news, what news, in this our tottering state?

[illegible]*te.* It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
[illegible], I believe, will never stand upright,
[illegible]ll Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How! wear the garland? dost thou mean the crown?

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party, for the gain thereof:
And, thereupon, he sends you this good news,—
That, this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries:
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,—

This is the reading of the quarto, except that it has—*instancie.* MALONE.

The folio reads—*without* instance. STEEVENS.

That they, who brought me in my master's
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me
I'll send some packing, that yet think no

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my graci
When men are unprepar'd, and look not fo

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill
With some men else, who think themselves
As thou, and I; who, as thou know'st, are de
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cate. The princes both make high account of
For they account his head upon the bridge.

Hast. I know, they do; and I have well deser

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, ma
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow;—good morrow, C.
by:—
You may jest on, but by the holy rood [6],
I do not like these several councils *, I.

Hast. My lord,
I hold my life as dear as you do yours;
And never, in my life, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'er-cast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

6 —*the holy rood*,] i. e. the cross. So, in the old mystery of *Candlemas-Day*, 1512:
"Whan hir swete sone shall on a *rood* deye." STEEVENS.

* *I do not like these several councils*,—] See p. 526, n. 8. MALONE.

Hast.

[illegible] I come, have with you.—Wot you what, my lord?
To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
Than some, that have accus'd them, wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.

[*Exeunt* STANLEY, *and* CATESBY.

How now, sirrah? how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better, that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than ere I was.

Purs. God hold it[8], to your honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: There, drink that for me.

[*throwing him his purse.*

Purs. I thank your honour. [*Exit* Pursuivant.

Enter a Priest.

Pr. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good sir John[9], with all my heart.
I am in your debt for your last exercise[1];
Come the next sabbath, and I will content you.

7 *They, for their truth,*] That is, with respect to their *honesty.* JOHNSON.

8 —*hold it,*] That is, *continue* it. JOHNSON.

9 —*good* sir *John,*] *Sir* was formerly the usual address to the inferior clergy. See Vol. I. p. 191, n. 2. MALONE.

1 —*exercise,*] Performance of divine service. JOHNSON.

I rather imagine it meant—for attending him in private to hear his confession. So, in p. [illegible]:

"To draw him from his holy *exercise.*" MALONE.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *.

Buck. What, talking with a prieſt, lord chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the prieſt;
Your honour hath no ſhriving work in hand[2].

Haſt. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot ſtay:
I ſhall return before your lordſhip thence.

Haſt. Nay, like enough, for I ſtay dinner there.

Buck. And ſupper too, although thou know'ſt it not.
Come, will you go?

Haſt. I'll wait upon your lordſhip.

SCENE III.

Pomfret. *Before the Caſtle.*

Enter RATCLIFF, *with a guard, conducting* RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN *to execution.*

Rat. Come, bring forth the priſoners[3].

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—
To-day ſhalt thou behold a ſubject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-ſuckers.

* *Enter* Buckingham.] From the Continuation of Harding's Chronicle, 1543, where the account given originally by ſir Thomas More is tranſcribed with ſome additions, it appears that the perſon who held this converſation with Haſtings was ſir Thomas Howard, who is introduced in the laſt act of this play as earl of Surrey:

"The ſame morning ere he [Haſtings] were up from his bed, where Shore's wife lay with him all night, there came to him ſir Thomas Haward, [Howard] ſonne to the lord Haward,—as it were of courteſaie, to accoumpaignie him to the counſaill; but foraſmuche as the lord Haſtings was not ready, he taried a while for him, and haſted him away. This ſir Thomas, while the lord Haſtings ſtayed a while commonyng with a prieſt whom he met in the Tower ſtrete, brake the lordes tale, ſaying to him merily, 'What, my lorde, I pray you come on; wherefore talke you ſo long with the prieſt? You have no nede of a prieſt yet:' and laughed upon him, as though he would ſaye, you ſhall have neade of one ſone." Fol. 59. MALONE.

2 —*ſhriving work in hand.*] *Shriving work* is *confeſſion.* JOHNSON.

3 *Come, bring forth the priſoners.*] This ſpeech is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

Vaugh.

Vaugh. [illegible]live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.
Rat. Dispatch; the limit * of your lives is out.
Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and [illegible]inous to noble peers!
Within t[illegible] guilty closure of thy walls,
Richa[illegible] [illegible]e second here was hack'd to death:
And, [illegible] more slander to thy dismal seat,
We g[illegible] thee up our guiltless blood to drink.
Gr[illegible] Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,
Wh[illegible] [illegible] exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
Fo[illegible] [illegible]ding by when Richard stabb'd her son.
[illegible] Then curs'd she Hastings, then curs'd she Buckingham,
T[illegible]n curs'd she Richard:—O, remember, God,
[illegible] hear her prayers for them, as now for us!
[illegible]d for my sister, and her princely sons,—
[illegible] satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!
Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is expiate [4].
Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here embrace:
Farewel, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the Bishop of* ELY [5], CATESBY, LOVEL, *and Others, sitting at a table: Officers of the council attending.*

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is—to determine of the coronation:
In

* —*the limit*—] for *the limited time*. See Vol. V. p. 113, n. 8. MALONE.

4 *Make haste, the hour of death is* expiate.] Thus the folio. The quarto furnishes a line that has occurred already:

Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Expiate is used for *expiated*; so *confiscate*, *contaminate*, *consummate*, &c. &c. It seems to mean *fully completed*, and *ended*. Shakspeare has again used the word in the same sense in his 22d Sonnet:

"Then look I death my *days* should *expiate*."

So, in *Locrine*, 1595:

"Lives Sabren yet, to *expiate* my wrath."

 The

In God's name, speak, when is th[illegible]yal d[illegible]

Buck. Are all t[illegible] ready for that roya[illegible]

Stan. They are, [illegible] want but nom[illegible]ation.

Ely. To-morrow then I jud[illegible] happy [illegible]

Buck. Who knows the lord [illegible]'s m[illegible]
Who is most inward with the [illegible] duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know [illegible] mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces: for our h[illegible]
He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine:—
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my noble lord, may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow:
I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord[6],
William lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

The editor of the second folio, who altered whatever he did not understand, reads arbitrarily,

"Dispatch, the hour of death is *now expir'd.*

and he has been followed by all the modern editors. MALONE.

[5] *Bishop of Ely,*] Dr. John Morton; who was elected to that see in 1478. He was advanced to the see of Canterbury in 1486, and appointed Lord Chancellor in 1487. He died in the year 1500. This prelate, Sir Thomas More tells us, first devised the scheme of putting an end to the long contest between the houses of York and Lancaster, by a marriage between Henry earl of Richmond, and Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward IV. and was a principal agent in procuring Henry when abroad to enter into a covenant for that purpose. MALONE.

[6] *Had you not come upon your cue—*] This expression is borrowed from the theatre. The *cue, queue,* or *tail* of a speech, consists of the last words, which are the token for an entrance or answer. To *come on the cue* therefore, is to come at the proper time. JOHNSON.

4 *Glo.*

[illegible] my lord Hastings, no man might be bolder;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there[7];
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart. [*Exit* Ely.

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you. [*takes him aside.*

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business;
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head, ere give consent,
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.
[*Exeunt* Gloster, *and* Buckingham.

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have sent
For these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning;

7 *I saw good strawberries*—] The reason why the bishop was dispatched on this errand, is not clearer in Holinshed, from whom Shakspeare adopted the circumstance, than in this scene, where it is introduced. Nothing seems to have happened which might not have been transacted with equal security in the presence of the reverend cultivator of *these strawberries*, whose complaisance is likewise recorded by the author of the Latin play on the same subject, in the Museum:

Eliensis antistes venis? senem quies,
Juvenem labor decet; ferunt hortum tuum
Decora fraga *plurimum producere.*

Episcopus Eliensis.

Nil tibi claudetur hortus quod meus
Producit; esset lautius vellem mihi,
Quo sim tibi gratus.

This circumstance of asking for the strawberries, however, may have been mentioned by the historians merely to shew the unusual affability and good humour which the dissembling Gloster affected at the very time when he had determined on the death of Hastings. Steevens.

There's some conceit or other likes him well,[8]
When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit.
I think, there's ne'er a man in Christendom,
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.
Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood[9] he shew'd to-day?
Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, were he, he had shewn it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER, *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,[1]
That do conspire my death with devilish plots,

[8] *There's some* conceit *or other likes him well,*] *Conceit* is thought, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre,* 1609:
"Here is a thing, too young for such a place,
"Who, if it had *conceit,* would die" MALONE.

[9] — *likelihood*—] Semblance; appearance. JOHNSON.
So, in another of our authour's plays:
"——poor *likelihoods,* and modern seemings." STEEVENS.
Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*livelihood.* MALONE.

[1] *I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,* &c.] This ... originally told by Sir Thomas More, who wrote about thir... after the time. His *History of King Richard III.* was in... in Hall's Chronicle, from whence it was copied by Holinshed, who was Shakspeare's authority:

"Between ten and eleven he returned into the chamber among them with a wonderful soure, angrie, countenance, knitting the browes, frowning and fretting, and gnawing on his lippes, and so sette him downe in his place.—Then when he had sitten still awhile, thus he began: What were they worthie to have that compasse and imagine the destruction of me, being so neere of bloud unto the king, and protectour of his royal person and his realme?—Then the lord Chamberlaine, as he that for the love betweene them thought he might be boldest with him, answered and sayd, that they were worthie to be punished for hainous traytors, whatsoever they were; and all the other affirmed the same. That is, quoth he, yonder sorceresse, my brother's wife, and other with her, meaning the queene:—ye shall all see in what wise that sorceresse, and that other witch of her counsell, Shore's wife, with their affinitie, have by their sorcerie and witchcraft wasted my body. And therewith he plucked up his doublet sleeve to his elbow upon his left arme, where he shewed a werish withered arme and small, as it was never other.—No man but was there present, but well knew his arme was ever such since his birth. Naythelesse the

lord

...and that have prevail'd
...pon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom ...e offenders: Whosoe'er they be,
I say, ...ord, they have deserved death.

...en be your eyes the witness of their evil,
... I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm
Is, ... blasted sapling, wither'd up:
And ...is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Co... with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
Th... their witchcraft thus have marked me.

...*f*. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—

...*b*. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
...k'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor:—
...with his head:—now, by saint Paul I swear,
...will not dine until I see the same.—

...ord Chamberlaine (which from the death of king Edward kept Shore's wife, on whom he somewhat doted in the kings life, saving, as it is saide, he that while forbare her of reverence toward the king, or else of a certain kind of fidelity to his friend) aunswered and said, Certainly, my lord, *if they have so beinously done, they be worthy beinous punishment.* What, quoth the protectour, thou servest me I wene with *ifs* and with *ands*? I tell thee they have so done; and that I will make good on thy bodie, traitour; and therewith, as in great anger, he clapped his fist upon the boord a great rap. At which token given, one cried, traison, without the chamber. Therewith a dore clapped, and in came there rushing men in harnesse, as many as the chamber might holde. And anone the protectour sayd to the lord Hastings, I arrest thee traitor.—Then were they all quickely bestowed in diverse chambers, except the lord Chamberlaine, whom the protectour bade *speede him and shrive him apace, for by S. Paul, quoth he, I will not to dinner till I see thy head off.*—So was he brought forth into the greene, beside the chappell within the Tower, and his head laid downe upon a long log of timber, and there stricken off; and afterward his body with the head enterred at Windsor, beside the body of king Edward."

M. D. i. e. *Maister* John *Dolman*, the authour of the Legend of Lord Hastings, in *the Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1575, has thrown the same circumstances into verse.

Morton, Bishop of Ely, was present at this council, and from him Sir Thomas More, who was born in 1480, is supposed to have had his information. Polydore Virgil, who began his history in 1505, tells the story differently. MALONE.

Lovel,

Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done.
The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.
[*Exeunt Council, with* GLOSTER *and*
Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a w
For I, too fond, might have prevented t
Stanley did dream, the boar did rase his h
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stu

² *Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done;*] In the ...
Lovel, and Ratcliff, look, that it be done.
The scene is here in the Tower; and lord Hastings wa... that very day, when Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan suffered at ... How then could Ratcliff be both in Yorkshire and the Tow... scene preceding this, we find him conducting those gentle... block. In the old quarto, we find it, *Exeunt: Manet Cat... Hastings.* And in the next scene, before the Tower wall... Lovel and Catesby come back from the execution, bringing the ... of Hastings. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald should have added, that, *in the old quarto*, ... are mentioned in Richard's speech. He only says—"*some fe*... Nor, *in that edition*, does *Lovel* appear in the next scene; ... *Catesby*, bringing the head of Hastings. The confusion seems to hav... arisen, when it was thought necessary, that *Catesby* should be employed *to fetch* the mayor, who, in the quarto, is made to come without having been sent for. As some other person was then wanted to bring the head of Hastings, the poet, or the players, appointed *Lovel* and *Ratcliff* to that office, without reflecting that the latter was engaged in another service on the same day at Pomfret. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted the emendation, because in *one* scene at least it prevents the glaring impropriety mentioned by Mr. Theobald. But unfortunately, as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed, this very impropriety is found in the next scene, where *Ratcliff* is introduced, and where it cannot be corrected without taking greater liberties than perhaps are justifiable. For there, in consequence of the injudicious alteration made, I think, by the players, instead of—"Here comes the Mayor," the reading of the quarto, we find in the folio—

Rich. But what, is *Catesby* gone?
Buck. He is, and see he brings the Mayor along.

Catesby being thus employed, he cannot bring in the head of Hastings; nor can that office be assigned to *Lovel* only; because Gloster in the folio mentions *two* persons:

Be patient, they are friends; *Ratcliff*, and Lovel. MALONE.

* *The rest that love me, rise, and follow me.*] So, in the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:

"And they that love my honour, follow me." MALONE.

³ *Stanley did dream, the boar did rase his helm,*—
Three times to day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,] So Holinshed, after Sir Thomas More: "A marvellous case is it to heare, either the warnings

[illegible] look'd upon the Tower,
A loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I want the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies,
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Cat. Dispatch, my lord, the duke would be at dinner;
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks[4],
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O, bloody Richard!—miserable England!
I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—
Come, lead me to the block[5], bear him my head;
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead[6]. [*Exeunt.*

warnings of that he should have voided, or the tokens of that he could not voide; for the selfe night next before his death the L. Stanley sent a trustie secret messenger unto him at midnight, in all the haste, &c. [See p. 528, n. 2.]—Certain it is also, that in riding towards the Tower the same morning in which he [Hastings] was beheaded, his horse twise or thrise stumbled with him, almost to the falling: which thing, albeit each man wot well daily happeneth to them to whome no such mischance is toward; yet hath it beene of an old rite and custome observed as a token oftentimes notably foregoing some great misfortune."

A *footcloth*, it has been already observed, signified the housings of a horse. See p. 225, n. 3. MALONE.

4 *Who builds his hope in air, &c.*] So, Horace:

Nescius auræ fallacis. JOHNSON.

5 *Come, lead me to the block,*] William lord Hastings was beheaded on the 13th of June, 1483. His eldest son by Catharine Neville, daughter of Richard Neville earl of Salisbury, and widow of William lord Bonville, was restored to his honours and estate by K. Henry VII. in the first year of his reign.—The daughter of Lady Hastings by her first husband was married to the Marquis of Dorset, who appears in the present play. MALONE.

6 *They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.*] i. e. those who now smile at me, shall be shortly dead themselves. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE

The same. The Tower walls.

Enter GLOSTER, *and* BUCKINGHAM, *in* r[4] *marvellous ill-favour'd.*

Glo. Come cousin, canst thou quake, and
colour?
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,—
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror.
Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion[5]: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?
Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor, *and* CATESBY.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him.—Lord mayor,—
Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.
Buck. Hark! a drum.
Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.
Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for you,—
Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.
Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us!

4 — *in rusty armour, &c.*] Thus Holinshed: "The protector immediately after dinner, intending to set some colour upon the matter, sent in all haste for many substantial men out of the citie into the Tower; and at their coming, himselfe, with the duke of Buckingham, stood harnessed in old ill-faring briganders, such as no man should weene that they would vouchsafe to have put upon their backes, except that some sudden necessitie had constreined them." STEEVENS.

5 Intending *deep suspicion:*] *Intending* is here, and elsewhere in these plays, used for *pretending*. See Vol. III. p. 317, n. 7. MALONE.

Enter

Enter LOVEL, *and* RATCLIFF[6], *with* HASTINGS'S *head.*

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature,
That breath'd upon the earth a christian[7];
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—
I mean, his conversation[8] with Shore's wife,—
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever liv'd.—Look you, my lord mayor,
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
(Were't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it you,) the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?

May. What! had he so?

Glo. What! think you we are Turks, or infidels?
That we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death;
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,

6 *Enter Lovel, and* Ratcliff,—] The quarto has—"Enter *Catesby*, with Hastings' head," and Gloster, on his entry, says—"O, O, be quiet, it is Catesby." For this absurd alteration, by which Ratcliffe is represented at Pomfret and in London at the same time, I have no doubt that the player-editors are answerable. See p. 538, n. 2. MALONE.

7 — *the earth a christian*;] Here the quarto adds:

Look you, my lord mayor,

This hemistick I have inserted in the following speech of Buckingham, to which I believe it originally belonged; as without it we meet with an imperfect verse.

Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever liv'd.
Would you imagine, &c. STEEVENS.

8 — *his conversation*—] i. e. familiar intercourse. The phrase—*criminal conversation*, is yet in daily use. MALONE.

Enforc'd

Enforc'd us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befal you! he deserv'd his death;
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, hath prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signify'd the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,
As well as I had seen, and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you came too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewel.

[*Exit* Lord Mayor.

Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:—
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen *,
Only for saying—he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;

* —*put to death a citizen,*] This person was one *Walker*, a substantial citizen and grocer at the *Crown* in Cheapside. Grey.

Which

ich stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
ven where his lustful eye, or savage heart,
Without controul, listed [1] to make his prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:—
Tell them when that my mother went with child
Of that i atiate Edward, noble York,
My pri ,y father, then had wars in France;
And, b ust computation of the time,
Found hat the issue was not his begot;
Whi appeared in his lineaments,
Bei hing like the noble duke my father:
Yet n this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Bec e, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

k. Doubt not, my lord; I'll play the orator,
A the golden fee, for which I plead,
ye for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle;
here you shall find me well accompanied,
With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go; and, towards three or four o'clock,
Look for the news that the Guild-hall affords.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw,—
Go thou [*to* Cat.] to friar Penker [2];—bid them both
Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.

[*Exeunt* LOVEL, *and* CATESBY.

Now will I in, to take some privy order

1 — *his lustful eye—listed—*] So the quarto. The folio has *raging* and *lusted*. MALONE.

* — *to doctor Shaw,*—] This and the two following lines are not in the quarto. Shaw and Penker were two popular preachers.—Instead of a pamphlet being published by the Secretary of the Treasury, to furnish the advocates for the administration of the day, with plausible topicks of argument on great political measures, (the established mode of the present time) formerly it was customary to publish the court creed from the pulpit at Saint Paul's Cross. As Richard now employed doctor Shaw to support his claim to the crown, so, about fifteen years before, the great earl of Warwick employed his chaplain doctor Goodard to convince the people that Henry VI. ought to be restored, and that Edward IV. was an usurper. MALONE.

2 — *to friar* Penker;—] This *Pinker* or *Penker* was provincial of the *Augustine* friars. See *Speed*. STEEVENS.

The

To draw the brats of Clarence [3] [illegible]
And to give notice, that no manner of p[illegible]
Have, any time, recourſe unto the princ[illegible]

SCENE VI.

A Street.

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the goo[illegible]
ings;
Which in a ſet hand fairly is engroſs'd [4],
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the ſequel hangs together:—
Eleven hours I have ſpent to write it over,
For yeſternight by Cateſby was it ſent me;
The precedent [5] was full as long a doing:
And yet within theſe five hours Haſtings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while!—Who is ſo groſs,
That cannot ſee this palpable device?
Yet who ſo bold, but ſays—he ſees it not?

3 *—the brats of Clarence—*] Edward earl of Warwick, who the day after the battle of Boſworth, was ſent by Richmond from Sheriff-hutton Caſtle (where Gloſter had confined him) to the Tower, without even the ſhadow of an allegation againſt him, and executed with equal injuſtice on Tower-hill on the 21ſt of November, 1499; and Margaret, afterwards married to Sir Richard de la-Pole, the laſt princeſs of the houſe of Lancaſter; who was created by King Henry VIII. counteſs of Saliſbury, and in the 31ſt year of his reign, (1540) at the age of ſeventy, was put to death by the ſanguinary king then on the throne, as her unfortunate and innocent brother had before fallen a victim to the jealous policy of that crafty tyrant Henry VII. MALONE.

4 *Which in a ſet hand fairly is engroſs'd,*] So Holinſhed, after Sir Thomas More: "Now was this proclamation made within two houres after that he was beheaded, and it was ſo curiouſly indited, and ſo faire written in parchment, in ſo well a ſet hand, and therewith of itſelf ſo long a proceſſe, that every child might well perceive that it was prepared before, for all the time between his death and the proclaiming could ſcant have ſufficed unto the bare writing alone, had it been but in paper, and ſcribbled forth in haſte." A by-ſtander obſerved, that it muſt have been [illegible]ated by a ſpirit of prophecy. MALONE.

5 *The precedent—*] The original draft from which the engroſſment was made. MALONE.

Bad

is the [illegible] will come to nought,
hen such bad dealing must be seen in thought[6]. [Exit.

SCENE VII.

The same. Court of Baynard's *Castle*[*].

Enter GLOSTER, *and* BUCKINGHAM, *meeting.*

Glo. How now, how now? what say the citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did; with his contract with lady Lucy[7],
And his contract by deputy in France:
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,—
As being got, your father then in France[8],

And

[6] —*seen in thought.*] That is, seen in silence, without notice or detection. JOHNSON.

[7] —*with his contract with lady Lucy,*] This objection to king Edward's marriage with lady Grey, is said by Sir Thomas More to have been made by the dutchess dowager of York, Edward's mother, who was averse to the match, before he espoused that lady. But Elizabeth Lucy, the daughter of one Wyat, and the wife of one Lucy, being sworn to speak the truth, declared that the king had not been affianced to her, though she owned she had been his concubine. Philip de Comines, a contemporary historian, says that Edward, previous to his marriage with lady Grey, was married to an English lady by the bishop of Bath, who revealed the secret; and according to the Chronicle of Croyland this lady was lady Eleanor Butler, widow of lord Butler of Sudley, and daughter to the great earl of Shrewsbury. On this ground the children of Edward were declared illegitimate by the only parliament assembled by K. Richard III.; but no mention was made of Elizabeth Lucy.

Shakspeare followed Holinshed, who copied Hall, as Hall transcribed the account given by Sir Thomas More. MALONE.

[*] —*Baynard's Castle.*] A castle in Thames-street, which had belonged to Richard duke of York, and at this time was the property of his grandson King Edward V. MALONE.

[8] — *his own bastardy,*—
As being got, your father then in France,] This tale is supposed to have been first propagated by the duke of Clarence, soon after he, in conjunction with his father-in-law the earl of Warwick, restored King Henry VI. to the throne; at which time he obtained a settlement of the

And his resemblance, being not like the duke:
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,—
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind:—
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpose,
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
And, when my oratory grew to an end,
I bade them, that did love their country's good,
Cry—*God save Richard, England's royal king!*

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;
But, like dumb statues, or unbreathing stones*,
Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence:
His answer was,—the people were not us'd
To be spoke to, but by the recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again;—
Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cry'd, *God save king Richard!*
And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;
This general applause, and cheerful shout,

the crown on himself and his issue, after the death of Henry and his heirs male. Sir Thomas More says, that the duke of Glocester soon after Edward's death revived this tale; but Mr. Walpole very justly observes, that it is highly improbable that Richard should have urged such a topick to the people; that he should "start doubts concerning his own legitimacy, which was too much connected with that of his brothers to be tossed and bandied about before the multitude." The same ingenious writer has also shewn, that Richard "lived in perfect harmony with his mother, and lodged with her in her palace at this very time." *Historick Doubts*, quarto, 1768. MALONE.

* —unbreathing *stones*.] The quarto 1598, and the folio, have *unbreathing*. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

ues yo… your love to Richard:
And even here brake off, and came away.

… What tongueless blocks were they; Would they not speak?
Will not the mayor then, and his brethren, come?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand; intend some fear[9];
… you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
…ou get a prayer-book in your hand,
…een two churchmen, good my lord;
…ound I'll make a holy descant:
…asily won to our requests;
…d's part, still answer nay, and take it.

… And if you plead as well for them,
…y nay to thee[1] for myself,
… we'll bring it to a happy issue.
…o, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks.

[*Exit* GLOSTER.

…er the Lord Mayor, *Aldermen, and Citizens.*

…e, my lord: I dance attendance here;
…, the duke will not be spoke withal.—

Enter, from the Castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby? what says your lord to my request?

Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,

9 —intend *some fear*;] Perhaps, *pretend*; though *intend* will stand in the sense of giving attention. JOHNSON.

One of the ancient senses of to *intend* was certainly to *pretend*. So, in sc. v. of this act:

Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion. STEEVENS.

1 *As I can say nay to thee,*] I think it must be read:
—— *if you plead as well for them*
As I must say, nay *to* them *for myself*. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the change is not necessary. Buckingham is to plead for the citizens; and *if* (says Richard) *you speak for them as plausibly as I in my own person, or for my own purposes, shall seem to deny your suit, there is no doubt but we shall bring all to a happy issue.* STEEVENS.

To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the duke again;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight. [*Exit.*

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross[2] his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof;
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend his grace should say us nay[*]

Buck. I fear, he will: Here Catesby comes again;—

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now Catesby, what says his grace?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his grace. [*Exit* CATE.
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

2 *—to engross—*] To fatten; to pamper. JOHNSON.

* *—God defend his grace should say us nay!*] This pious and courtly Mayor was Edmund Shaw, brother to doctor Shaw, whom Richard had employed to prove his title to the crown, from the pulpit at St. Paul's Cross. MALONE.

Enter

...ER, in a balcony, above, between two Bishops[3].
CATESBY returns.

..., where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity:
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand;
Tr...naments to know a holy man*.—
F... Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
... able ear to our requests;
... the interruption
... on, and right-christian zeal.
... rd, there needs no such apology;
... beseech you pardon me,
... est in the service of my God,
... e visitation of my friends.
... ing this, what is your grace's pleasure?
Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
... l good men of this ungovern'd isle.
... I do suspect, I have done some offence,
... seems disgracious in the city's eye;
... that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord; Would it might please your grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault!

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,

3 —*between two bishops.*] "At the last he came out of his chamber, and yet not downe to theim, but in a galary over theim, with a bishop on every hande of hym, where they beneth might see him and speake to him, as though he would not yet come nere theim, til he wist what they meant." *Hall's Chronicle.* FARMER.

So also Holinshed after him. The words "*with a bishop on every hande of hym,*" are an interpolation by Hall, or rather by Grafton, (See his Continuation of *Harding's Chronicle*, 1543, fol. 75,) not being found in Sir Thomas More's *History of King Richard III.* folio 1557, from whom the rest of the sentence is transcribed. MALONE.

* —*to know a holy man.*] i. e. to know a holy man *by*. See Vol. VII. p. 128, n. 8, and p. 237, n. 6; where several instances of a similar phraseology are given. MALONE.

Your ſtate of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal houſe,
To the corruption of a blemiſh'd ſtock:
Whilſt, in the mildneſs of your ſleepy thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our country's good,)
The noble iſle doth want her proper limbs [3];
Her face defac'd with ſcars of infamy,
Her royal ſtock graft with ignoble plants [4],
And almoſt ſhoulder'd in the ſwallowing gulph
Of dark forgetfulneſs and deep oblivion [5].

[3] —her *proper limbs*—] Thus the quarto, 1598. The folio has —*his* limbs; an error which I ſhould not mention, but that it juſtifies corrections that I have made in other places, where, for want of more ancient copies than one, conjectural emendation became neceſſary. See Vol. III. p. 229, n. 3. MALONE.

4 *Her royal ſtock graft with ignoble plants*,] Shakſpeare ſeems to recollected the text on which Dr. Shaw preached his remarkable ſermon at St. Paul's Croſs: "Baſtard ſlips ſhall never take deep root." MALONE.

5 *And almoſt* ſhoulder'd *in the ſwallowing gulf*
Of dark forgetfulneſs—] I believe we ſhould read:
And almoſt ſmoulder'd *in the ſwallowing gulph*,
That is, almoſt *ſmother'd*, covered and loſt. JOHNSON.

Shoulder'd is, I believe, the true reading;—not, thruſt in by the ſhoulders, but, immerſed *up to the ſhoulders*. So, in *Othello*:
"*Steep'd* me in poverty *to the very lips*."

"This paſſage in *Othello*," ſays Mr. Maſon, "is nothing to the purpoſe. Had Othello uſed the word *lipp'd*, to ſignify *immerſed up to the lips*, that indeed would juſtify our ſuppoſing that *ſhoulder'd* might mean immerſed up to the ſhoulders." But the critick miſtook the purpoſe for which the paſſage was adduced. It was quoted, not to ſupport the *word*, "*ſhoulder'd*," but to ſhew that the ſame *idea* had been elſewhere introduced by Shakſpeare; that, as in *Othello* he had ſpoken of being plunged in *poverty* to the *lips*, ſo here he might have intended to deſcribe the royal ſtock as immerged up to the *ſhoulders* in *oblivion*.

The word *ſhoulder'd*, in the following lines in Spenſer's *Ruins of Rome*, 1591, may certainly only have been uſed in its more ordinary ſignification; but I am not ſure that the authour did not employ it as it is here uſed by Shakſpeare:
"Like as ye ſee the wrathfull ſea from farre,
"In a great mountaine heapt with hideous noiſe,
"Eftſoones of thouſand billows *ſhoulder'd* narre,
"Againſt a rock to break with dreadful poyſe—."

However the word may have been employed in the foregoing paſſage, its exiſtence in our authour's time is aſcertained by it. The word, as Mr. Steevens obſerves, is likewiſe uſed by Drayton in his *Barons' Wars*, Canto III. MALONE.

Which

Which to [illegible] heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land:
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
right of birth, your empery, your own.
consorted with the citizens,
worshipful and loving friends,
r vehement instigation,
suit come I to move your grace.
annot tell, if to depart in silence,
y to speak in your reproof,
th my degree, or your condition:
to answer *,—you might haply think,
e-ty'd ambition, not replying, yielded
ar the golden yoke of sovereignty,
h fondly you would here impose on me;
o reprove you for this suit of yours,
season'd with your faithful love to me,
hen, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first;
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,—
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth [7];

6 *Which to* recure,] To *recure* is to *recover*. This word is frequently used by Spenser; and both as a verb and a substantive in Lylly's *Endymion*, 1591. STEEVENS.

* If, *not to answer*,—] If I should take the former course, and depart in silence, &c. So below: "*If*, to reprove," &c. The editor of the second folio reads—*For* not to answer; and his capricious alteration of the text has been adopted by all the subsequent editors.

This and the nine following lines are not in the quarto. MALONE.

7 *As the* ripe *revenue, and due of birth*;] So the folio. The quarto thus:

As my *right*, revenue, and due *by* birth.

A preceding line seems rather to favour the original reading:

"Your *right* of birth, your empery, your own." MALONE.

Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,—
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;
(And much I need to help you [8], if need were;)
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars,—
Which, God defend, that I should wring from him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial [9],
All circumstances well considered.
You say, that Edward is your brother's son;
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife:
For first he was contract to lady Lucy,
Your mother lives a witness to his vow;
And afterwards by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the king of France [1].
These both put by, a poor petitioner [*],
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,

[8] *And much I need to help you*, &c.] And I *want much* of the ability requisite to give you help, if help were needed. JOHNSON.

[9] —*are nice and trivial*,] *Nice* is generally used by Shakspeare in the sense of minute, trifling, of petty import. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"The letter was not nice, but full of charge." MALONE.

[1] *To Bona, sister to the king of France*.] See *King Henry VI*. P. III. Act III, sc. iii. Bona was daughter to the duke of Savoy, and sister to Charlotte, wife to Lewis XI. King of France. MALONE.

[*] —*a poor petitioner*,—] See *K. Henry VI*. P. III. Act III. p. 303. MALONE.

Seduc'd

Seduc'd th pit[illegible] height of all his thoughts
To base declension and loath'd bigamy[2]:
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call—the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive[3],
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then good my lord, take to your royal self
Thi[illegible] ffer'd benefit of dignity:
If [illegible] ns and the land withal,
Y[illegible] your noble ancestry
[illegible] on of abusing time,
[illegible] e-derived course.
[illegible] od my lord; your citizens entreat you.
[illegible] e not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.
[illegible], make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.
[illegible] as, why would you heap those cares on me?
[illegible] it for state and majesty:—
[illegible] eseech you, take it not amiss;
[illegible] nnot, nor I will not yield to you.
Buck. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,
Loth to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,

2 —*loath'd bigamy:*] So Sir T. More, copied by Hall and Holinshed: "— the only *widowhead* of Elizabeth Grey, though she were in all other things convenient for you, should yet suffice, as me seemeth, to restraine you from her marriage, sith it is an unfitting thing, and a verie blemish and high disparagement to the sacred majestie of a prince, (that ought as nigh to approach priesthood in cleanness, as he doth in dignity,) to be defouled with *bigamie* in his first marriage." MALONE.

Bigamy, by a canon of the council of Lyons, A. D. 1274, (adopted in England by a statute in 4 Edw. I.) was made unlawful and infamous. It differed from *polygamy*, or having two wives at once; as it consisted in either marrying two virgins successively, or once marrying a widow. BLACKSTONE.

3 *More bitterly could I expostulate,*
Save that, for reverence to some alive,] The duke here hints at a topick which he had touched upon in his address to the citizens, the pretended bastardy of Edward and Clarence. By "some alive," is meant the dutchess of York, the mother of Edward and Richard. MALONE.

And

And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse *,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates,—
Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfal of your house.
And, in this resolution, here we leave you;—
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and Citizens*.

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit;
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Well, call them again; I am not made of stone *,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties, [*Exit* CATES.
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.—

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM, *and the rest.*

Cousin of Buckingham,—and sage, grave men,—
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'r I will, or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king!

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Even when you please, since you will have it so.

* —*effeminate* remorse,] i. e. pity. STEEVENS.
See Vol. II. p. 37, n. 5, and p. 112, n. 1; and Vol. IV. p. 295, n. 4. MALONE.

* —*I am not made of* stone,] The quarto and folio have—*stones*. Mr. Pope made the emendation. MALONE.

Buck.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace;
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again:—
[*To the Bishops.*
Farewel, good cousin;—farewel, gentle friends[5].
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Tower.

Ent[er] on one side, Queen ELIZABETH, *Dutchess of* York, *a[nd] Marquis of* DORSET; *on the other,* Anne *Dutchess* [of] Gloster[6], *leading Lady* Margaret Plantagenet, Cla[rence]'s *young daughter.*

[Duc]*h.* Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet[7],
[Led in] the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?
[Now,] for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,
[On] pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.—
[Daug]hter, well met.

[A]*ne.* God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together:

5 *Farewel, good cousin; farewel, gentle friends.*] To this act should, perhaps, be added the next scene, so will the coronation pass between the acts; and there will not only be a proper interval of action, but the conclusion will be more forcible. JOHNSON.

6 —*Anne, dutchess of Gloster,*—] We have not seen this lady since the second scene of the first act, in which she promised to meet Richard at Crosby-place. She was married about the year 1472. MALONE.

7 —*my* niece *Plantagenet,*] The old dutchess of York calls Clarence's daughter her *niece,* i. e. grand-daughter; as grand-children are frequently called *nephews.* THEOBALD.

So, in *Othello, nephews* for *grandchildren*: "—you'll have your daughter cover'd with a Barbary horse, you'll have your *nephews* neigh to you." MALONE.

Enter

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?
Brak. Right well, dear madam: By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.
Q. Eliz. The king! who's that?
Brak. I mean, the lord protector.
Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love, and me?
I am their mother, Who shall bar me from them?
Dutch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.
Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.
Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so [8];
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.
[*Exit* BRAKENBURY.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on, of two fair queens.—
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,
[*To the dutchess of* Gloster.
There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.
Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder!
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.
Anne. Despightful tidings! O unpleasing news!
Dor. Be of good cheer:—Mother, how fares your grace?
Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone,
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children:

[8] —*I may not leave it so.*] That is, *I may not so resign my office*, which you offer to take on you at your peril. JOHNSON.

If

If thou wilt out-ſtrip death, go croſs the ſeas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this ſlaughter-houſe,
Leſt thou increaſe the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curſe,—
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wiſe care is this your counſel, madam:—
Take all the ſwift advantage of the hours;
You ſhall have letters from me to my ſon
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
... tardy by unwiſe delay.

... O ill-diſperſing wind of miſery!—
... curſed womb, the bed of death;
... e haſt thou hatch'd to the world,
... oided eye is murderous!

... me, madam, come; I in all haſte was ſent.

... nd I with all unwillingneſs will go.—
... d to God, that the incluſive verge
... den metal, that muſt round my brow,
... e red-hot ſteel, to ſear me to the brain[9]!
... inted let me be with deadly venom;
And die, ere men can ſay—God ſave the queen!

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor ſoul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wiſh thyſelf no harm.

Anne. No! why?—When he, that is my huſband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corſe;
When ſcarce the blood was well waſh'd from his hands,
Which iſſu'd from my other angel huſband,

9 *Were red-hot ſteel, to ſear me to the brain!*] She ſeems to allude to the ancient mode of puniſhing a regicide, viz. by placing a crown of iron heated red-hot, upon his head. In the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631, this puniſhment is introduced:

"Fix on thy maſter's head my *burning crown*."

Again:

"—— was adjudg'd
"To have his head *ſear'd* with a *burning crown*."

In ſome of the monkiſh accounts of a place of future torment, a *burning crown* is appropriated to thoſe who deprived any lawful monarch of his kingdom. STEEVENS.

And

And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd;
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish,—*Be thou*, quoth I, *accurs'd*,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife (if any be so mad)
More miserable by the life of thee,
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:
Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed[1]
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd[2].
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.
Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.
Dor. Farewel, thou woful welcomer of glory!
Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!
Dutch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!— [*To* Dorset.
Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!— [*To* Anne.
Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee! [*To Q.* Eliz.
I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen[3],
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen[4].

Q. Eliz.

[1] *For never yet one hour in his bed*] *Hour* is here, as in many other places, used by Shakspeare as a dissyllable. MALONE.

[2] *But with his timorous dreams*—] 'Tis recorded by Polydore Virgil, that Richard was frequently disturbed by terrible dreams: this is therefore no fiction. JOHNSON.

[3] *Eighty odd years*, &c.] Shakspeare has here, I believe, spoken at random. The present scene is in 1483. Richard duke of York the husband of this lady, had he been then living, would have been but

seventy-three

Q. Eliz. Stay yet [5]; look back, with me, unto the Tower.—
Pity, you ancient ſtones, thoſe tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!
Rough cradle for ſuch little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurſe! old ſullen play-fellow [6]
For tender princes, uſe my babies well!
So fooliſh ſorrow bids your ſtones farewel [7]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room of ſtate in the Palace.

of trumpets. Richard, *as king upon his throne;* ...NGHAM, CATESBY, *a Page, and Others.*

Stand all apart.—Couſin of Buckingham,—
My gracious ſovereign.
...ich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
...hy aſſiſtance, is king Richard ſeated:—
... ſhall we wear theſe glories for a day?
...r ſhall they laſt, and we rejoice in them?
Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them laſt!
K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch [8],
To

ſeventy-three years old, and we may reaſonably ſuppoſe that his dutcheſs was younger than he was. Nor did ſhe go ſpeedily to her grave! She lived till 1495. MALONE.

4 *And each* hour's joy wreck'd with a week *of* teen.] So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:
"Who buys a *minute's mirth*, to *wail* a *week*?" MALONE.
Teen is ſorrow. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*: "And yet to my *teen* be it ſpoken," &c. STEEVENS.

5 *Stay yet*, &c.] This ſpeech is not in the quarto. MALONE.

6 *Rude ragged nurſe! old ſullen play-fellow*] To call the Tower *nurſe* and *playfellow* is very harſh: perhaps part of this ſpeech is addreſſed to the Tower, and part to the lieutenant. JOHNSON.

7 *So fooliſh ſorrow bids your ſtones farewel.*] Hither the third act ſhould be extended, and here it very properly ends with a pauſe of action. JOHNSON.
The folio has—*ſorrows*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

8 —*now do I* play *the touch*,] To *play the touch* is *to repreſent the touchſtone*. So, in the 16th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:
"With alabaſter, *tuch*, and porphyry adorn'd."
Again,

To try if thou be current gold, indeed:—
Young Edward lives;—Think now what I would speak.
Buck. Say on, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.
Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.
K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis so: but Edward lives.
Buck. True, noble prince.
K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live,—true, noble prince!—
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:—
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.
Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.
K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness free[illegible]s:
Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die?
Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear lo[illegible]
Before I positively speak in this:
I will resolve your grace immediately. [*Exit* BUCK.
Cate. The king is angry; see, he gnaws his lip[9].
[*Aside.*
K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,
[*descends from his throne.*
And unrespective boys[1]; none are for me,
That look into me with considerate eyes:—
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.—
Boy,—
Page My lord.

Again, in the epistle of *Mary the French Queen* to *Charles Brandon*, by Drayton:
"Before mine eye, like *touch*, thy shape did prove."
Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. iii:
"Though true as *touch*, though daughter of a king." STEEV.

9 —*see, he gnaws his lip.*] Several of our ancient historians observe, that this was an accustomed action of Richard, whether he was pensive or angry. STEEVENS.

1 *And* unrespective *boys*;—] *Unresp*[illegible]tentive, taking no notice, inconsiderate. So, in Daniel's [illegible]:
"When dissolute impiety possess'd
"The *unrespective* minds of prince and people." STEEVENS.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Know'ſt thou not any, whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a cloſe exploit of death[2]?

Page. I know a diſcontented gentleman,
Whoſe humble means match not his haughty mind:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is—Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man; Go, call him hither, boy.— [*Exit* Page.
The deep-revolving witty[3] Buckingham
No more ſhall be the neighbour to my counſels:
Hath he ſo long held out with me untir'd,
And ſtops he now for breath?—well, be it ſo.—

Enter STANLEY.

[illegible], lord Stanley? what's the news?

[illegible] Know, my loving lord,
[illegible]rquis Dorſet, as I hear, is fled
[illegible]amond, in the parts where he abides.

[illegible] *Rich.* Come hither, Cateſby: rumour it abroad,
[illegible] Anne my wife is very grievous ſick;
[illegible] take order for her keeping cloſe.
Enquire me out ſome mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry ſtraight to Clarence' daughter:—
The boy is fooliſh[4], and I fear not him.—

Look,

2 —*cloſe exploit*—] is ſecret act. JOHNSON.

3 —*witty*—] in this place ſignifies *judicious* or cunning. A *wit* was not at this time employed to ſignify *a man of fancy*, but was uſed for *wiſdom* or *judgment*. So, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594:
"Although unwiſe to live, had *wit* to die."
Again, in one of Ben Jonſon's *Maſques*:
"And at her feet do *witty* ſerpents move." STEEVENS.

4 *The boy is fooliſh,*—] Shakſpeare has here perhaps anticipated the folly of this youth. He was at this time, I believe, about ten years old, and we are not told by any hiſtorian that he had then exhibited any ſymptoms of folly. Being confined by Henry VII. immediately after the battle of Boſworth, and his education being conſequently entirely neglected, he is deſcribed by Polydore Virgil at the time of his death (in 1499) as an idiot; and his account (which was copied by Hall and Holinſhed) was certainly a ſufficient authority for Shakſpeare's repreſentation. "Eduuardus Varvici comes in carcere ab incunabulis

Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out,
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.—
[*Exit* CATESBY.
I must be marry'd to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:—
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin[5].
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

Re-enter Page, *with* TYRREL.

Is thy name—Tyrrel[6]?

extra hominum ferarumque conspectum nutritus, qui gallinam ab a...re non facile internosceret, cum nullo suo delicto supplicium quærere ... let, alieno ad id tractus est." MALONE.

5 —*But I am in*
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.] The same reflection occur in *Macbeth*:

"——*I am in blood*
"*Step'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,*
"*Returning were as tedious,* &c.

Again:

"*Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.*" STEEVENS.

6 *Is thy name—Tyrrel?*] It seems, that a late editor (who boasts much of his fidelity in "marking the places of action, both general and particular, and supplying scenical directions") throughout this scene, has left king Richard *on his throne*; whereas he might have learnt from the following passage in Sir John Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, that the monarch appeared, during the present interview with Tyrrel, on *an elevation of much less dignity*. "The best part (says Sir John) of our chronicles, in all men's opinions is that of Richard the third, written as I have heard by Mooton, but as most suppose, by that worthy and incorrupt magistrate Sir Thomas More, sometime lord chancellor of England, where it is said, how the king was devising with *Teril* to have his nephews privily murdered; and it is added, *he was then sitting on a draught*; a fit carpet for such a counsel." See likewise *Holinshed*, Vol. II. p. 735. STEEVENS.

For Richard's mode of proceeding on this occasion, there are, it appears, many ancient and *dignified* precedents. "Maximilian the emperor," says old Montaigne, "with other customes of his had this one, most contrary to *other princes, (who, to dispatch their weightiest affaires, make often their c—e s—l their regal throne or council-chamber,)* which was," &c. Florio's Translation, 1603. MALONE.

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon*:
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet musick. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel;
by this token:—Rise, and lend thine ear: [*Whispers.*
ere is no more but so:—Say, it is done,
I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.
. I will dispatch it straight. [*Exit.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son:—Well, look to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford[7], and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich.

* — deal *upon*:] i. e. act upon. We should now say—deal *with*; but the other was the phraseology of our authour's time. See Vol. VII. p. 523, n. 6. MALONE.

7 *The earldom of Hereford*, &c.] Thomas duke of Glocter, the fifth son of Edward the Third, married one of the daughters and coheirs of Humphrey de Bohun earl of Hereford. The duke of Glocter's nephew, Henry earl of Derby, (the eldest son of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, the fourth son of Edward the Third,) who was afterwards K. Henry IV. married the other daughter of the earl of Hereford. The moiety

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the sixth
Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king!—perhaps—[8]

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at that time.
Have told me, I being by[9], that I should kill him?

moiety of the Hereford estate, which had been possessed by that king, was seized on by Edward IV. as legally devolved to the crown, on its being transferred from the house of Lancaster to that of York. Henry Stafford duke of Buckingham was lineally descended from Thomas duke of Gloster, his only daughter Anne having married Edmund earl of Stafford, and Henry being the great grandson of Edmund and Anne. In this right he and his ancestors had possessed one half of the Hereford estate; and he claimed and *actually obtained* from Richard III. after he usurped the throne, the restitution of the other half, which had been seized on by Edward; and also the earldom of Hereford, and the office of Constable of England, which had long been annexed by inheritance to that earldom. See Dugdale's *Baronage*, Vol. I. p. 168, 169. Many of our historians however ascribe the breach between him and Richard to Richard's refusing to restore the moiety of the Hereford estate; and Shakspeare has followed them.

Thomas duke of Gloster was created earl of Hereford in 1386 by K. Richard II. on which ground the duke of Buckingham had some pretensions to claim a new grant of the *title*; but with respect to the moiety of the estate, he had not a shadow of right to it; for supposing that it devolved to Edward IV. with the crown, it became, after the murder of his sons, the joint property of his daughters. If it did not devolve to King Edward IV. it belonged to the right heirs of King Henry IV. MALONE.

8 *A king! perhaps*—] From hence to the words, *Thou troublest me, I am not in the vein*—have been left out ever since the first editions, but I like them well enough to replace them. POPE.

Mr. Pope is inaccurate; the omission extended only to—*I am not in the giving vein to day.* MALONE.

The allusions to the plays of *K. Henry VI.* are no weak proofs of the authenticity of these disputed pieces. JOHNSON.

These allusions, I trust, have been sufficiently accounted for in the *Dissertation* annexed to the preceding play. MALONE.

9 — *I being by,*—] The duke of Gloster was not by when Henry uttered the prophecy. See p. 356. Our authour seldom took the trouble to turn to the plays to which he referred. MALONE.

Buck.

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy shew'd me the castle,
And call'd it—Rouge-mont: at which name, I started;
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke [1]
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whe'r you will, or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt K.* RICHARD *and Train.*

Buck. Is it even so? repays he my deep service

[1] *Because, that, like a Jack, &c.*] An image, like those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street, and at the market-houses at several towns in this kingdom, was usually called a *Jack of the clock-house.* See Cowley's *Discourse on the Government of Oliver Cromwell.* [Vol. II. p. 650, edit. 1710.] Richard resembles Buckingham to one of those automatons, and bids him not suspend the stroke on the clock-bell, but strike, that the hour may be past, and himself be at liberty to pursue his meditations. SIR J. HAWKINS.

So, in *The Coxcomb*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:
"—— Is this your *Jack o' the clock* house?
"Will you *strike*, sir?"

Again, in a pamphlet by Decker, called the *Guls Hornbook*, 1609: "— but howsoever, if Powles *Jacks* be once up with their elbowes, and quarrelling to strike eleven, as soon as ever the clock has parted them, and ended the fray with his hammer, let not the duke's gallery conteyne you any longer." STEEVENS.

See Vol. V. p. 101, n. 5. These automatons were called *Jacks* of the clock-house, because *Jack* in our authour's time was a common appellation for a mean, contemptible fellow, employed by others in servile offices. See Vol. II. p. 214, n. 5. MALONE.

With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings; and be gone
To Brecknock*, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their deaths' sad story.
O thus, quoth Dighton, *lay the gentle babes*,—
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, *girdling one another*
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay[2];
Which once, quoth Forrest, *almost chang'd my mind*;
But, O, the devil—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—*we smothered*
The most replenished sweet work of nature,

* — *to Brecknock*,] To the Castle of Brecknock in Wales, where the duke of Buckingham's estate lay. MALONE.

2 *O thus, quoth* Dighton, *lay the gentle babes*,—
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, *girdling one another*
Within their alabaster innocent arms:—
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;] These circumstances were probably adopted from the old song of *The most cruel Murther of Edward V.* in *The Golden Garland of princely delight.* The thirteenth edition of this collection was published in 1690:

"When these sweet children thus were laid in bed,
"And to the Lord their hearty prayers had said,
"Sweet slumb'ring sleep then closing up their eyes,
"Each folded in the other's arms then lies."

It must be owned, however, that there is nothing to assist us in ascertaining the exact date of this, and many other of our ancient ballads. STEEVENS.

That,

That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.—
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse,
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter King RICHARD.

And here he comes:—All health, my sovereign lord!
K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel! am I happy in thy news?
Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.
K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?
Tyr. I did, my lord.
K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?
Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
... where, to say the truth, I do not know.
K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
... n time, but think how I may do thee good,
... be inheritor of thy desire.
... ewel, till then.
Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*
K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pen'd up close [3];
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage [4];
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond * aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord,—
K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

3 *The son of Clarence have I pen'd up close;*] He was confined in Sheriff-Hutton Castle, in Yorkshire.—See p. 544, n. 3. MALONE.

4 *His daughter meanly, &c.*] See p. 554, n. 3. MALONE.

* *—the* Bretagne *Richmond—*] He thus denominates Richmond, because after the battle of Tewksbury he had taken refuge in the court of Francis II. duke of Bretagne, where by the procurement of K. Edward IV. he was kept a long time in a kind of honourable custody. See p. 590, n. 7. MALONE.

Cate. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come,—I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay[5];
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
Then firy expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Go, muster men: My counsel is my shield;
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter Queen MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow[6],
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction[7] am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping, the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who comes here?

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, *and the Dutchess of* YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,

5 — *fearful commenting Is leaden servitor, &c.*] Timorous thought and cautious disquisition are the dull attendants on delay. JOHNSON.

6 — *begins to mellow, &c.*] The same thought occurs in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:

"—— now is his fate grown mellow,
"Instant to fall into the rotten jaws
"Of chap-fall'n death." STEEVENS.

7 — *dire induction*—] *Induction* is preface, introduction, first part. It is so used by Sackville in our authour's time. JOHNSON.

And

And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right[8]
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Dutch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done[9]?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry dy'd, and my sweet son.

Dutch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal-living ghost,
W[illegible] scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
[illegible] abstract and record of tedious days,
[illegible] thy unrest on England's lawful earth, [*Sitting down.*
[illegible]lawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

[illegible]. Eliz. Ah, that thou would'st as soon afford a grave,
[illegible] thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
[illegible] would I hide my bones, not rest them here!
[illegible], who hath any cause to mourn, but we?
[*Sitting down by her.*

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,

8 —*say, that* right *for* right] This is one of these conceits which our authour may be suspected of loving better than propriety. *Right for right* is *justice answering to the claims of justice.* So, in this play:
—— *that forehead*
Where should be branded, if that right were right,—. JOHNSON.

In the third scene of the first act Margaret was reproached with the murder of young Rutland, and the death of her husband and son were imputed to the divine vengeance roused by that wicked act. "So just is God to right the innocent." Margaret now perhaps means to say, The right of me, an injured mother, whose son was slain at Tewksbury, has now operated as powerfully as that right which the death of Rutland gave you to divine justice, and has destroyed your children in their turn. MALONE.

9 *When didst thou sleep*, &c.] That is, When, before the present occasion, didst thou ever sleep during the commission of such an action? Thus the only authentick copies now extant; the quarto, 1598, and the first folio. The editor of the second folio changed *When* to *Why*, which has been adopted by all the subsequent editors; though Margaret's answer evidently refers to the word found in the original copy. MALONE.

Give

Give mine the benefit of seniory [1],
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand [2].
If sorrow can admit society, [*Sitting down with them.*
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a husband [*], till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Dutch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work;
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls [3],

[1] —*seniory,*] for *seniority.* JOHNSON.

So, in Stowe's *Chron.* edit. 1615, p. 149: "—the son of Edmund, the son of Edward the *seignior*, the son of Alured," &c. STEEVENS.

The word in the quarto is *signorie*, in the folio *signeurie*, and it has been printed *signiory* in the late editions: but as in general modern spelling has been adopted, I know not why the ancient mode should be adhered to in this particular instance. In the *Comedy of Errors*, p. 203, *senior* has been properly printed by all the modern editors, though the words in the old copy are—"We'll draw cuts for the *signior*." The substantive in the text is evidently formed by our authour from hence. MALONE.

[2] *And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.*] So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"By this starts Collatine as from a dream,
"And bids Lucretius *give his sorrows place.*" MALONE.

[*] *I had a husband,*] The quarto has—a *Richard*, which the editor of the folio corrected by substituting—*a husband.* I believe Shakspeare wrote—I had a *Henry.* In a subsequent speech in this scene, p. 584, l. 6, "*my* brother" being printed in the quarto by mistake, instead of "*thy* brother," the editor of the folio corrected the wrong word, and printed—my *husband.* MALONE.

[3] *That reigns,* &c.] This and the preceding line have been omitted by all the modern editors, Rowe excepted. STEEVENS.

These two lines are found only in the folio, and are there transposed. They were rightly arranged by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Thy

Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pue-fellow[4] with others' moan!

Dutch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;
God witness with me, I have wept for thine

Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot[5], because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
[illegible] the beholders of this tragick play,
[illegible] adulterate Hastings[6], Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
[illegible]nely smother'd in their dusky graves.
[illegible]rd yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
[illegible] reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
[illegible]nd them thither: But at hand, at hand,
[illegible] his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:—
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead!

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy, the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune;

4 *And makes her* pue-fellow—] *Pue-fellow* seems to be companion. We have now a new phrase, nearly equivalent, by which we say of persons in the same difficulties, that they are in *the same box*. JOHNSON.

Pue-fellow is a word yet in use. Sir J. HAWKINS.

I find the word in *Northward Hoe*, a comedy, by Decker and Webster, 1607: "He would make him *pue-fellow* with a lord's steward at least." STEEVENS.

5 *Young York he is but* boot,] *Boot* is that which is thrown in to mend a purchase. JOHNSON.

6 *The* adulterate *Hastings*,—] Hastings was an *adulterer*, as he cohabited with Jane Shore during the life of her husband. So, the Ghost in *Hamlet*, speaking of the King, says:

"—that incestuous, that *adulterate* beast." STEEVENS.

I call'd

I call'd thee then, poor ſhadow, painted queen;
The preſentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant[7],
One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou waſt; a gariſh flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous ſhot[8];
A ſign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jeſt, only to fill the ſcene.
Where is thy huſband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two ſons? wherein doſt thou joy?
Who ſues, and kneels, and ſays—God ſave the queen?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this*, and ſee what now thou art.
For happy wife, a moſt diſtreſſed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being ſued to, one that humbly ſues;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care:
For one that ſcorn'd at me, now ſcorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the courſe of juſtice wheel'd about[9],
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,

7 *The flatt'ring index of a direful pageant,*] *Pageants* are dumb ſhews; and the poet meant to allude to one of theſe, the index of which promiſed a happier concluſion. The pageants then diſplayed on publick occaſions were generally preceded by a brief account of the order in which the characters were to walk. Theſe indexes were diſtributed among the ſpectators, that they might underſtand the meaning of ſuch allegorical ſtuff as was uſually exhibited. The index of every book was anciently placed before the beginning of it. STEEVENS.

8 *— a gariſh flag,*
To be the aim of every dangerous ſhot;] Alluding to the dangerous ſituation of thoſe perſons to whoſe care the ſtandards of armies were entruſted. STEEVENS.

* Decline *all this,*] i. e. run through all this from firſt to laſt. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*: "I'll *decline* the whole queſtion." This phraſe the poet borrowed from his grammar. MALONE.

9 — wheel'd *about,*] Thus the quartos. The folio—*whirl'd* about. STEEVENS.

To

To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, And dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
From which even here I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewel, York's wife,—and queen of sad mischance,—
These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day*;
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were fairer [1] than they were,
And he, that slew them, fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse;
...ing this will teach thee how to curse.

...*liz.* My words are dull, O, quicken them with thine!

...*ar.* Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. [*Exit Q.* MARGARET.

... Why should calamity be full of words?

...: Windy attorneys to their client woes [2],
...eeders of intestate joys [3],

* *Forbear to sleep—and* fast—] *Fast* has no connection with the preceding word *forbear*; the meaning being,—Sleep not at night, and fast during the day. The quarto reads—to sleep the *nights*, and fast the *days*. MALONE.

[1] — *were* fairer—] So the quarto. The folio reads—*sweeter*. MALONE.

[2] *Why should calamity be full of words?*
Windy attorneys *to their* client woes,] So, in our authour's *Venus and Adonis*:

"So of concealed sorrow may be said:
"Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
"But when the heart's *attorney* once is mute,
"The *client* breaks as desperate of his suit."

The quarto reads—*your client* woes. The folio—*their clients* woes. MALONE.

[3] — intestate *joys*,] So the quarto. The *folio* reads corruptly *intestine*. The metaphor is extremely harsh. The joys already possessed being all consumed and passed away, are supposed to have died intestate, that is, to have made no will, having nothing to bequeath; and mere verbal complaints are their successors, but inherit nothing but misery. MALONE.

Poor

Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart *.

Dutch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.
[*Drum, within.*
I hear his drum,—be copious in exclaims.

Enter King RICHARD, *and his Train, marching.*

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Dutch. O, she, that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons, and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Dutch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Dutch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets!—strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike, I say.—
[*Flourish. Alarums.*
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Dutch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Dutch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

* *—though what they do impart*
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.] So, in *Macbeth*:
"Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak,
"Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break."
The quarto reads—Help *not at all*,—. MALONE.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition[4],
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.
Dutch. O, let me speak.
K. Rich. Do, then; but I'll not hear.
Dutch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.
K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.
Dutch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.
K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?
Dutch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
[illegible]re mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
[illegible] [illegible]mfortable hour canst thou name,
[illegible] [illegible]er grac'd me[5] in thy company?
K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but Humphry Hour[6], that call'd your grace
[illegible] fast once, forth of my company.

4 —— touch *of your* condition,] A *spice* or *particle* of your *temper* or *disposition*. JOHNSON.
So, in Chapman's translation of the 24th *Iliad*:
"—— his cold blood embrac'd a fiery *touch*
"Of anger, &c. STEEVENS.

5 *That ever* grac'd *me*—] To *grace* seems here to mean the same as to *bless*, to make happy. So, *gratious* is kind, and *graces* are favours. JOHNSON.

6 —*Humphry Hour*,] This may probably be an allusion to some affair of gallantry of which the dutchess had been suspected. I cannot find the name in Holinshed. Surely the poet's fondness for a quibble has not induced him at once to personify and christen that *hour* of the day which summon'd his mother to breakfast. So, in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604: "Gentlemen, time makes us brief: our old mistress, *Houre*, is at hand." STEEVENS.

I believe nothing more than a quibble was meant. In our poet's twentieth Sonnet we find a similar conceit; a quibble between *hues* (colours) and *Hughes*, (formerly spelt *Hews*) the person addressed. MALONE.

If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
Strike up the drum.

Dutch. I pry'thee, hear me speak.

K. Rich You speak too bitterly.

Dutch. Hear me a word;
For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Dutch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore, take with thee my most heavy curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the cómplete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory!
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life [7], and doth thy death attend. [*Exit.*

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me; I say amen to her. [*going.*

K. Rich. Stay, madam [8], I must speak a word with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood,
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,—
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd—Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;

7 *Shame serves thy life,*—] To *serve* is to *accompany*, servants being near the persons of their masters. JOHNSON.

8 *Stay, madam,*] On this dialogue 'tis not necessary to bestow much criticism: part of it is ridiculous, and the whole improbable. JOHNSON.

Slander

Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood [9].

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say—she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety dy'd her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite [1].

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny [*].

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny:
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
ose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
head, all indirectly, gave direction:
'oubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
was whetted on thy stone-hard heart [2],
el in the entrails of my lambs.
at still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
e should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,

9 —*she is of royal blood.*] The folio reads—she is *a royal princess.* STEEVENS.

1 *Lo, at their births*—] Perhaps we should read—*No*, at their births—. TYRWHITT.

* *All* unavoided, *&c.*] i. e. unavoidable. So before:
"Whose *unavoided* eye is dangerous." MALONE.

2 *Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,*] This conceit seems to have been a great favourite of Shakspeare. We meet with it more than once. In *K. Henry IV.* P. II:
"*Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,*
"*Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,*
"*To stab,*" &c.
Again, in the *Merchant of Venice*:
"*Not on thy soal, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,*
"*Thou mak'st thy knife keen*—." STEEVENS.

Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads.

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type[3] of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise[4] to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that, from my soul, I love thy
daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter, from thy soul:
So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;
And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

3 *The high imperial* type—] *Type* is exhibition, shew, display.
JOHNSON.

Bullokar in his *Expositor*, 1616, defines *Type*—"A figure, form, or likeness of any thing." Cawdrey in his *Alphabetical Table*, &c. 1604, calls it—"figure, example, or shadowe of any thing." The word is used in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. as here:

"Thy father bears the *type* of king of Naples." MALONE.

4 *Canst thou* demise—] The common meaning of the verb to *demise* is *to grant*, from *demittere*, to devolve a right from one to another.
STEEVENS.

The constant language of leases is, "—*demised*, granted, and to farm let." But I believe the word is used by no poet but Shakspeare. For *demise*, the reading of the quarto, and first folio, the editor of the second folio arbitrarily substituted *devise*. MALONE.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

K. Rich. Even he, that makes her queen; Who else should be?

Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. I, even I: What think you of it, madam[5]?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

[illegible] *Rich.* Madam, with all my heart.

[illegible] Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
[illegible] bleeding hearts; thereon engrave,
[illegible] and York; then, haply, will she weep:
[illegible]e present to her,—as sometime Margaret[6]
[illegible]y father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—
[illegible]ndkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
[illegible] purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way;
Unless thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her*?

5 *I, even I: What think you of it, madam?*] So the quarto. I am not sure whether it should not be printed, *Ay*, even I. The folio reads: Even *so: how* think you of it? MALONE.

6 *— as sometime Margaret—*] Here is another reference to the plays of *K. Henry VI.* JOHNSON.

* *Say, that I did*, &c.] This and the following fifty-four lines, ending with the words *tender years* in p. 582, are found only in the folio. MALONE.

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, ſhe cannot chooſe but hate thee [7],
Having bought love with ſuch a bloody ſpoil [8].

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men ſhall deal unadviſedly ſometimes,
Which after-hours give leiſure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your ſons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the iſſue of your womb,
To quicken your increaſe, I will beget
Mine iſſue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little leſs in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children, but one ſtep below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood [9];
Of all one pain,—ſave for a night of groans
Endur'd of her [1], for whom you bid like ſorrow [2].

7 *Nay then, indeed, ſhe cannot chooſe but* hate *thee,*] The ſenſe ſeems to require that we ſhould read:

—— *but* love *thee,*

ironically. TYRWHITT.

8 — *bloody* ſpoil.] *Spoil* is waſte, havock. JOHNSON.

9 *Even of your* mettle, *of your very blood*;] The folio has—*mettal.* The two words are frequently confounded in the old copies. That *mettle* was the word intended here, appears from various other paſſages. So, in *Macbeth*:

"— Thy undaunted *mettle* ſhould compoſe
"Nothing but males.

Again, in *K. Richard II.*

"—— that bed, that womb,
"That *mettle*, that ſelf-mould that faſhion'd thee,
"Made him a man."

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

"—— Common mother, thou,
"Whoſe womb unmeaſurable, and infinite breaſt,
"Teems and feeds all, whoſe ſelf-ſame *mettle*
"Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
"Engenders the black toad," &c. MALONE.

1 *Endur'd of her,*] *Of* in the language of Shakſpeare's age was frequently uſed for *by*. MALONE.

2 — bid *like ſorrow.*] *Bid* is in the paſt tenſe from *bide*. JOHNSON.

Your

Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss, you have, is but—a son being king,
And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset your son, that, with a fearful soul,
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter—wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset—brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
pair'd with double riches of content.
we have many goodly days to see:
iquid drops of tears that you have shed,
ome again, transform'd to orient pearl;
aging their loan, with interest
times double gain of happiness[3].
en, my mother, to thy daughter go;
bold her bashful years with your experience;
are her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sov'reignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;

3 *Advantaging their* loan, *with int'rest*
Of ten times double gain of happiness.] The folio has—*loue*, instead of *lone*, the old spelling of *loan*. How often the letters u and n are confounded in these copies, has been shewn in various places. See Vol I. p. 292, n. 9, and Vol. VIII. p. 83, n. 8. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald, who adds this paraphrase. "The tears that you have *lent* to your afflictions, shall be turned into gems; and requite you by way of *interest* with happiness twenty times as great as your sorrow has been." MALONE.

To whom I will retail[4] my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's brother
Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?
Or, he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the king's King forbids[5].

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever, last[6]?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature, lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sov'reign, am her subject low[7].

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loaths such sov'reignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale[8].

4 *To whom I will retail*—] i. e. recount. See p. 520, n. 5. MALONE.

5 — *which the king's King forbids.*] Alluding to the prohibition in the Levitical law. See Leviticus, xviii. 14. GREY.

6 *But how long shall that title, ever, last?*] Young has borrowed this thought in his *Universal Passion*:

"*But say—my mistress and my friend,*
"*Which day next week the eternity shall end?*" STEEVENS.

7 — *am her subject low.*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads:—*her subject love.* STEEVENS.

8 *Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale.*] So the quarto. The folio reads—

Then plainly to her tell my loving tale. MALONE.

Q. Eliz.

Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honeſt, is too harſh a ſtyle.
K. Rich. Your reaſons are too ſhallow and too quick.
Q. Eliz. O, no, my reaſons are too deep and dead;—
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.
K. Rich. Harp not on that ſtring, madam; that is paſt.
Q. Eliz. Harp on it ſtill ſhall I, till heart-ſtrings break [9].
K. Rich. Now, by my george, my garter, and my crown,—
Q. Eliz. Profan'd, diſhonour'd, and the third uſurp'd.
K. Rich. I ſwear.
Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath.
The george, profan'd, hath loſt his holy honour [1];
The garter, blemiſh'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
The crown, uſurp'd, diſgrac'd his kingly glory:
If ſomething thou wouldſt ſwear to be believ'd,
Swear then by ſomething that thou haſt not wrong'd.
Rich. Now by the world,—
Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.
ich. My father's death,—
z. Thy life hath that diſhonour'd.
h. Then, by myſelf,—

9 K. Rich. *Harp not on that ſtring, madam; that is paſt.*
Q. Eliz. *Harp on it ſtill ſhall I, &c.*] In the quarto, 1598, the firſt of theſe two lines is wanting. The paſſage ſtands thus:

Qu. O, no, my reaſons, &c.
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.
King. Harp on it ſtill ſhall I, till heart-ſtrings break.
Now by my george, &c.

The printer of the next quarto ſaw that the line—"Harp on it ſtill ſhall I," &c. could not belong to Richard, and therefore annexed it to the queen's former ſpeech, but did not inſert the omitted line.

The editor of the folio ſupplied the line that was wanting, but abſurdly miſplaced it, and exhibited the paſſage thus:

Qu. O, no, my reaſons are too deep and dead;
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.
Harp on it ſtill ſhall I, till heart-ſtrings break.
King. Harp not on that ſtring, madam, that is paſt.
Now by my george, &c.

The text is formed from the quarto, and the folio. MALONE.

1 The *george, profan'd, hath loſt his* holy *honour*;] So the quarto. The folio reads:

Thy george, profan'd, hath loſt his *lordly* honour;
Thy garter, &c. MALONE.

Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-mis-us'd.

K. Rich. Why then, by heaven,—

Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.
If thou had'st fear'd to break an oath by him[1],
The unity, the king thy brother made,
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain[2].
If thou had'st fear'd to break an oath by him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust[3],
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms[4].
What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich. By the time to come[*].

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-past;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.

1 God's *wrong is most of all.*
If thou had'st fear'd to break an oath by him, *&c.*] I have here followed the quarto, except that it reads in the preceding speech, Why then, by *God*,—. The editors of the folio, from the apprehension of the penalty of the Statute, 3 Jac. I. c. 21. printed "Why then by *heaven*,"—and the whole they absurdly exhibited thus:

> *Rich.* Why then, by *heaven.*
> *Qu. Heaven's* wrong is most of all.
> If thou *didst fear* to break an oath *with him*,
> The unity, &c.
> If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath *by him*,
> The imperial metal, &c.

By their alteration in the first line of the queen's speech, they made all that follows ungrammatical. The change in the preceding speech, not having that consequence, I have adopted it. MALONE.

2 —*the king thy* brother *made*,
Had not been *broken, nor my brother* slain.] The quarto, by an errour of the press, has—*my* brother, which the editor of the folio corrected thus:

> The unity the king, *my husband*, made,
> Thou hadst not broken, nor my *brothers* died. MALONE.

3 *Which now*, two *tender* bed-*fellows*, &c.] Mr. Roderick observes, that the word *two* is without any force, and would read:

> *Which now*, too *tender*, &c. STEEVENS.

Thus the folio. The quarto—two tender *play*-fellows. MALONE.

4 — a *prey for worms.*] So the quarto. Folio—*the* prey. MALONE.

* By *the time to come.*] So the quarto. *By* is not in the folio. MALONE.

The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age[5];
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent!
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt[6]
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours[7]!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness, and thine;
Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided, but by this;
It will not be avoided, but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so,)
Be the attorney of my love to her:
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish found in great designs*.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

5 — *to wail it in their age*:] So the quarto, 1598. The quarto 1602, &c. and the folio, read—*with* their age. MALONE.

6 — *in my dangerous* attempt—] So the quarto. Folio—dangerous *affairs*. MALONE.

7 *Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours!*] This line is found only in the folio. MALONE.

* *And be not* peevish *found*—] Thus the folio. *Peevish* in our authour's time signified *foolish*. So in the second scene of this act:

"When Richmond was a little *peevish* boy,—."

See also Minsheu's DICT. in v. The quarto reads—peevish *fond*, and I am not sure that it is not right. A compound epithet might have been intended; *peevish-fond*. So *childish-foolish*, *senseless-obstinate*, *foolish-witty*, &c. MALONE.

Q. Eliz.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them:
Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall breed[8]
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewel.
[*kissing her.* *Exit* Q. ELIZABETH.
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing—woman!
How now? what news?

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY *following.*

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back:
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the duke of Norfolk[9];—
Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.

Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither[1]: Post to Salisbury;
When thou com'st thither,—Dull unmindful villain,
[*To* Catesby.

[8] —*in that nest of spicery, they shall breed*] Alluding to the phœnix. STEEVENS.

So the quarto. The folio reads—they *will* breed. MALONE.

[9] *Some light-foot friend post to the duke*—] Richard's precipitation and confusion is in this scene very happily represented by inconsistent orders, and sudden variations of opinion. JOHNSON.

[1] *Ratcliff, come hither:*] The folio has—*Catesby*, come hither. [illegible] words are not in the quarto. It is obvious that they are addressed [illegible] Ratcliff. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Why

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby;—Bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go. [*Exit.*

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

K. Rich. Why, what would'st thou do there, before I go?

Rat. Your highness told me, I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good, nor bad!
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd runagate[2], what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?

[2] White-liver'd *runagate,*] This epithet, descriptive of cowardice, is not peculiar to Shakspeare. Stephen Gosson in his *School of Abuse,* 1579, speaking of the Helots, says:

"Leave those precepts to the *white-livered* Hylotes."

STEEVENS.

What

What heir of York is there alive, but we[3]?
And who is England's king, but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the ſeas?

Stan. Unleſs for that, my liege, I cannot gueſs.

K. Rich. Unleſs for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot gueſs wherefore the Welſhman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege[4]; therefore miſtruſt me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the weſtern ſhore,
Safe-cónducting the rebels from their ſhips?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: What do they in the north,
When they ſhould ſerve their ſovereign in the weſt?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king:
Pleaſeth your majeſty to give me leave,
I'll muſter up my friends; and meet your grace,
Where, and what time, your majeſty ſhall pleaſe.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldſt be gone to join with Richmond:
I will not truſt you, ſir[5].

Stan. Moſt mighty ſovereign,
You have no cauſe to hold my friendſhip doubtful;
I never was, nor never will be falſe.

K. Rich. Well, go, muſter men. But, hear you, leave behind
Your ſon, George Stanley: look your heart be firm,
Or elſe his head's aſſurance is but frail.

3 *What heir of York is there alive, but we?*] Richard aſks this queſtion in the plenitude of power, and no one dares to anſwer him. But they whom he addreſſes, had they not been intimidated, might have told him, that there was a male heir of the houſe of York alive, who had a better claim to the throne than he; Edward earl of Warwick, the only ſon of the Uſurper's elder brother, George duke of Clarence; and Elizabeth, the eldeſt daughter of Edward IV, and all her ſiſters, had a better title than either of them. MALONE.

4 *No, mighty liege;*] So the quarto. Folio: No, *my good lord.* MALONE.

5 *I will not truſt you, ſir.*] So the quarto. Folio: But I'll not truſt thee. MALONE.

Stan.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.
[*Exit* STANLEY.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My gracious ſovereign, now in Devonſhire,
As I by friends am well advertiſed,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
Biſhop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Meſſenger.

2. *Meſ.* In Kent, my liege, the Guilfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors [6]
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows ſtrong.

Enter another Meſſenger.

3. *Meſ.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham—
K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but ſongs of death?
[*He ſtrikes him.*
There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.
3. *Meſ.* The news I have to tell your majeſty [*],
Is,—that, by ſudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is diſpers'd and ſcatter'd;
And he himſelf wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.
K. Rich. O, I cry you mercy:
There is my purſe, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-adviſed friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?
3. *Meſ.* Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Meſſenger.

4. *Meſ.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dorſet,
'Tis ſaid, my liege, in Yorkſhire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your highneſs,—
The Bretagne navy is diſpers'd by tempeſt:
Richmond, in Dorſetſhire, ſent out a boat
Unto the ſhore, to aſk thoſe on the banks,

[6] *—more competitors*] More aſſociates. See Vol. VII. p. 445, n. 7. MALONE.

[*] *The news I have, &c.*] So the folio. The quarto reads:
Your grace miſtakes; the news I bring is good;
My news is, &c. MALONE.

If

If they were his aſſiſtants, yea, or no;
Who anſwered him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, miſtruſting them,
Hois'd ſail, and made his courſe again for Bretagne[7].

K. Rich. March on, march on, ſince we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down theſe rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the beſt news; That the earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford[8],
Is colder news, but yet they muſt be told[9].

7 —*and made his courſe again for Brttagne.*] Henry Tudor earl of Richmond, the eldeſt ſon of Edmund of Hadham earl of Richmond, (who was half-brother to King Henry VI.) by Margaret, the only daughter of John the firſt duke of Somerſet, who was grandſon to John of Gaunt duke of Lancaſter, was carried by his uncle Jaſper earl of Pembroke immediately after the battle of Tewkſbury into Britany, where he was kept in a kind of honourable cuſtody by the duke of Bretagne, and where he remained till the year 1484, when he made his eſcape and fled for protection to the French court. Being conſidered at that time as neareſt in blood to King Henry VI. all the Lancaſtrian party looked up to him even in the life-time of King Edward IV. who was extremely jealous of him; and after Richard *uſurped* the throne, they with more confidence ſupported Richmond's claim. The claim of Henry duke of Buckingham was in ſome reſpects inferior to that of Richmond; for he was deſcended by his mother from Edmund the ſecond duke of Somerſet, the younger brother of duke John; by his father from Thomas duke of Gloſter, the younger brother of John of Gaunt: but whatever priority the earl of Richmond might claim by his mother, he could not plead any title through his father, who in fact had no Lancaſtrian blood whatſoever: nor was his maternal title of the pureſt kind, for John the firſt earl of Somerſet was an illegitimate ſon of John of Gaunt. MALONE.

8 —*landed at Milford,*] The earl of Richmond embarked with about 2000 men at Harfleur in Normandy, Auguſt 1ſt, 1485, and landed at Milford Haven on the 7th. He directed his courſe to Wales, hoping the Welch would receive him cordially, as their countryman, he having been born at Pembroke, and his grandfather being Owen Tudor, who married Catharine of France, the widow of King Henry V. MALONE.

9 —they *muſt be told.*] This was the language of Shakſpeare's time, when the word *news* was often conſidered as plural. See Vol. VII. p. 425, n. *.

All the modern editors, however, read—*it* muſt be told. MALONE.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury; while we reason here[1],
A royal battle might be won and lost:—
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury;—the rest march on with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in Lord Stanley's *House.*

Enter STANLEY, *and Sir* Christopher URSWICK.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me[2]:—
That, in the sty of this most bloody boar,
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that withholds my present aid[3].
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chri. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.

Stan. What men of name resort to him?

Chri. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many other of great fame and worth:

1 —*while we reason here,*] i. e. while we *talk* here. See Vol. III. p. 44, n. 1. MALONE.

2 *Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:—*] The person, who is called sir Christopher here, and who has been stiled so in the *Dramatis Personæ* of all the impressions, I find by the chronicles to have been Christopher Urswick, a bachelor in divinity; and chaplain to the countess of Richmond, who had intermarried with the lord Stanley. This priest, the history tells us, frequently went backwards and forwards, unsuspected, on messages betwixt the countess of Richmond, and her husband, and the young earl of Richmond, whilst he was preparing to make his descent on England. THEOBALD.

Formerly the title of *Sir* was frequently given to clergymen. See Vol. I. p. 191, n. 2; and Vol. III. p. 188, n. 9. MALONE.

3 —*my present aid.*] Thus the quarto. After these words three lines are added in the folio, in substance the same as the first three lines of Stanley's concluding speech. Instead of the concluding speech of the quarto, which is here followed, the folio reads thus:

Well, hie to thy lord; I kiss his hand;
My letter will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell. MALONE.

And

And towards London do they bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord; commend me to him;
Tell him, the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve him of my mind.
Farewel. [*gives papers to sir* Christopher. *Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Salisbury. *An open Place.*

Enter the Sheriff, *and Guard, with* BUCKINGHAM, *led to execution.*

Buck. Will not king Richard let me speak with him [3]?

Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,
Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice;
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!—
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.
This is the day, which, in king Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wife's allies:
This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall

3 *Will not king Richard let me speak with him?*] The reason why the duke of Buckingham solicited an interview with the king, is explained in *K. Henry VIII.* Act I:

"—— *I would have play'd*
"*The part my father meant to act upon*
"*The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,*
"*Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,*
"*As he made semblance of his duty, would*
"*Have put his knife into him.*" STEEVENS.

4 By

By the falſe faith of him whom moſt I truſted;
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful ſoul,
Is the determin'd reſpite of my wrongs[4].
That high All-ſeer which I dally'd with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earneſt what I begg'd in jeſt.
Thus doth he force the ſwords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their maſters' boſoms:
Thus Margaret's curſe falls heavy on my neck,—
When he, quoth ſhe, *ſhall ſplit thy heart with ſorrow,*
Remember Margaret was a propheteſs.—
Come, ſirs, convey me to the block of ſhame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame[5].
[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM, *&c.*

SCENE II.

Plain near Tamworth.

Enter, with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD[6], *Sir* James BLUNT[7], *Sir* Walter HERBERT, *and Others, with forces, marching.*

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my moſt loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus

4 *Is the determin'd* reſpite *of my wrongs.*] Hanmer has rightly explained it, the time to which the puniſhment of his wrongs was *reſpited.*

Wrongs in this line means *wrong* done; injurious practices.
JOHNSON.

5 —*blame the due of blame.*] This ſcene ſhould, in my opinion, be added to the foregoing act; ſo the fourth act will have a more full and ſtriking concluſion, and the fifth act will compriſe the buſineſs of the important day, which put an end to the competition of York and Lancaſter. Some of the quarto editions are not divided into acts, and it is probable, that this and many other plays were left by the authour in one unbroken continuity, and afterwards diſtributed by chance, or what ſeems to have been a guide very little better, by the judgment or caprice of the firſt editors. JOHNSON.

6 —*Oxford,*—] John de Vere earl of Oxford, a zealous Lancaſtrian, who after a long confinement in Hames Caſtle in Picardy, eſcaped

Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms [8],—this foul swine
Lies now [9] even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords [1],
To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear;
Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march:
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
[*Exeunt.*

escaped from thence in 1484, and joined the earl of Richmond at Paris. He commanded the Archers at the battle of Bosworth. MALONE.

7 —*Sir James Blunt,*—] He had been captain of the Castle of Hames, and assisted the earl of Oxford in his escape. MALONE.

8 —*embowell'd bosoms,*—] Exenterated; ripped up. JOHNSON.

9 Lies *now*—] i. e. sojourns. See Vol. V. p. 365, n. 9. For *lies*, the reading of the quarto, the editors of the folio, probably not understanding the term, substituted—*Is*. See p. 596, n. 4. MALONE.

1 —*conscience is a thousand swords,*] Alluding to the old adage, "*Conscientia mille testes.*" BLACKSTONE.

Thus the quarto. The folio reads—a thousand *men*. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Bosworth *Field.*

Enter King RICHARD, *and forces; the Duke of* NORFOLK, *Earl of* SURREY, *and Others.*

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.—
My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk,—
Nor. Here, most gracious liege.
K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; Ha! must we not?
Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Up with my tent: Here will I lie to-night;
[*Soldiers begin to set up the king's tent.*
But where, to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that.—
Who hath descry'd the number of the traitors?
Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account[2];
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.—
Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground;—
Call for some men of sound direction[3]:—
Let's want no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

[2] —*our battalia trebles that account:*] Richmond's forces are said to have been only five thousand; and Richard's army consisted of about twelve thousand men. But lord Stanley lay at a small distance with three thousand men, and Richard may be supposed to have reckoned on them as his friends, though the event proved otherwise. MALONE.

[3] —*sound direction:*] True judgment; tried military skill. JOHNSON.

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, *Sir* WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, *and other lords*[4]. *Some of the soldiers pitch* RICHMOND'S *Tent.*

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his firy car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—
Give me some ink and paper[5] in my tent;—
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.
My lord of Oxford,—you, sir William Brandon,—
And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me:—
The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment;—
Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent:—
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;
Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done,)
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful note.

4 — *Oxford, and other lords*—] The direction in the folio, is—"Enter Richmond and Sir William Brandon, Oxford and *Dorset*." In the quarto only, "Enter Richmond, with the *lordes*. This is one of numerous proofs that many of the alterations in the folio edition of this play were made by the players, and not by Shakspeare; for Shakspeare had been informed by Holinshed that *Dorset* was not at the battle of Bosworth; Richmond before his leaving Paris having borrowed a sum of money from the French king, Charles the Eighth, and having left the marquis of Dorset and Sir John Bouchier as hostages for the payment. MALONE.

5 *Give me some ink and paper*—] Thus the folio. In the quarto, this and the three following lines are introduced lower down immediately before the words—"Come, gentlemen, let us consult," &c. MALONE.

Blunt.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!
Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
In to my tent, the air is raw[6] and cold.
[*They withdraw into the tent.*

Enter, to his tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, *and* CATESBY.

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?
Cate. It's supper time, my lord;
It's nine o'clock[7].
K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—
Give me some ink and paper.—
What, is my beaver easier than it was?—
And all my armour laid into my tent?
Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.
K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.
Nor. I go, my lord.
K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*
K. Rich. Ratcliff,—
Rat. My lord?
K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.—
Fill me a bowl of wine:—Give me a watch[8]:—
[*To* Catesby.
Saddle

6 — *the* air *is raw*—] So the quarto. Folio—the *dew*. MALONE.

7 *It's* nine *o'clock.*] So the folio. The quarto reads—It is *six* of the clock; full supper time. MALONE.

8 *Give me a* watch:] A *watch* has many significations, but I should believe that it means in this place not a sentinel, which would be regularly placed at the king's tent; nor an instrument to measure time, which was not used in that age; but a watch-light, a candle to burn by him; the light that afterwards *burnt blue*; yet a few lines after, he says:

Bid my guard watch,—

 which

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow [7].—
Look that my staves be found, and not too heavy [8].
Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northumberland [9]?

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,

which leaves it doubtful whether *watch* is not here a sentinel. JOHNSON.

The word *give* shews, I think, that a *watch-light* was intended. Cole has in his Dictionary, 1679, *Watch-candle*. MALONE.

A *watch*, i. e. guard, would certainly be placed about a royal tent, without any request of the king concerning it.

I believe, therefore, that particular kind of candle is here meant, which was anciently called a *watch*, because, being marked out into sections, each of which was a certain portion of time in burning, it supplied the place of the more modern instrument by which we measure the hours. I have seen these candles represented with great nicety in some of the pictures of Albert Durer.

Barret, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, mentions *watching* lamps or candles. So, in *Love in a Maze*, 1632: "—slept always with a *watching* candle." Again, in *Albumazar*, 1614: "Sit up all night like a *watching* candle." STEEVENS.

Lord Bacon mentions a species of light called an *all-night*, which is a wick set in the middle of a large cake of wax. JOHNSON.

7 *Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.*—] So, in Holinshed, p. 754: "—he was mounted on a great *white courser*," &c. STEEV.

8 *Look, that my staves be found, and not too heavy.*] *Staves* are the wood of the lances. JOHNSON.

As it was usual to carry more lances than one into the field, the lightness of them was an object of consequence. *Hall* informs us, that at the justs in honour of the marriage of Mary, the younger sister of king Henry VIII. with the king of France, "a gentleman called Anthony Bownarme came into the feld all armed, and on his body brought in sight x speres, that is to wyt, ii speres set in every styroppe forward, and under every thigh ii spere, upwarde, and under his left arme was on spere backward, and the 10th in his hand," &c. STEEVENS.

9 —*the melancholy lord Northumberland?*] Richard calls him *melancholy*, because he did not join heartily in his cause. "Henry the fourth earle of Northumberland," says Hollinshed, "whether it was by the commandement of King Richarde putting diffidence in him, or he did it for the love and favour he bare unto the earle [of Richmond], stood still with a great company, and intermixed not in the battaile, which was [after the battle] incontinently received into favour, and made of the counsayle." MALONE.

Much

Much about cock-shut time [1], from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. I am satisfy'd. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit [2],
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—
So, set it down [*].—Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.
About the mid of night, come to my tent
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.

[*K. Richard retires into his tent. Exeunt* Ratcliff, *and* Catesby.

Richmond's *Tent opens, and discovers him, and his officers, &c.*

Enter Stanley.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

[1] *Much about* cock-shut *time,*] Ben Jonson uses the same expression in one of his entertainments:

"For you would not yesternight,
"Kiss him in the *cock-shut* light."

Again, in the *Widow*, by Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton, 1652: "Come away then: a fine *cockshut* evening." Steevens.

Cockshut time, i. e. twilight. In Mr. Whalley's note upon *Ben Jonson*, Vol. V. p. 204, "*Cockshut* is said to be a net to catch woodcocks; and as the time of taking them in this manner is in the twilight, either after sun-set or before its rising, *cockshut* light may very properly express the evening or the morning twilight." The particular form of such a net, and the manner of using it, is delineated and described in *Dictionarium Rusticum*, 2 vols. 8vo. 3d edit. 1726, under the word *cock-roads*. Tollet.

In a metrical performance (quoted by Mr. Steevens) entitled, *No whypping nor tripping, but a kind friendly snipping*, 1601, this net is mentioned:

"A silly honest creature may do well,
"To watch a *cocke-shoote*, or a limed bush." Malone.

[2] *I have not that alacrity of spirit, &c.*] So, in Holinshed, p. 775: "— not using the alacritie of mirth and mind and countenance as he was accustomed to doo before he came toward the battell." Steev.

[*] So, *set it down*.] The word *So* in the old copies stands at the beginning of the first line of this speech, caught perhaps by the compositor's eye glancing on the line below. Mr. Steevens made the emendation. In Richard's next speech the word *Ratcliff* is prefixed to the second line, but the metre shews that it was placed there by the negligence of the compositor. Malone.

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy perſon, noble father-in law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Stan. I, by attorney[3], bleſs thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that.—The ſilent hours ſteal on,
And flaky darkneſs breaks within the eaſt.
In brief, for ſo the ſeaſon bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody ſtrokes, and mortal ſtaring war[4].
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot,)
With beſt advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful ſhock of arms:
But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,
Leſt, being ſeen, thy brother tender George
Be executed[5] in his father's ſight.
Farewell: The leiſure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love[6],

And

3 —*by attorney*,—] By deputation. JOHNSON.

4 —*mortal* ſtaring *war.*] Thus the old copies. I ſuppoſe, by *ſtaring war* is meant—*war that looks big*. STEEVENS.

I ſuſpect the poet wrote—mortal-*ſcaring* war. MALONE.

5 *Leſt, being ſeen, thy brother tender George*
Be executed—] So Holinſhed after Hall: "When the ſaid lord Stanley would have departed into his country to viſit his familie, and to recreate and refreſhe his ſpirits, as he openly ſaid, (but the truth was to the intent to be in a perfite readineſſe to join the earle of Richmonde at his firſt arrival in Englande,) the king in no wiſe would ſuffer him to depart before he had left as an hoſtage in the court, George Stanley, lord Strange, his firſt begotten ſon and heir."—

"The lord Stanley lodged in the ſame town, [Stafford] and hearing that the earle of Richmond was marching thitherward, gave to him place, diſlodging him and his,—to avoid all ſuſpicion, being afraide leaſt if he ſhould be ſeen openly to be a factor or ayder to the earle, his ſon-in-law, before the day of battayle, that king Richard, which yet not utterly put him in diffidence and miſtruſt, would put to ſome evil death his ſon and heir apparent."

The young nobleman whom the poet calls George Stanley, was created Baron Strange, in right of his wife, by King Edward IV. in 1482. MALONE.

6 —*Th*[illegible] *and the fearful time*
Cut[illegible]*ceremonious vows of love*,] We have ſtill a phraſe equivale[illegible] this, however harſh it may ſeem, *I would do this, if*

leiſure

And ample interchange of ſweet diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſunder'd friends ſhould dwell upon;
God give us leiſure for theſe rites of love!
Once more, adieu:—Be valiant, and ſpeed well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I'll ſtrive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
Leſt leaden ſlumber peiſe me down to-morrow [7],
When I ſhould mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* Lords, *&c. with* STANLEY.

O Thou! whoſe captain I account myſelf,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruiſing irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh down with a heavy fall
The uſurping helmets of our adverſaries!
Make us thy miniſters of chaſtiſement,
That we may praiſe thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful ſoul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me ſtill! [*Sleeps.*

The Ghoſt [8] *of Prince* Edward, *ſon to* Henry *the Sixth, riſes between the two tents.*

Ghoſt. Let me ſit heavy on thy ſoul to-morrow!
[*to K.* Richard.
Think, how thou ſtab'dſt me in my prime of youth
At

leiſure *would permit,* where *leiſure,* as in this paſſage, ſtands for *want of* leiſure. So, again:

——*More than I have ſaid,*—
The leiſure *and enforcement of the time*
Forbids to dwell upon. JOHNSON.

7 *Leſt leaden ſlumber* peiſe *me down to-morrow,*] So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"Now *leaden ſlumber* with life's ſtrength doth fight."
MALONE.

To *peize,* i. e. to *weigh down,* from *peſer,* Fr. I find the word in the old play of *The Reigne of K. Edward III.* 1596:

"And *peize* their deeds with heavy weight of lead." STEEV.

8 *The Ghoſt,* &c.] Mr. Steevens has here quoted a paſſage from Nichols's *Legend of King Richard III.* inſerted in *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates,*

At Tewksbury; Despair therefore, and die!—
Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

Magistrates, and another from the 22d Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, both descriptive of the visions supposed to have been seen by Richard the night before the battle of Bosworth. He adds the following observation:

"It is not unpleasant to trace the progress of a poetical idea. Some of our oldest historians had informed us that king Richard was much disturbed in his dreams. The author of a metrical legend, [Nichols] who follows next in succession, proceeds to tell us the quality of these ominous visions. A poet [Drayton] who takes up the story, goes further, and acquaints us with the names of those who are supposed to have appeared in them; and last of all comes the dramatick writer, who brings the phantoms, speaking in their particular characters, on the stage."

The annotations of my ingenious predecessor seldom require animadversion or revision; but I am here obliged to remark, as I did on a former occasion, where the learned Bishop of Worcester had made a similar attempt to trace a thought from one poet to another, [See Vol. V. p. 397, n. 4.] that this supposed progress of a poetical idea is in the present instance merely imaginary, as a few dates will at once demonstrate. Shakspeare's *K. Richard III.* was printed in 1597. Nichols's *Legend of King Richard III.* first appeared in that edition of *The Mirrour for Magistrates* which was published in 1610, thirteen years after our authour's play had appeared; and the 22d Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* was not published till twenty-five years after the tragedy of *King Richard III.* had been printed, that is, in 1622.

Our ancient historians have said more than that Richard was *disturbed by dreams*; they have mentioned the nature of them, and particularly of his dream on this night. The account given by Polydore Virgil, which was copied by Hall and Hollinshed, is as follows. "The fame went, that he had the same night [the night before the battle of Bosworth] a dreadful and a terrible dreame; for it seemed to him being aslepe, that he saw *diverse ymages like terrible devilles*, which pulled and haled him, not sufferynge him to take any quiet or reste. The which straunge vision not so sodaynly strake his heart with a sodayne feare, but it stuffed his head and troubled his mind with many busy and dreadful imaginations. And least that it might be suspected that he was abashed for fear of his enemies, and for that cause looked so piteously, he recited and declared to his familiar friends, of the morning, his *wonderfull vysion*, and fearefull dreame." I quote from Holinshed, because he was Shakspeare's authority.

Polydore Virgil, as I have already observed, began to write his history [illegible] after Richard's death. MALONE.

The

The Ghost of King Henry *the Sixth rises.*

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body [*to K.* Rich.
By thee was punched full of deadly holes:
Think on the Tower, and me; Despair, and die;
Harry the sixth bids thee despair and die!—
Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror! [*to* Richm.
Harry, that prophesy'd thou should'st be king [9],
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep; Live, and flourish.

The Ghost of Clarence *rises.*

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow! [*to K.* Rich.
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine [1],
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die!—
Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster, [*to* Richm.
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and flourish!

The Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, *and* Vaughan, *rise.*

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow, [*to K.* Rich.
Rivers, that dy'd at Pomfret! Despair, and die!
Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair! [*to K.* Rich.
Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die!— [*to K.* Rich.
All. Awake! and think, our wrongs in Richard's bosom [*to* Richm.
Will conquer him;—awake, and win the day!

9 *Harry, that prophesy'd thou should'st be king.*] This prophecy, to which this allusion is made, was uttered in one of the parts of *King Henry the Sixth.* JOHNSON.

See p. 359, n. 5. MALONE.

1 *— with fulsome wine.*] *Fulsome*, was sometimes used, I think, in the sense of *unctuous*. The wine in which the body of Clarence was thrown, was Malmsey. MALONE.

The Ghost of Hastings *rises.*

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake; [*to K.* Rich.
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on lord Hastings; and despair, and die!—
Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake! [*to* Richm.
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower;
Let us be lead within thy bosom[2], Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die.—
Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of Lady Anne *rises.*

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee[3],

Now

[2] *Let us be* lead *within thy bosom,*—] So, says Mr. Theobald, the quarto, 1597. The subsequent copies all have *laid*, instead of *lead*.

That there was an edition of this play printed in 1597, I have not the least doubt, (though none of the editors except Mr. Theobald have ever seen it,) because it was entered in the stationers' books in that year, and nearly at the same time with *K. Richard II.* by the same bookseller for whom an edition of that play was printed in 1597, which is still extant. It is, however, very remarkable, that Mr. Theobald should have profited in this single instance only, by that copy. Whenever it shall be discovered, it will, I am confident, if diligently collated, like every other *first* edition that I have seen, prove its superior value in other instances beside the present. MALONE.

[3] *That never slept a quiet hour with thee,*] Shakspeare was probably here thinking of Sir Thomas More's animated description of Richard, which Holinshed transcribed: "I have heard (says Sir Thomas) by credible report of such as were secret with his chamberlaine, that after this abominable deed done [the murder of his nephews] he never had quiet in his mind. He never thought himself sure where he went abroad; his eyes whirled about; his body privily fenced; his hand ever upon his dagger; his countenance and maner like one always readie to strike againe. *He tooke ill rest a-nights; lay long waking and musing, sore wearied with care and watch; rather slumbered than slept, troubled with fearfull dreames; soddainely sometime start up, leapt out of bed,*

... thy ſleep with perturbations:
... orrow in the battle think on me,
... fall thy edgeleſs ſword; Deſpair, and die!
Thou, quiet ſoul, ſleep thou a quiet ſleep; [*to* Richm.
Dream of ſucceſs and happy victory;
Thy adverſary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghoſt of Buckingham *riſes.*

Ghoſt. The firſt was I, that help'd thee to the crown; [*to K.* Rich.
The laſt was I, that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terrour of thy guiltineſs!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death;
Fainting, deſpair; deſpairing, yield thy breath!—
I dy'd for hope[4], ere I could lend thee aid: [*to* Richm.
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not diſmay'd:
God, and good angels, fight on Richmond's ſide;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghoſts vaniſh. K.* Richard *ſtarts out of his dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another horſe[5],—bind up my wounds,—
Have mercy, Jeſu!—Soft; I did but dream.—
O coward conſcience, how doſt thou afflict me!—
The lights burn blue[6].—Is it not dead midnight?
Cold

bed, and ran about the chamber; ſo was his reſtleſs heart continually toſt and tumbled with the tedious impreſſion and ſtormy remembrance of his abominable deede."

With ſuch a companion well might Anne ſay, that ſhe never *ſlept one quiet hour.* MALONE.

4 *I dy'd for* hope,] *I died for only having* hoped *to give you that aſſiſtance,* which I never had it in my power to afford you in reality. STEEVENS.

5 *Give me another horſe, &c.*] There is in this, as in many of our authour's ſpeeches of paſſion, ſomething very trifling, and ſomething very ſtriking. Richard's debate, whether he ſhould quarrel with himſelf, is too long continued, but the ſubſequent exaggeration of his crimes is truly tragical. JOHNSON.

6 *The lights burn blue.*] So, in Lyly's *Galathea*, 1592: "I thought there was ſome *ſpirit* in it becauſe it burnt ſo *blue*; for my mother would

Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No;—Yes; I am:
Then fly,—What, from myself? Great reason: Why?
Lest I revenge. What? Myself upon myself?
Alack I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no: alas, I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain: Yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well;—Fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree,
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!
I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;
And, if I die, no soul will pity me:—
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.
Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd [7]
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

would often tell me, when the *candle burnt blue*, there was some ill *spirit* in the house." It was anciently supposed that fire was a preservative against evil spirits; "because," (says Nash, in *Pierce Pennilesse's Supplication to the Devill*, 1592) "when any spirit appeareth, the lights by little and little goe out as it were of their own accord, and *the takers* are by degrees extinguished." The *takers* are the spirits who blast or take. So, in *King Lear*:

"——— strike her young bones,
"Ye taking airs, with lameness!" STEEVENS.

7 *Methought, the souls, &c.*] These lines stand with so little propriety at the end of this speech, that I cannot but suspect them to be misplaced. Where then shall they be inserted? Perhaps after these words:

Fool, do not flatter. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord,—

K. Rich. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream![8]—
What think'st thou? will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
'Tis not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear, if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt* K. RICHARD, *and* RATCLIFF.

Richmond *wakes.* *Enter* OXFORD, *and Others.*

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richm. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cry'd—On! victory!
I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

[8] *O, Ratcliff,* &c.] This and the two following lines are omitted in the folio. Yet Ratcliff is there permitted to say—"be not afraid of *shadows*," though Richard's dream has not been mentioned: an additional proof of what has been already suggested in p. 596, n. 4. MALONE.

Richm.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.— [*He advances to the troops.*
More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: Yet remember this,—
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;
Richard except, those, whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means[9] to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair[1], where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;

9 *One that made means*—] To *make means* was, in Shakspeare's time, always used in an unfavourable sense, and signified—*to come at any thing by indirect practices.* STEEVENS.

1 —*by the foil Of England's chair,*] It is plain that *foil* cannot here mean that of which the obscurity recommends the brightness of the diamond. It must mean the leaf *(feuille)* or thin plate of metal in which the stone is set. JOHNSON.

Nothing has been, or is still more common, than to put a bright-coloured foil under a cloudy or low-priced stone. The same allusion is common to many writers. So, in a Song published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"False stones by *foiles* have many one abus'd." STEEVENS.

England's *chair* means England's *throne*. *Set* is used equivocally. MALONE.

If

... free your children from the sword,
...r childrens' children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords:
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt[2]
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;
God, and saint George! Richmond, and victory[3]!
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, *Attendants, and Forces.*

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth: And what said Surrey then?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i'the right; and so, indeed, it is.
[*Clock strikes.*
Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—
Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,
He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:

[2] —*the ransom of my bold attempt*—] The *fine* paid by me in atonement for my rashness shall be my dead corpse. JOHNSON.

[3] *God, and saint George!*] *Saint George* was the common cry of the English soldiers when they charged the enemy. The author of the old *Arte of Warre*, printed in the latter end of queen Elizabeth's reign, formally enjoins the use of this cry among his military laws, p. 84.

"*Item*, that all souldiers entring into battaile, assault, skirmish, or other faction of armes, shall have for their common cry and word, *Saint George, forward, or upon them, saint George*, whereby the souldiour is much comforted, and the enemy dismaied by calling to minde the ancient valour of England, which with that name has so often been victorious; and therefore he, who upon any *sinister zeale*, shall *maliciously* omit so fortunate a name, shall be *severely punished* for his obstinate *erroneous* heart, and perverse mind." T. WARTON.

A black day will it be to somebody.—
Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would, these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven,
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle;—Caparison my horse;—
Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:—
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length[4],
Consisting equally of horse and foot;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst:
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main battle; whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and saint George to boot[5]!—What think'st thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.
This found I on my tent this morning. [*giving a scrowl.*

4 *My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,*] So Holinshed: "King Richard havyng all thinges in a readiness went forth with the army out of his tentes, and began to set his men in aray: first *the forward set forth a marvellous length, both of horsemen and also of footemen,*—and to the formost part of all the bowmen as a strong fortresse for them that came after; and over this John duke of Norfolk was head captain. After him followed the king with a mighty sort of men."
The words *out all* were added by Mr. Theobald, to supply the defective metre of this line. MALONE.

5 *This, and St. George to boot!*] That is, this is the order of our battle, which promises success; and over and above this, is the protection of our patron saint. JOHNSON.

To boot is (as I conceive) to help, and not *over and above.* HAWKINS.

Rich. *Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold*[6], [reads.
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold[7].
A thing devised by the enemy.—
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls[8];
Conscience is but a word[*] that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe;
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—
What shall I say more than I have infer'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;—
A sort of vagabonds[9], rascals, and run-aways,

6 — *be not* too *bold*,] The quarto 1598, and folio, read—*so* bold. But it was certainly an errour of the press: for in both Hall and Holinshed, the words are given as in the text. MALONE.

7 — Dickon *thy master*, &c.] *Diccon* is the ancient abbreviation of *Richard*. In *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, 1575, *Diccon* is the name of the Beldam. In the words—*bought and sold*, I believe, there is somewhat proverbial. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

" It would make a man as mad as a buck, to be so *bought and sold*." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Mortimeriados*, a poem by Michael Drayton, no date:

" Is this the kindnes that thou offerest me?
" And in thy country am I *bought and sold*?"

Again, in Skelton's *Colin Clout*, 1568:

" T[illegible]lacy is *sold and bought*,
" [illegible] come up of nought."

Again, in Bacon's History of K. Henry VII: " — all the news ran upon the duke of Yorke, that he had been entertained in Ireland, *bought and sold* in France," &c.—The same expression occurs again in *King John*, Act V. and in *Troilus and Cressida*. It seems to have signified that some *foul play* has been used. The foul play alluded to here, was Stanley's desertion. MALONE.

8 *Let not our babbling dreams*, &c.] I suspect these six lines to be an interpolation; but if Shakspeare was really guilty of them in his first draught, he probably intended to leave them out when he substituted the much more proper harangue that follows. TYRWHITT.

* *Conscience is* but *a word*—] So the quarto 1598. *But* being accidentally omitted in a later quarto, the editor of the folio supplied the omission by reading—*For* conscience is a word, &c. MALONE.

9 *A* sort *of vagabonds*,] A *sort*, that is, a *company*, a *collection*. JOHNSON.

See the concluding words of n. 4, p. 610; and Vol. II. p. 496, n. 3. MALONE.

A scum of Britons, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate adventures and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,
They would restrain the one [1], distain the other.
And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Britaine at our mother's cost [2]?

A milk-

[1] *They would* restrain *the one,*] i. e. they would lay *restrictions* on the possession of your lands; impose eruditions on the proprietors of them. Dr. Warburton for *restrain* substituted *distrain*, which has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. "To *distrain*," says he, "is to *seize upon*;" but to distrain is not to *seize* generally, but to seize goods, cattle, &c. for non payment of rent, or for the purpose of enforcing the process of courts. The *restrictions* likely to be imposed by a conquering enemy on lands, are imposts, contributions, &c. or absolute confiscation.—"And if he [Henry earl of Richmond] should atchieve his false intent and purpose," (says Richard in his circular letter sent to the Sheriffs of the several counties in England on this occasion, *Paston Letters*, II. 321,) "every man's life, livelihood, and goods, shall be in his hands, liberty, and disposition." MALONE.

[2] *Long kept in Britaine at our* mother's *cost.*] Henry Earl of Richmond was long confined in the court of the duke of Britaine, and supported there by Charles duke of Burgundy, who was *brother*-in-law to King Richard. Hence Mr. Theobald justly observed that *mother* in the text was not conformable to the fact. But Shakspeare, as Dr. Farmer has observed, was led into this errour by Holinshed, where he found the following passage in an oration which Hall, in imitation of the ancient historians, invented, and exhibited as having been spoken by the king to his soldiers before the battle of Bosworth:

"You see further how a companie of traitors, thieves, outlaws, and runagates, be aiders and partakers of this feate and enterprize.——And to begin with the erle of Richmond, captaine of this rebellion, he is a Welch milksop,—brought up by my *mother's* cost and mine, like a captive in a close cage in the court of Francis duke of Britaine." p. 759.

"Holinshed," Dr. Farmer adds, "copies this *verbatim* from his brother chronicler Hall, edit. 1548, fol. 54; but his printer has given us by accident the word *mother* instead of *brother*; as it is in the original, and ought to be in Shakspeare."

If, says a Remarker, *it ought to be so in Shakspeare*, why stop at this correction, and why not in *K. Henry V.* print *præcarissimus* instead of *præclarissimus*? [See Vol. V. p. 602, n. 8.] And indeed if *brother* is to be substituted for *mother* here, there can be no reason why all other [illegible] errours should not be corrected in like manner.

But

-sop, one that never in his life
.o much cold as over shoes in snow?
.. t's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves:
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Britons; whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.

[*Drum afar off.*

But the Remarker misunderstood Dr. Farmer's words, which only mean—as it is in the original, and *as Shakspeare ought to have writ-ten*. Dr. Farmer did not say—"as it ought to be *printed* in Shak-speare."

In all the other places where Shakspeare has been led into errours by mistakes of the press, or by false translations, his text has been very properly exhibited as he wrote it; for it is not the business of an edi-tor to new-write his authour's works. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV. sc. i. we have—"Let the old ruffian know, *I* have many other ways to die;" though we know the sense of the passage in Plu-tarch there copied is,—that "*he* [the old ruffian] hath many other ways to die." Again, in *Julius Cæsar*, Antony is still permitted to say, that Cæsar had left the Roman people his arbours and orchards "on *this* side Tyber," though it ought to be—"on *that* side Ty-ber:" both which mistakes Shakspeare was led into by the ambiguity and inaccuracy of the old translation of Plutarch.

In like manner in *K. Henry V. præclarissimus* is exhibited as it was written by Shakspeare, instead of *præcarissimus*; and in the same play I have followed our authour in printing in p. 459, Lewis the *tenth*, though Lewis the *ninth* was the person meant: an errour into which he was led, as in the present instance, by a mistake of the press.

For all such inaccuracies the poet, and not his editor, is responsible: and in the passage now under our consideration more particularly the text ought not to be disturbed, because it ascertains a point of some moment; namely that Holinshed, and not Hall, was the historian that Shakspeare followed. Of how much consequence this is, the reader may ascertain by turning to the *Dissertation on the plays of K. Hen-ry VI.* where this circumstance, if I do not deceive myself, contributes not a little in addition to the other proofs there adduced, to settle a long agitated question, and to shew that these plays were *re-written* by Shakspeare, and not his *original* composition. MALONE.

 Fight,

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen*!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves[2]!—

Enter a Messenger.

What says lord Stanley? will he bring his power?
Mes. My lord, he doth deny to come.
K. Rich. Off with his son George's head.
Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh[3];
After the battle let George Stanley die.
K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
Advance our standards[4], set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

* —*fight* bold *yeomen!*] The old copies, by an apparent errour of the press, have *boldly*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

2 *Amaze the* welkin *with your broken staves!*] That is, *fright the skies with the shivers of your lances.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:
"Now by the marble face of the *welkin*."
The same idea is more tamely expressed in W. Smith's *Palsgrave*, 1615:
"Spears flew in splinters half the way to heaven." STEEVENS.

3 —*the enemy is pass'd the* marsh;] There was a large marsh in Bosworth plain between the two armies. Henry pass'd it, and made such a disposition of his forces that it served to protect his right wing. By this movement he gained also another point, that his men should engage with the sun behind them, and in the faces of his enemies: a matter of great consequence when bows and arrows were in use. MALONE.

4 *Advance our standards*,] So Holinshed after Hall: "—like valiant champions advance forth your standardes, and assay whether your enemies can decide and try the title of battaile by dint of sword; avaunce, I say again, forward, my captaines.—Now Saint George to borrow, let us set forward." MALONE.

SCENE IV.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter NORFOLK, *and forces; to him* CATESBY.

Cate. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger[5];
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse[6]!

5 *Daring an opposite to every danger*;] Perhaps the poet wrote:
Daring and opposite to every danger. TYRWHITT.

Perhaps the following passage in Chapman's version of the eighth book of Homer's *Odyssey* may countenance the old reading:
" —— a most dreadful fight
" *Daring against him.*" STEEVENS.

The old reading is perhaps right *An opposite* is frequently used by Shakspeare and the contemporary writers, for *an adversary*. So, in *Twelfth Night*: " —your *opposite* hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal." Again: " —and his *opposite* the youth, bears in his visage no presage of cruelty." So, in *Blurt Mr Constable*, a comedy by Middleton, 1602: " —to strengthen us against all *opposites*." The sense then should seem to be, that king Richard enacts wonders, *daring the adversary he meets with to every danger attending single combat*. MALONE.

6 *A horse! a horse!* &c.] In the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594, the Moor calls out in the same manner:
" A horse, a horse, villain, a horse!
" That I may take the river strait, and fly!
" —— Here is a horse, my lord,
" As swiftly pac'd as Pegasus.

This passage in Shakspeare appears to have been imitated by several of the old writers, if not stolen. So, Heywood, in the Second Part of his *Iron Age*, 1632:
" —— a horse! a horse!
" Ten kingdoms, for a horse to enter Troy!" STEEVENS.

Marston seems to have imitated this line in his *Satires*, 1599:
" A man, a man, a kingdom for a man!"

In his *What you will*, 1607, (as Mr. Reed has observed) he has quoted Shakspeare's line *verbatim*. MALONE.

Cate. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horſe.
K. Rich. Slave, I have ſet my life upon a caſt,
And I will ſtand the hazard of the dye:
I think, there be ſix Richmonds in the field;
Five have I ſlain to-day, inſtead of him[7]:—
A horſe! a horſe! my kingdom for a horſe[8]! [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter King RICHARD *and* RICHMOND; *and exeunt fighting. Retreat, and flouriſh. Then enter* RICHMOND, STANLEY, *bearing the crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.*

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends;
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.
Stan. Courageous Richmond, well haſt thou acquit thee!
Lo, here, theſe long-uſurped royalties,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

[7] *Five have I ſlain to-day, inſtead of him:*—] Shakſpeare had employed this incident with hiſtorical propriety in the firſt Part of *King Henry IV.* STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare had good ground for this poetical exaggeration. Richard, according to Polydore Virgil, was determined, if poſſible, to engage with Richmond in ſingle combat. For this purpoſe he rode furiouſly to that quarter of the field where the earl was; attacked his ſtandard-bearer, Sir William Brandon, and killed him; then aſſaulted Sir John Cheny, whom he overthrew: having thus at length cleared his way to his antagoniſt, he engaged in ſingle combat with him, and probably would have been victorious, but that at that inſtant Sir William Stanley with three thouſand men joined Richmond's army, and the royal forces fled with great precipitation. Richard was ſoon afterwards overpowered by numbers, and fell, fighting bravely to the laſt moment. MALONE.

[8] *A horſe! a horſe!* &c.] Some inquiry hath been made for the firſt performers of the capital characters of Shakſpeare.

We learn, that Burbage, the *alter Roſcius* of Camden, was the original Richard, from a paſſage in the poems of biſhop Corbet; who introduces his hoſt at Boſworth deſcribing the battle:

"But when he would have ſaid king Richard died,
And call'd *a horſe, a horſe,* he Burbage cried." FARMER.

Rich.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say, amen, to all!—
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and sir William Brandon.

Richm. Interr their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament[9],
We will unite the white rose and the red:—
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—
What traitor hears me, and says not,—amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire;
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided, in their dire division[1].—
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be so,)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!

9 —*as we have ta'en the sacrament,*] So, in Holinshed, p. 745: "The earle himselfe first tooke a corporall oth on his honor, promising that incontinent after he shuld be possessed of the crowne and dignitie of the realme of England, he would be conjoined in matrimonie with the ladie Elizabeth, daughter to king Edward the fourth." STEEVENS.

1 *All this divided York and Lancaster,*
Divided, in their dire division.—] I think the passage will be somewhat improved by a slight alteration:

All that *divided York and Lancaster,*
Divided in their dire division,
O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together.

Let them *unite all that* York and Lancaster divided. JOHNSON.

Abate

Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again;
That she may long live here, God say—Amen[2]! [*Exeunt.*

[2] This is one of the most celebrated of our authour's performances; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him as to others, to be praised most, when praise is not most deserved. That this play has scenes noble in themselves, and very well contrived to strike in the exhibition, cannot be denied. But some parts are trifling, others shocking, and some improbable. JOHNSON.

I agree entirely with Dr. Johnson in thinking that this play from its first exhibition to the present hour has been estimated greatly beyond its merit. From the many allusions to it in books of that age, and the great number of editions it passed through, I suspect it was more often represented and more admired than any of our authour's tragedies. Its popularity perhaps in some measure arose from the detestation in which Richard's character was justly held, which must have operated more strongly on those whose grand-fathers might have lived near his time; and from its being patronized by the queen on the throne, who probably was not a little pleased at seeing King Henry VII. placed in the only favourable light in which he could have been exhibited on the scene. MALONE.

P. 3. *The Life and Death of King Richard the Third.*] The oldest known edition of this tragedy is printed for Andrew Wise, 1597: but Harrington, in his *Apologie of Poetrie*, written 1590, and prefixed to the translation of *Ariosto*, says, that a tragedy of *Richard the Third* had been acted at Cambridge. His words are, "For tragedies, to omit other famous tragedies, that which was played at St. John's in Cambridge, of *Richard the Third*, would move, I think, Phalaris the tyrant, and terrifie all tyrannous minded men," &c. T. WARTON.

It appears from the following passage in the preface to Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1596, that a Latin tragedy of *King Richard III.* had been acted at Trinity college, Cambridge: "—or his fellow codshead, that in the Latine tragedy of *K. Richard*, cried—*Ad urbs, ad urbs, ad urbs*, when his whole part was no more than—*Urbs, urbs, ad arma, ad arma.*" STEEVENS.

The play on this subject mentioned by sir John Harrington in his *Apologie for Poetrie*, 1591, and sometimes mistaken for Shakspeare's, was a Latin one, written by Dr. Legge; and acted at St. John's in our university, some years before 1588, the date of the copy in the Museum. This appears from a better MS. in our library at Emmanuel, with the names of the original performers.

A childish

childish imitation of Dr. Legge's play was written by one Lacy, 1633; which had not been worth mentioning, were they not confounded by Mr. Capell. FARMER.

The Latin play of Richard III. (Mss. *Harl.* n. 6926,) has the author's name,—Henry Lacey, and is dated—1586. TYRWHITT.

Heywood, in his *Actor's Vindication*, mentions the play of *King Richard III.* "acted in St. John's Cambridge, so essentially, that had the tyrant *Phalaris* beheld his bloody proceedings, it had mollified his heart, and made him relent at sight of his inhuman massacres." And in the bookes of the Stationers' Company, June 19, 1594, Thomas Creede made the following entry. "An enterlude, intitled the tragedie of *Richard the Third*, wherein is shown the deathe of Edward the Fourthe, with the smotheringe of the two princes in the Tower, with the lamentable ende of Shore's wife, and the contention of the two houses of Lancaster and Yorke." This could not have been the work of Shakspeare, unless he afterwards dismissed the death of Jane Shore, as an unnecessary incident, when he revised the play. Perhaps, however, it might be some translation of Lacey's play, at the end of the first act of which is, "The showe of the procession. 1. Tipstaffe. 2. *Shore's wife* in her petticote, having a taper burning in her hande. 3. The Verger. 4. Queristers. 5. Singingmen. 6. Prebendary. 7. Bishoppe of London. 8. Citizens." There is likewise a Latin song sung on this occasion in MS. Harl. 2412.

STEEVENS.

The English *King Richard III.* which was entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and which, it may be presumed, had been exhibited some years before, was probably written by the authour of *The Contention of the two houses of Yorke and Lancaster.* MALONE.

ACT III. SCENE I. p. 520.

THUS like the formal vice, Iniquity, &c.] As this corrupt reading in the common books hath occasioned our saying something of the barbarities of theatrical representations amongst us before the time of Shakspeare, it may not be improper, for a better apprehension of this whole matter, to give the reader some general account of the rise and progress of the modern stage.

The first form in which the drama appeared in the west of Europe, after the destruction of learned Greece and Rome, and that a calm of darkness had finished upon letters what the rage of barbarism had begun, was that of the Mysteries. These were the fashionable and favourite diversions of all ranks of people both in France, Spain, and England. In which last place, as we learn by Stow, they were in use about the time of Richard the second and Henry the fourth. As to Italy, by what I can find, the first rudiments of their stage, with regard to the *matter*, were prophane subjects, and, with regard to the *form*, a corruption of the ancient *mimes* and *attellanes*: by which means they got sooner into the right road than their neighbours; having had regular plays amongst them wrote as early as the fifteenth century.

As

As to these *mysteries*, they were, as their name speaks them, a representation of some scripture-story, *to the life*: as may be seen from the following passage in an old French history, intitled, *La Chronique de Metz composée par le curé de St. Eucbaire*; which will give the reader no bad idea of the surprising absurdity of these strange representations: "L'an 1437 le 3 Juillet (*says the honest Chronicler*) fut fait le Jeu de la Passion de N. S. en la plaine de Veximiel. Et fut Dieu un sire appellé Seigneur Nicolle Dom Neufchastel, lequel etoit Curé de St. Victour de Metz, lequel fut presque mort en la Croix, s'il ne fût eté secourus; & convient qu'un autre Prêtre fut mis en la Croix pour parfaire le Personnage du Crucifiment pour ce jour; & le lendemain le dit Curé de St. Victour parfit la Resurrection, et fit trés hautement son personage; & dura le dit Jeu—Et autre Prêtre qui s' appelloit Mre. Jean de Nicey, qui estoit Chapelain de Metrange, fut Judas: lequel fut presque mort en pendant, car le cuer li faillit, et fut bien hâtivement dependu & porté en Voye. Et etoit la bouche d'enfer tres-bien faite; car elle ouvroit & clooit, quand les diables y vouloient entrer et issir; & avoit deux gross culs d'acier," &c. Alluding to this kind of representations archbishop Harsnet, in his *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, p. 71, says, "The little children were never so afraid of Hell-mouth in the old plays, painted with great gang teeth, staring eyes, and foul bottle nose." Carew, in his *Survey of Cornwall*, gives a fuller description of them in these words, "The *Guary Miracle*, in English a *Miracle Play*, is a kind of interlude compiled in Cornish out of some scripture-history. For representing it, they raise an earthen amphitheatre in some open field, having the diameter of an inclosed playne, some 40 or 50 foot. The country people flock from all sides many miles off, to hear and see it. For they have therein devils and devices, to delight as well the eye as the ear. The players conne not their parts without book, but are prompted by one called the *ordinary*, who followeth at their back with the book in his hand," &c. &c. There was always a droll or buffoon in these *mysteries*, to make the people mirth with his sufferings or absurdities: and they could think of no better a personage to sustain this part than the *devil* himself. Even in the *mystery* of the *Passion* mentioned above, it was contrived to make him ridiculous. Which circumstance is hinted at by Shakspeare (who has frequent allusions to these things) in the *Taming of the Shrew*, where one of the players asks for *a little vinegar* (as a *property*) *to make the devil roar* *. For after the spunge with the gall and vinegar had been employed in the representation, they used to clap it to the nose of the devil; which making him roar, as if it had been *holy-water*, afforded infinite diversion to the people. So that *vinegar* in the old farces, was always afterwards in use to torment their devil. We have divers old English proverbs, in which the devil is represented as acting or suffering ridiculously and absurdly, which all arose from

* This is not in Shakspeare's play, but in the *old* play entitled *The Taming of a Shrew*. MALONE.

the

the part he bore in these *mysteries*, as in that, for instance, of—*Great cry and little wool, as the devil said when he sheared his hogs.* For the sheep-shearing of Nabal being represented in the *mystery* of *David and Abigail*, and the devil always attending Nabal, was made to imitate it by *shearing a hog*. This kind of absurdity, as it is the propereft to create laughter, was the subject of the *ridiculous* in the ancient *mimes*, as we learn from these words of saint Austin: *Ne faciamus ut mimi solent, et optemus à libero aquam, à lymphis vinum.* Civ. D. l. iv.

These *mysteries*, we see, were given in France at first, as well as in England *sub dio*, and only in the provinces. Afterwards we find them got into Paris, and a company established in the *Hôtel de Bourgogne* to represent them. But good letters and religion beginning to make their ıy in the latter end of the reign of Francis the first, the stupidity and ɔphaneness of the *mysteries* made the courtiers and clergy join their :erest for their suppression. Accordingly, in the year 1541, the pro-reur-general, in the name of the king, presented a *request* against ıe company to the parliament. The three principal branches of his arge against them were, that the representation of the Old Testa-:nt stories inclined the people to Judaism; that the New Testament ries encouraged libertinism and infidelity; and that both of them lened the charities to the poor: It seems that this prosecution suc-eded; for, in 1548, the parliament of Paris confirmed the company the possession of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*, but interdicted the repre-ıtation of the *mysteries*. But in Spain, we find by Cervantes, that .ey continued much longer; and held their own, even after good medy came in amongst them: as appears from the excellent critique .. the canon, in the fourth book, where he shows how the old extra-vagant *romances* might be made the foundation of a regular *epick* (which, he says, [B IV. c. 20.] *tambien puede escrivirse en prosa como en verso*;) as the *mystery-plays* might be improved into artful *comedy*. His word are [ib. 21.] *Pues que si venimos à las comedias divinas, que de milagros falsos fingen en ellas, que de cosas apocrifas, y mal entendidas, attribueyendo a un santo los milagros de otro*; which made them so fond of miracles that they introduced them into *las comedias humanas* as he calls them. To return:

Upon this prohibition, the French poets turned themselves from *religious* to *moral* farces. And in this we soon followed them: the publick taste not suffering any greater alteration at first, though the Italians at this time afforded many just compositions for better models. These farces they called *moralities*. Pierre Gringore, one of their old poets, printed one of these *moralities*, intitled *La Moralité de l' Homme Obstiné*. The persons of the drama are *l'Homme Obstiné—Pugnition Divine—Simonie—Hypocrisie*—and *Demerites Communes*. The *Homme Obstiné* is the atheist, and comes in blaspheming, and determined to persist in his impieties. Then *Pugnition Divine* appears, sitting on a throne in the air, and menacing the atheist with punishment. After this scene, *Simonie, Hypocrisie*, and *Demerites-Communes* appear and play their parts. In conclusion, *Pugnition Divine* returns, preaches to

play

them, upbraids them with their crimes, and, in short, draws ... to repentance, all but the *Homme Obstiné*, who persists in his imp... and is destroyed for an example. To this sad serious subject they added, though in a separate representation, a merry kind of farce called *Sottié*, in which there was *un Paysan* [the *clown*] under the name of *Sot-Commun* [or *Fool.*] But we, who borrowed all these delicacies from the French, blended the *Moralité* and *Sottié* together: So that the *Paysan* or *Sot-Commun*, the *Clown* or *Fool*, got a place in our serious *moralities*: Whose business we may understand in the frequent allusions our Shakspeare makes to them: as in that fine speech in the beginning of the third act of *Measure for Measure*, where we have this obscure passage:

"*——merely thou art* Death's Fool;
"*For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,*
"*And yet runn'st tow'rd him still.*"

For, in these *moralities*, the Fool of the piece, in order to shew the inevitable approaches of *Death*, (another of the *Dramatis Personæ*) is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid him; which, as the matter is ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very jaws of his enemy: So that a representation of these scenes would afford a great deal of good mirth and morals mixed together. The very same thing is again alluded to in these lines of *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"*So* Portent-*like I would o'er-rule his state,*
"*That he should be my* Fool, *and I his* Fate." Act IV. sc. ii.

But the French, as we say, keeping these two sorts of farces distinct, they became, in time, the parents of *tragedy* and *comedy*; while we, by jumbling them together, begot in an evil hour, that mungrel species, unknown to nature and antiquity, called *tragi-comedy*.

WARBURTON.

TO this, when Mr. Upton's Dissertation is subjoined, there will, perhaps, be no need of any other account of the *Vice*.

—like *the old* Vice—] The allusion here * is to *the Vice*, a droll character in our old plays, accoutred with a long coat, a cap with a pair of ass's ears, and a dagger of lath. Shakspeare alludes to his buffoon appearance in *Twelfth Night*, Act IV:

"*In a trice, like to the old Vice;—*
"*Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,*
"*Cries, ah, ha! to the Devil.*"

In the second part of *K. Henry IV.* Act III. Falstaff compares Shallow to a *Vice's* dagger of lath. In *Hamlet*, Act III. Hamlet calls his uncle:

A vice of kings.

i. e. a ridiculous representation of majesty. These passages the editors have very rightly expounded. I will now mention some others, which seem to have escaped their notice, the allusions being not quite so obvious.

The *Iniquity* was often the *Vice* in our old moralities; and is in-

* ... in p. 3 of Mr. Upton's book, where the words—*like the old Vice*—oc... MALONE.

troduced

troduced in Ben Jonson's play called *The Devil's an Ass*: and likewise mentioned in his Epigr. cxv:

" *Being no vitious person, but* the Vice
" *About the town,*
" *Acts* old Iniquity, *and in the fit*
" *Of miming, gets th' opinion of a wit.*"

But a passage cited from his play will make the following observations more plain. Act I. Pug asks the Devil " to lend him a *Vice*:

" *Satan*. What *Vice*?
" What kind would thou have it of?
" *Pug*. Why, any *Fraud*,
" Or *Covetousness*, or lady *Vanity*,
" Or old *Iniquity*: I'll call him hither.

Thus the passage should be ordered:

" *Pug*. Why any: *Fraud*,
" Or *Covetousness*, or lady *Vanity*,
" Or old *Iniquity*."
" *Satan*. I'll call him hither.
" *Enter* Iniquity *the Vice*.
" *Ini*. What is he calls upon me, and would seem to lack a
" *Vice*?
" Ere his words be half spoken, I am with him in a trice."

And in his *Staple of News*, Act II:

" *Mirth*. How like you *the Vice* i' th' play?
" *Expectation*. Which is he?
" *Mirth*. Three or four; *old Covetousness*, the sordid *Penny-*
" *boy*, the *Money-bawd*, who is a flesh-bawd too, they say.
" *Tattle*. But here is never a *Fiend* to carry him away.
" Besides, he has never a wooden dagger! I'd not give a rush
" for a *Vice*, that has not a wooden dagger to snap at every
" body he meets.
" *Mirth*. That was the old way, gossip, when *Iniquity* came
" in, like hokos pokos, in a juggler's jerkin," &c.

He alludes to the *Vice* in the *Alchymist*, Act I. sc. iii:

" *Sub*. And, on your stall, a puppet, with a *Vice*."

Some places of Shakspeare will from hence appear more easy: as in the first part of *K. Henry IV*. Act II. where Hall humourously characterizing Falstaff, calls him, *That reverend* Vice, *that grey* Iniquity, *that father* Ruffian, *that* Vanity *in years*, in allusion to this buffoon character. In *K. Richard III*. Act III.

Thus like the formal Vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.

Iniquity is the formal Vice. Some correct the passage,

Thus, like the formal-wise antiquity,
I moralize: Two meanings in one word.

Which correction is out of all rule of criticism. In *Hamlet*, Act I. there is an allusion, still more distant, to *the Vice*; which will not be obvious at first, and therefore is to be introduced with a short explanation.

... This buffoon character was used to make fun with the ... and he had several trite expressions, as, *I'll be with you in a trice ha, boy, art you there?* &c. And this was great entertainment ... the audience, to see their old enemy so belabour'd in effigy. In *K. Henry V.* Act iv. a boy characterizing Pistol, says, *Bardolph and Nim had ten times more valour, than this roaring Devil i' the old play; every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger.* Now Hamlet, having been instructed by his father's ghost, is resolved to break the subject of the discourse to none but Horatio; and to all others his intention is to appear as a sort of madman; when therefore the oath of secrecy is given to the centinels, and the Ghost unseen calls out *swear*; Hamlet speaks to it as *the Vice* does to the Devil. *Ah, ha, boy, say'st thou so? Art thou there, Truepenny?* Hamlet had a mind that the centinels should imagine this was a shape that the devil had put on; and in Act III. he is somewhat of this opinion himself,

——The spirit that I have seen,
May be the devil.

The manner of speech therefore to the Devil was what all the audience were well acquainted with; and it takes off in some measure from the horror of the scene. Perhaps too the poet was willing to inculcate, that good humour is the best weapon to deal with the devil. *Truepenny*, either by way of irony, or literally from the Greek, τρύπανον, *veterator*. Which word the Scholiast on Aristophanes' Clouds, ver. 447. explains, τρύμη, ὁ περιτετριμμένος ἐν τοῖς πράγμασιν, ὃν ἡμεῖς ΤΡΥΠΑΝΟΝ καλοῦμεν. Several have tried to find a derivation of *the Vice*: if I should not hit on the right, I should only err with others. *The Vice* is either a quality personalized as ΒΙΗ and ΚΡΑΤΟΣ in Hesiod and Æschylus; *Sin* and *Death* in Milton; and indeed *Vice* itself is a person, B. xi. 517:

"*And took his image whom they serv'd, a brutish* Vice."

his image, i. e. a brutish *Vice's* image: the *Vice*, Gluttony; not without some allusion to the *Vice* of the plays: but rather, I think, 'tis an abbreviation of *vice-devil*, as vice-roy, vice-doges, &c. and therefore properly called *the Vice*. He makes very free with his master, like most other vice-roys, or prime ministers. So that he is the Devil's *Vice*, and prime minister; and 'tis this that makes him so sawcy.

UPTON.

Mr. Upton's learning only supplies him with absurdities. His derivation of vice is too ridiculous to be answered.

I have nothing to add to the observations of these learned criticks, but that some traces of this antiquated exhibition are still retained in the rustick puppet-plays, in which I have seen the Devil very lustily belaboured by *Punch*, whom I hold to be the legitimate successor of the old *Vice*. JOHNSON.

THE END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.